

J. H. DEWSBURY

"BLACK AND WHITE"

HANDBOOK

TO THE

ROYAL ACADEMY

AND

NEW GALLERY

PICTURES

1892.

WITH BIOGRAPHIES AND A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY
BY C. LEWIS HIND.



SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, BART.,
PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY
From a photograph by Eassiey

LONDON:

"BLACK AND WHITE"

63, FLEET STREET, E.C.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

BEFORE THE EXHIBITION

TO be or not to be among the exhibitors? That is the question of questions thatidgets the minds of artists, what time April daffodills be in selling in London streets. K A s and A R A s, of course, have not this trouble. They are safe. Their pictures are hung

ever happens. But the month of is a horrid month for the outsider has done all he can do, the result with the gods. Artists with nervous eraments accompany their works to ngton House in a cab, like the sculptor sketch. Others are content that a should rattle their pictures down that red alley that leads to the cellars of ngton House, where works are received serve the manner of receiving them in picture) then nothing remains for them to be patient, and to control their emotions en the postman's knock chips on the sho door. For that knock *may* mean an blazoned letter from the Royal Academy, gging him to remove his "Finding the ad Body of Harold" or his bust of a North Islington County Councilman, uch are not required for the Summer ibition. He has already had many als. The fogs of winter forced idle s upon him, his candid friend has en very candid, that awful awakening ment of the knowledge that he cannot ish his picture in time may have been

his, and he has undergone the uncer-
tain joys of Show Sunday with never a
bid from his rich friends. Here, in these
pages, we are on the side of the happy
artist who forgets these ills. For the
postman has *not* left an emblazoned letter
at his door. So he goes bedward each
night to dream of a varnishing ticket,
or of the fate of his ewe lamb among
the evening wolves of the Selecting Com-
mittee. As a matter of fact the Select-
ing Committee are not in the least like
evening wolves. They are merely kindly,
elderly, gentlemen very anxious to do the
best they can, and very cross when they arrive
home in the evening. The work of selecting
occupies eight or nine days—and wearying
days they are. From morning till evening
the Committee sit in a group facing a strong
wooden chair. A small army of carpenters
ministers to them. The pictures are shot
up in a lift from the cellars, and to each
one is vouchsafed a few moments of trita-
ling glory in this chair. Sometimes, it is
whispered, when anything very noble is
brought before them, the Selecting Com-
mittee, like the Sons of the Morning,
rise and shout for joy, but that does not
happen very often. The procedure is
usually more prosaic. The Secretary sits
at his desk, the head-carpenter, armed
with a large piece of chalk, faces the Com-
mittee and has it the duty of scribbling a
letter on the back of the work, which
signifies that it is either accepted, refused
or doubtful. This business finished, the
Hanging Committee appear on the scene.
Their labours may last as long as three
weeks. Sighing at their fate, they clutter
into the bare rooms, the floors of which are
cambered with stacks and stacks of pictures,



leaning foolishly against the walls. With carpenters at their heels, with foot rules in their hands, they dash at their task. First the places of honour are filled with the works of the elect, then the best works of the outsiders and so the days pass till the line is all occupied, and the second row also, and much of the third. Then comes the hour of the "doubtful" pictures, and as they do not waste space at the Royal Academy, it must sometimes happen that a picture that will "fit" wins the day. And so it must be till Zeus comes to his kingdom, or till Mr Edison invents an Academy with telescopic walls.

To return to our happy artist. Comes a day, a day of days, when he receives his varnishing ticket. On that Monday he is of the brotherhood indeed. Bounding into the room of the stroke of the clock, he seeks breath lessly for his picture, examining No 3 gallery first out of sheer devilry. Shied? Well, he is young and Time like Art, is long. He jostles shoulders with men who are already "arrived," artists in their working clothes and in their working manner—at the moment, in a word when they are best worth knowing. He varnishes his own picture, he criticises others and going down the staircase in the evening he sings his "Io Pagan." Happy young painter with all your woes to devote!

Tuesday in this eventful week is devoted to clearing up. For artists are untidy, and varnishing is not a dainty task. On Wednesday the Press, provided with large catalogues with large, fair margins whereon notes may be scabbled, is admitted. A serious, anxious day it is for most of them, for they, like the Hanging Committee, are

anxious to do their best, and it is hard to be catholic and independent in spite of prejudice and predilection. Art criticism, alas, has been known to jeopardise friendships. This year the Academy, relaxing one of its iron rules, allowed the Fourth Estate the entry of the galleries on the Thurs day as well as from ten till one. This Thursday is the Royal Day, when crowned lords and their intimates have the pictures to themselves through the afternoon. Friday is the Private View, and on the evening of that day the purchases by the Chantry Bequest are usually known. On that evening

this year, for instance, Mr Arthur Hacker received the welcome news that his "Annunciation" had been bought by the Collection. Saturday is the night of the banquet, when Academicians and Associates, and all that is eminent by birth and achievement foregather round the same board.

The Academy does not favour its outsider contributors with Private View tickets. Their Private View is on the opening day—the first Monday in May. On that occa-

sion you meet a painter at every corner, and not only outsiders, but RAs and ARAs as well, for that night it is the custom of the Academy Club to dine at Greenwich. Each member invites one guest. At half past five they meet, hungry and smiling, in the vestibule. The word is given. They descend the stairs, and, with the vis on of their broad backs passing through the swinging doors, we say good bye to the last of the many Art functions of the merry month of May. The shillings are rattling on the table. The turnstiles are creaking. The dance has begun. *The Exposition*





LOOKING BACK

BEING A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY

IN the last month of the year 1768, King George III and his Queen were examining Mr West's picture of "Regulus," at Windsor Castle, when Mr Kirby, President of the Society of Artists, was announced. After praising the canvas, Mr Kirby remarked, "Your Majesty never mentioned anything of this work to me. Who made the frame? It is not made by one of your Majesty's workmen, it ought to have been made by the Royal Carver and Gilder." The King's reply was much to the point, "Kirby, he said "when you are able to paint me such a picture as this, your friend shall make the frame." The disconcerted Kirby then turned to the painter "I hope, Mr West," he said, "that you intend to exhibit this picture?" "It is painted for the Palace," West replied, "and its exhibition must depend upon his Majesty's pleasure." "Assuredly," said the King, "I shall be very happy to let the work be shown to the public." "Then, Mr West," said Kirby, "you will send it to my exhibition?" "No," interrupted his Majesty, "it must go to my exhibition—to that of the Royal Academy."

Thus was the foundation of the Royal Academy first publicly announced. Academies of art had been in England ere this. There was Sir James Thornhill's held at his house in James Street, Covent Garden, and later the establishment in Peter's Court, St Martin's Lane. This academy in Peter's Court was quite an old story when the Royal Academy, as we now know it, was founded in 1768. To understand the events that led to its foundation, and the reason of Mr Kirby's discomfiture with the significance of the King's remark, "my academy, whither

he wished West to send 'Regulus,' we must hark back some years to the date of the first art exhibition in England—at the rooms of the Society of Arts in the Strand, which was open from the 21st of April to the 1st of May, 1760 the attraction being 130 pictures by 69 artists. This idea had come to the artists of that day from the success of the exhibition of pictures held at the Foundling Hospital to which the public was admitted, and which consisted of works exhibited by Reynolds, Hogarth and others. The Strand Exhibition was a good beginning, and being successful naturally provoked strife and contention. In the very next year many members decided to open an exhibition of their own but those who remained wised so successful that in 1765, they solicited the incorporation of the Society by Royal Charter, which the King granted. Though they exhibited from year to year, no attempt had as yet been made by the Society to develop an academy for art instruction from their organisation. Those who wished to do their duty in this very proper way were overruled but they gained their desires through the very rottenness of the Society itself. The Charter imposed no restriction on the number of members, and as the incapable were always in majority over the 'fit'—it fell out that those who *could* paint as painting was understood in those days were outvoted by indifferent practitioners of the craft. The 'fit' murmured, rebelled, resigned, Mr Benjamin West leading the recalibrants, and the unfortunate Mr Kirby those who stayed with the fold. West did not allow the grass to

grow under his feet, but at once played his trump card—he sought the Royal protection. A memorial was drawn up and forwarded to the King's Most Excellent Majesty, soliciting his patronage for the formation of a Society for promoting the Arts of Design. The same of most of the twenty-two signatories to this memorial has gone with themselves into the night, but some are still remembered—West, Richard Wilson, Cipriani and Angelica Kauffman. They begged Mr Reynolds to join them, and when he entered the room where they were deliberating even hailed him with one voice as President, but he declined the honour till he had consulted with his friends, Dr Johnson and Mr Edmund Burke. On the 7th of December the plan of the proposed Academy, an instrument of twenty-seven long clauses, was submitted to the King, and on Saturday the 10th of December, 1768, was signed by him. Thus was founded *The Royal Academy of Arts in London, for the purpose of cultivating and improving the arts of painting, sculpture and architecture*. Soon a meeting was held when the great Mr Joshua Reynolds was elected President. A few days later Mr Kirby had his memorable interview with George III., to which we have already referred, when he was informed by his Majesty that Mr West's picture of "Regulus" will go to my exhibition—that of the Royal Academy. From that day Mr Kirby's Society declined, till the day came when only one member was left. Dying at the age of eighty-three, he bequeathed the books, papers and minute books to the charge of the Royal Academy, in whose care they rest to this day. So survived the fittest and the most favoured.

The King showed an intimate interest in the Royal Academy baby, became its patron, and promised to supply any deficiency in funds from his own purse. The first general assembly was held at Pall Mall, on December 14th, 1768, when the President, Treasurer, Keeper, Secretary, and Council of eight were chosen. Nine Academicians were appointed as visitors to attend the schools, for a month at a time, for the purpose of instructing the pupils. With a few modifications, these rules last to this day. Among the thirty-four Foundation Members were two of great distinction—Thomas Gainsborough, and the first Presi-

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

Sir Joshua's achievement is so well known that he need not detain us long. Born at Plympton, in Devonshire, he early indicated the life he meant to live. After travelling and studying on the Continent, he settled in St Martin's Lane, where he collected all manner of statues, pictures and drawings, and became intimate with Johnson and Burke. His devotion to his profession left him scant leisure; between 1769 and 1790, he sent two hundred and forty-four pictures to the Royal Academy, and "Mrs Siddons as the Tragic Muse" was among them. He loved his friends, he loved his work, and when his eyesight failed he determined to paint no more. Then he fell ill, and died at his house in Leicester Fields on Thursday evening, February 23rd, 1792.

The Royal Academy threw under Reynolds' Presidency. The first exhibition held in Pall Mall, numbered one hundred and thirty-six works—seventy-nine being by members of the Academy, and fifty-seven by outsiders. Among them were Sir Reynolds and three Gainsboroughs. The takings were £699 17s 6d. and the expenses £116 14s 2d. Events progressed rapidly—lectures to students on painting, architecture, and perspective were begun, a new order of members, called Associates, was created which admitted Cosway and Barry, and such forgotten personages as B. Reberta and Michael Angelo Rooker, and so time passed, some new development, such as travelling studentship—the inauguration of the annual dinner, taking place each year till the hour came (it was in 1780) of the last exhibition in Pall Mall. New Somerset House, the building known to us to-day, was on the eve of completion and by the King's command the Royal Academy was to be housed there, and there it remained for over half a century. The members at once vied with one another in making their new home beautiful—Sir Joshua painted the library ceiling, West the lecture room and Cipriani the staircase. In 1784 Gainsborough was offended because some of his portraits were not hung where he wished. He never exhibited again. The year 1790 saw the trouble which resulted in Sir Joshua Reynolds tendering his resignation. But King and Academy would have none of it, and he was persuaded to reconsider his decision. On December 10, 1790, Reynolds

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SIR FRANCIS GRANT

SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE

THE FIRST SIX PRESIDENTS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

grow under his feet, but at once played his

SIR JOSEPH REYNOLDS

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1. Academics would have none of it
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December 10, 1790, Reynolds

Members were two of great distinction
Thomas Gabor and the first



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS



BENJAMIN WEST



SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE



SIR MARTIN ARTHUR SHEE



SIR FRANCIS GRANT



SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE

THE FIRST SIX PRESIDENTS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY

delivered the last of those discourses which had delighted and instructed all who had heard them for so many years. Some presentment that the end was not far off gave a solemnity to his words—to the last words he was to utter from that chair—in praise of his favourite master Michael Angelo. When he had finished, Burke stepped forward and taking his hand said—

"The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed
to hear

He died two years later and

JENAMIN WEST

reigned in his stead. To us West looms rather a picturesque personality. Prematurely born in Pennsylvania, the tenth child of Quaker parents, he made a drawing of his baby sister in black and red ink at the age of seven. The Cherokee Indians taught him how to prepare colours, and hairs from his mother's cat gave him his first brush. In his sixteenth year the Quaker community discussed the propriety of allowing him to follow so sensual a profession as painter. After prayer and talk they decided not to interfere with Providence, then the women kissed him, the men laid their hands upon the boy's head, and he pledged himself only to employ his pencil on subjects holy and pure. The Continental tour followed in due course, then he came to London, and was chosen as a sort of personal friend by the King, he sent for, and married the girl he had left behind him in Philadelphia, he roused no small excitement by the daring innovation of painting the characters in his picture of "The Death of Wolfe" in the costume of the time and country in which they lived. He was good to artists less fortunate than himself, he became responsible for many portraits, and endless historical and biblical works, lost the patronage of the Court when the King fell ill, had trouble with his fellow artists, like Reynolds, resigned his Presidentship, and like Reynolds returned to the chair and finally died at the age of eighty three.

Under him dissensions and troubles often rent the Academy, but they passed over, as such things do. The body prospered in spite of the foundation of rival societies and by its many charities earned the gratitude of decayed artists and their women folk. In 1809 furnishing days for members

of the Academy were appointed. In 1818 the Jubilee was held, but the rejoicings were tempered by the failing health of the President, and in 1820 he went whither Reynolds had gone, and was buried in the Painters' Corner of St. Paul's Cathedral. Turner was elected under West's Presidentship.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE,

elected President when West died, was born in 1769 at Bristol, the youngest of sixteen children. Fortunate in his environment, fortunate in his training, he came to be the most fashionable portrait painter of the day. His reputation, in fact, was European. He was elected an Academician at twenty four. His portraits of Mrs Siddons and Kemble are in the National Gallery, and Windsor contains, in the Waterloo Gallery, his portraits of sovereigns and commanders who blazed through that campaign. It is said that Lawrence was pleased with his "Satan calling his Legions," which hangs now on the staircase leading to the Diploma Gallery. However that may be, it was bitterly satirised by Pasquin, Fuseli complained that "Lawrence had stolen the devil from him," and to-day we smile at this belligerent Satan. Lawrence died, after a short illness, in 1830, and

SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE

reigned in his stead from the year 1830. Unlike was his chief competitor, a letter painter, but he would not have made so 'incomparable' a President, which was the adjective Leslie applied to Shee. Sir Martin painted portraits, but they are not much in evidence to-day. At any rate, he possessed the gifts necessary to a good President. He was courteous and affable, his taste in literature was nice, and he was an after-dinner speaker of repute. He died in August, 1850, in his eighty first year. Landseer came to fulfilment under his Presidentship.

Something interesting has often happened at the Royal Academy banquet. In 1832 Sir Martin Shee referred to the grant about to be submitted to Parliament for the erection of a new National Gallery in Trafalgar Square, the half of which it was proposed to appropriate to the Royal Academy. Pages and pages, and pages of history have been written on the merits and demerits of this scheme, but it is enough to say here that a few years later the Academy was installed

in Trafalgar Square. The exhibition was opened in much state by William IV in 1837. So when on the death of Shee in 1850

SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE

was called to the Presidential chair, the Academy had grown quite used to its quarters in Trafalgar Square, was even perhaps finding them a little cramped. Eastlake excelled rather in the theory than in the practice of his profession. He was Secretary to the Fine Arts Commission of 1841, and in 1855 he was appointed Director of the National Gallery. He wrote on Art matters, and died in 1865.

SIR FRANCIS GRANT

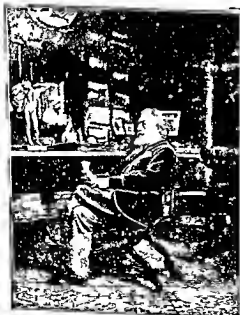
was the next President. He presided for twelve years, his reign being marked by the removal of the Royal Academy from Trafalgar Square to Burlington House. The fine building we all know so well with its exhibition rooms and offices, cost £150,000,

which was paid out of the Academy funds. It was Sir Francis Grant's wish that Frederick Leighton should succeed him and when he died, in 1878, the members of the Royal Academy carried out his wish by a unanimous vote.

SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON

has now filled the Presidential chair for four teen years to the satisfaction and admiration of everybody—to those inside the Royal Academy and to that greater number outside it. As a sketch of his career is given in another place, we need say nothing further about it here. So our outline account of the history of the Royal Academy comes to an end. The RA moves slowly towards reform—surely an advantage in these days. It has its critics—but criticism is the fate of all human things. It spends between £5,000 and £6,000 a year on its Schools, and artists who have fallen upon evil times are not forgotten by the Royal Academy.

THE ROYAL ACADEMICIANS



SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

"Sir, your son may be as eminent as he pleases," remarked an authority half a century ago to the President's father. Sir

Frederick Leighton has chosen to be as eminent as he pleased. President of the Royal Academy, artist as painter, sculptor, orator, the friend of Princes, baronet of the United Kingdom, linguist, honoured in two continents, decorated by the nations, dweller in a palace, unmarried—his lines have surely fallen in pleasant places. His Art is always decorative, seldom dramatic.

Born at Scarborough sixty-two years ago, he produced Cimabue finding Giotto at the age of eighteen and the Academy him. His "Cimabue's Madonna" carried in procession through the streets of Florence when he was twenty-five. Thus the Queen bought, and from that day to this he has continued to charm the multitude with graceful inventions from mythology. He has had brilliant lapses into sculpture as witness the "Sluggard" and the "Athlete struggling with a Python" but into modernity—never. Death and sense decay are not for him. His eyes have always been on the Delectable Mountains, his dreams are only with the Beautiful and he would realise them in the pictures he makes of "those far days of old when man was young and life an epic."

MR. ALMA TADEMA, F.R.S.

His journey for long has been by way of the primrose path. "Give us roses," the people have cried, "give us blue skies, shining marble, oleanders," to which this master craftsman has nodded his head, for his is the good fortune to be able to do well those things which are asked him. A Dutchman, still speaking in laboured English, he came to England many years ago after studying in the Antwerp Academy, and under Baron Henry Leys, and has been flattered and petted, as was his due, ever since. He has built for himself, probably, the most beautiful home that painter ever imagined. Sunshine is his God, his studio is a wonder of white and silver, and athwart the walls are painted the words of his *credo*, "As the sun colours flowers, so art colours life." A boy he devoured the classics, as a man, Greece and Egypt have lived again beneath his brush. Like the President he is blind to the things of to-day, save the faces of his brother Academicians and of their daughters, which he sometimes limns. At fifty six he is still an optimist—and buyers for his work are never wanting, though one of his pictures remains unsold hanging in his dining room which report places as his favourite, "The Death of the Firstborn." It is wiser being good than bad, and better to paint June roses than the face of Death.



MR. EDWARD ARMITAGE, R.A.

Mr. Armitage is of the old school. Seventy five this month he has been an Associate for twenty five years and an R.A. for eighteen. It is probable that few of the younger generation who pay their shillings at Burlington House turnstiles could mention a couple of his pictures off hand. He does not dance to new measures. His work has been of an historical character from the 'Battle of Mearns' in 1847, which was purchased by the Queen, to "After the Circus a Christian being lowered into the catacombs, of a few years back. He paints in a dry, ascetic style but is not lacking in broad grasp of his subject. His golden years were 1849—1855 when he painted 'The Charge of Balaklava' and 'The Battle of Inkermann.' He was also successful with 'The Mother of Moses hiding, after exposing her Child,' and the 'Burial of a Christian Martyr in the time of Nero.' A pupil of Delaroche, he assisted that painter in the Paris School of Fine Arts. Like Mr. Watts he won prizes in the Westminster Hall Exhibition with a 'Landing of Julius Caesar,' in 1843, for which he received a prize of £300, and a 'Spirit of Religion,' in 1845, carrying with it an honorarium of £200. Mr. Armitage is also responsible for a series of monochrome wall paintings at University Hall, Gordon Square.



MR THOMAS PROCK, R.A.



MR H. H. ARMSTEAD, R.A.

Something under twenty years ago the name of Mr Armstead was much in the mouths of artists and those interested in Art for he had been commissioned to supply the modellings for eight of the sixteen sides of the *podium* of the Albert Memorial. As the groups are regularly cleaned, we can walk up the steps and judge of their merit any fine afternoon. Mr Armstead's contributions to the Memorial were "Poetry," "Music," and "Painting." As the group of painters comprises no less than thirty-six figures and the poets and musicians a similar number and as they are all clad in presumably accurate costumes and look presumably as they looked in life, Mr Armstead understands the meaning of research. He is also responsible for the four large bronze figures representing Chemistry, Astronomy, Medicine, and Rhetoric. To the profession of modelling Mr Armstead has also added that of chaser of gold, silver and jewellery. He designed the carved oak panels beneath Dyce's frescoes at Westminster Palace, the mural decorations at St. Mary's, Cambridge, and the figures of "Paul," "David," and "Moses," in the reredos of Westminster Abbey. Mr Armstead still contributes fairly regularly to the R.A., favouring the Committee in 1889 with four works, and last year with two.

The high water mark of Mr Brock's career, so far as recognition is concerned, was reached last year, when he tussled with Mr Alfred Gilbert for one of the vacant R.A. chairs. In the first voting Mr Brock and Mr Alfred Gilbert were ahead with twenty-two and nineteen votes respectively, while in the final ballot Mr Brock was found to have polled twenty-nine to Mr Gilbert's twenty-four votes. Mr Brock has had a long innings at the Academy with busts and statues. We remember his "A Moment of Peril," which was purchased by the Chantry Bequest for £2,200 in 1881, and "The Genius of Poetry" of three years ago. Mr Brock's name is to be found carved on the pedestals of many statues in many cities; thus at Kidderminster you shall find Sir Rowland Hill in marble, in the Town Hall, Bombay, Sir Richard Temple, at Margate, Sir Erasmus Wilson. Mr Brock in his time has also modelled a bust of Sir Frederick Leighton, his "Longfellow" in marble stands in the Poets' Corner in the Abbey, and his Sir Bartle Frere amid the cool breezes of the Thames Embankment. Born forty-five years ago, he began life as a modeller at the Worcester Porcelain Works, and studied under Foley and at the Royal Academy, where he won a gold medal in 1869.



MR. J. B. BURGESS, R.A.

"Bravo Toro" Burgess' for so, on account of a certain picture, Mr Burgess was nicknamed in '65, is sprung from good painting stock. His great grandfather taught Thomas Gainsborough, his grandfather painted good portraits, his father held the post of landscape painter to William IV. Born at Chelsea, trained at Mr Leighs and at the Royal Academy, he began his career by going off to Seville there to paint Spain, but not the Spain of John Philip. Mr Burgess has given us the "rough, ragged dirty, sheep-skin clad peasantry"—Philip painted the 'gay, guitar twanging, castanet playing bolero-dancing, carnival keeping, cigarette smoking life of Seville' "Bravo Toro," a telling picture of a bull fight, yet full of restraint, made Mr Burgess famous—and this was followed by a number of Spanish subjects, 'Stolen by Gypsies,' 'The Barber's Prodigy' 'The Student in Disgrace,' 'Kissing Relics in Spain' and "Licensing Beggars in Spain, a spirited picture, full of character. Mr Burgess was elected an Associate in 1877 and was only made an R.A. a year or two back. He is not a prolific painter, that he has suffered lately in health may be explanation or perhaps it is owing to that drop of indolent Spanish blood in his veins.



MR. PHILIP H. CALDERON, R.A.

Last year, on the opening day of the Royal Academy, Mr Calderon awoke to find himself notorious. He had been known as a capable painter for many years when "St Elizabeth's Great Act of Renunciation" cast a fierce light upon his personality. The Romanist papers were his chief assailants and the Royal Academy his best friend, for they bought the picture, at a large price for the Chantrey collection. Born in France, one parent being Spanish he came to London at seventeen to Mr Leighs Academy, returning thence to Paris to the atelier of M. Picot. History and domestic amenities have always possessed attraction for Mr Calderon's pencil—thus "The Burial of John Hampden" once found favour with him, and "The House of the English Ambassadors during the Massacre of St Bartholomew" and "Catherine de Lorraine Duchesse de Montpensier, urging Jacques Clement to assassinate Henry III." In 1887 he succeeded Mr Pickersgill as Keeper of the Academy Schools, a post which carries with it a house in Burlington Courtyard, adjoining the Diploma Gallery where his own picture "Whither?" hangs. The keepership is no sinecure and there are not many men who could sustain so dignified and alert a demeanour during the many and various lectures over which he presides.

MR T. SIDNEY COOPER, R.A.



MR VICAT COLE, R.A.

Till 1870 landscape painters were not favoured by the Royal Academy. When Mr Vicat Cole was elected in that year, there were but two such artists in the whole list of R.A.s and A.R.A.s. For many years not a single painter of fields, or skies or seas had been elected, so it followed that the promotion of Mr Vicat Cole evoked much satisfaction. He was then thirty-seven years of age, and had year after year sent works to the Society of British Artists, among them being 'A Cornfield,' which procured for him a gold medal from the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts. In the following year he withdrew his name from the Society of British Artists, to qualify for election to the Royal Academy—for in those days the R.A. would not allow among them a man who belonged to another corporate body. He painted his best, offered it each season and after serving seven years was admitted into the fold. Mr Vicat Cole was made an P.A. in 1880. In 1888 the Chantrey Bequest purchased 'The Port of London' for the large sum of £2,000. Latterly it has been Mr Vicat Cole's ambition to paint the Thames—the commercial Thames, not the pleasant upper reaches—which employment has this year found him at work on a picture of Westminster.

Painters are proverbially a long lived race. Mr Cooper has enjoyed a lengthy life even for a painter. It began in Canterbury eighty-nine years ago—he wields the brush in Canterbury this day, whence he sends regularly to the Royal Academy. In the interval he has become well known as a cattle painter, and like most octogenarian R.A.s, has written his reminiscences in a couple of fit volumes which did not meet with unanimous approval. Two years ago he contributed to the Royal Academy a very various and exciting work, called 'Casualties in the Hunting Field' from the difficulties of which a younger man would have shrunk. But Mr Cooper brought 'Casualties in the Hunting Field' to a successful position on the line. It was Verboeckhoven who taught Mr Cooper painting in Brussels, whither he went in the twenties, after an experience of the Academy Schools, and a brief career as drawing master at Canterbury. He first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1833, and has not often missed a year since, for in those days the good old unwritten law was still honoured of "once in, always in".

The Monarch of the Meadows is Mr Cooper's best known work. He has also been the subject of a somewhat clever anagram. Thomas Sidney Cooper, R.A.—I can do toy sheep or rams.



MR H W P DAVIS, R A

Mr Davis, as a personality, has not seemed extraordinarily before the public, for his Art is of that pastoral kind that often charms, but seldom excites. It is, however, smooth and pleasing and is in high favour with those who are fond of country life. Living at Boulogne most of the year, it has not been his lot to be tempted into the fashion of notoriety. One of his landscapes, 'Returning to the Fold,' was bought by the Chantry Bequest in 1880, the price being £325, but as £1,100 was paid for Mr Hook's 'The Stream' and £2,000 for Mr Vicat Cole's 'The Port of London,' the figure cannot be called extravagant. Mr Davis stepped from the path of landscape he has broken for himself in the year 1872, when he modelled 'A Trotting Bull,' which won a medal at the Vienna Exposition of 1873. Born in 1833 he passed through the Academy Schools, sending 'Rough Pasturage' to Burlington House in 1861. He became an A.R.A. at the age of forty and an R.A. four seasons later. Having prepared himself through many years by painting small pictures with great care, he, in these days allows his Art a canvas on the fullest landscape scale. Mr Davis has lately joined the ranks of those who are exploited in Bond Street in "one man shows."



MR FRANK DICKSEE, R A

To be an Associate of the Royal Academy at twenty-eight and an R.A. at thirty-eight is an honour permitted to few painters. Mr Dicksee's first success was made at an age when many men have not even made choice of a profession, for he was but twenty-four when 'Harmony' took the print shops by storm. Two years before that he had won the gold medal of the Royal Academy Schools. His first offerings to the Royal Academy were Scriptural subjects, but 'Harmony' showed him the proper road, and since then he has appeared before the world year after year, unblushingly, as a painter of sentiment. Naturally, unable to please all critics, there are still a vast multitude of excellent artists who would give much for a year of the Dicksee vogue. His Shakespeare illustrations have won him no small fame. In fact his mastery over draughtsmanship is his most notable quality, evident as the fact that he is not a born colourist. 'The Symbol' and 'Under the Shadow of the Church' of 1881 and 1888, and 'The Redemption of Tannhäuser' were good examples of his first period. 'The Mountain of the Winds' may herald a fresh development. This year he has painted the nude as his diploma work. Mr Dicksee is still to be weaned of the habit of tagging verse scraps to his titles.



MR. THOMAS FAED, P.A.



MR. W. C. T. DOBSON, R.A.

One man, Mr. Stevenson has said, 'struggles to an end in sandy deltas.' With another thus it is, 'the noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy starved, full-blooded spirit shoots in o the spiritual land.' Whatever our wishes, we have no choice in the matter, whether we be painters or stone masons, and if the name of Mr. Dobson in common with others of the old school, is no longer shouted from the house-tops, he has the satisfaction of recalling the time when he was not without fame. Born in 1817, before long it came to be written of him that he was 'high up in the list of his orical painters.' In 1850 he inaugurated his series of 'Sacred Art' pictures, in the painting of which he spent many, many years. 'St. John leading the Virgin to his home after the Crucifixion,' 'Tobias with Raphael, his Guardian Angel, on their Journey to Medea,' 'The Charity of Dorcas,' which inspired the Queen to commission a similar subject under the title 'The Alms deeds of Dorcas,' 'The Parable of the Children in the Market Place,' 'The Child Jesus in the Temple,' these are a few of the Dobsons that the world admired between the fifties and seventies.

'Homely pathos'—'simple feeling'—'easy sentimentism,' these are the phrases that spring to the tongue, in recalling Mr. Faed's pictures. His 'values' lie in the telling of his story, not in the technique of his work. With newer men, and a new standard of Art, Mr. Faed no longer sits on the dais in the great hall, but from his seat at the lower end he can remember the time when he was said to have painted 'the picture of the year' 'The Lost Chord' has not been more popular than the engravings after his pictures, and in little houses in country towns, and in the halls of suburban homes, and in the bedrooms of seaside lodgings, engravings of 'The Mitherless Bairn,' and, 'His Only Pair,' and 'Highland Mary,' and 'Barth Faither and Mither,' and 'Worn Out,' still greet us, if we so list. 'Worn Out,' a well-composed picture not without a touch of the right pathos, was sold for a good figure at the recent Muretta auction. Of course, he is Scotch, and the biographer tells us how his elder brother John, also a painter, recognising the 'drawing talents of Thomas,' invited him to his home, and was proud and not envious when Thomas turned his face to London, and to an R.A.-ship. Mr. Faed still paints, and his copyrights are still valuable.



MR LUKE FILDES, R.A.

If it be permissible to class painters as those who care for the graces of manner and the proprieties of costume and those who do not, Mr Fildes is certainly on the side of those who do. He began as the painter of outcasts, thence he soared into popularity as the gay idealiser of Venetian life—the life where women in multi coloured garments comb their hair and gossip at eventime by waterways. It has always been said, though that his heart remained with that strata of life which gave him "The Casual Ward" and "The Widower" and last year he coloured this rumour, for did he not renew his allegiance to the pictorial qualities of suffering, by painting "The Doctor?" Still under fifty, Mr Fildes himself can hardly know to which class of subject he will devote the next twenty years of his life. In his time he has done excellent black and white work, and he has produced some charming feminine studies. It was almost by chance that he came to painting portraits. One morning he asked his wife to sit. The result was admirable, and commissions showered upon him to such extent that this year he has painted nothing but personages. Mr Luke Fildes, it is said, has had magnificent offers to resume black and white work, but he will not be tempted. Painting is sufficient for him.



SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.

Sir John Gilbert is a veteran in three fields—oil, water colour, and black and white. Born 75 years ago he learnt much about colour from George Lance and at twenty years of age sent a drawing, "Richard, Duke of Gloucester, arresting Lord Hastings at the Council in the Tower, to Suffolk Street, which found a purchaser. It was as far back as 1841 that he made his way into Spanish territory, bringing back "Don Quixote giving advice to Sancho Panza. That clever sketch a "Troop of Dragoons in a Storm" was done as long ago as 1850. For many years Sir John Gilbert remained faithful to Don Quixote, and it was hoped that he would see his way to illustrate the volume from cover to cover, but that was not to be. The seventies saw many popular pictures from his brush. Through these years he was also a constant exhibitor at the Old Water Colour Society, of which he is President. There is no mistaking a Gilbert either water colour or oil—small sketch, or large picture all show the same bold and vigorous treatment. His success has been no less marked in black and white. One of the first to draw for the *Illustrated London News* he has done much masterly work in pen and ink. It is sad to think that many of his drawings were cut away by the engraver. Sir John Gilbert was knighted in 1871.



MR ANDREW GOW, R.A.



MR. FREDERICK GOODALL, R.A.

Mr Goodall began early for he won the "Jais" gold medal of the Society of Arts when he was but fourteen years of age. Two years ago at the age of seventy he sent six pictures to the Royal Academy, which makes Mr Goodall's record a long one. He is known to us in these days as the painter of Scriptural subjects—'Misery and Mercy' and 'For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven' also for his portraits and his works of the nature of 'The Thames from Windsor Castle'. A son of Mr Edward Goodall the engraver he was an imaginative child of whom it has been recorded that he would awake in the middle of the night to laugh aloud at scenes he had conjured up. As a youth he made several drawings of the Thames Tunnel, and so came to painting his first oil picture.

Finding the Dead Foddy of a Miner by Torchlight. In 1839 Mr Goodall exhibited 'Card Players' at the Academy and before many years had found his proper subjects—'Raising the May Pole', 'Dancing on the Village Green', 'Playing Hunt the Slipper' and so on. The years 1858-9 Mr Goodall spent in Egypt which inspired him for a long time to come. Among his other pictures 'The Return from the Crusades' and 'The Soldier's Dream' may be mentioned.

It is not so very long since Mr Gow was regarded as one of the "new men"—a little strong headed, but interesting. A few years, and lo! he is quite sober and respectable in small danger of breaking a fresh path through the conventions he has builded for himself. Mr Gow is essentially a costume punter, and if there is one class of men more than another whom he likes to place inside his costume it is the soldier. He came early to painting battle pictures, and the desire has remained with him till this day. "After Waterloo—*Sauve qui peut*" has been much engraved for foreign publications. As a rule, Mr Gow likes better to paint the hour after the event, for he knows the pictorial quality of that note of dejection that follows failure. In fact "after" is not unfrequently the initial word of his titles. One of his best pictures—a work which is pathetic without being sentimental—was 'The Last Days of Edward VI.' Mr Gow is forty-eight years of age, and, like so many of his brother artists, was educated at Heatherley's. He was elected R.A. in January of last year, in the company of Mr Thomas Brock and Mr David Murray. Three names appeared upon the black board—Mr Gow, Mr Gilbert and Mr McWhirter. The final voting resulted thus—Mr Gow, 34, Mr Gilbert, 19.

MR PETER GRAHAM, R A

In the lives of all Scottish painters it will be found that this sentence occurs—"he came to London in ——" Sometimes, like Mr Orchardson and Mr Pettie, not only does the neophyte cast off his native dust from his feet he also declines to be inspired by his native scenery. Mr Graham is different from his brother Scots in this respect. Though he lives in Lad broke Road Notting Hill he still paints Scotland never Ladbrooke Road, Notting Hill. Highland cattle Highland scenes a burn gurgling over pebbles sea shores and beetling cliffs in misty weather—these are Mr Peter Graham's subjects. As scenes such as these must be painted *en plein air*, and often at considerable personal discomfort, it follows that he pursues his art under sterner realities than, say, Mr Marcus Stone. Mr Peter Graham's "A Spite in the Highlands," made somewhat of a sensation in 1866. It quite disarranged Mr Hamerton, who said in print, "the whole public is moved as it never is moved except by work which is not only scientific, but passionate and artistically powerful." "Our Northern Wall," "Crossing the Moor," "The Cradle of the Sea Bird" are among this artist's other works who was born in Edinburgh in the year 1836, and educated in the School of Design in that city.



PROFESSOR HERKOMER, R A
FROM THE MONOTYPE BY HIMSELF

Painter, etcher, mezzotinter, author, composer, actor, and schoolmaster, Professor Herkomer is the most versatile of the Academicians, and the oftenest vilified. It was his fate to offend, by reason of the technicalities he employed in making certain of his etchings, those who are sticklers for the proper and traditional method of the art. In painting he is handicapped as the saying goes by what can only be described as the tremendous success of "The Last Muster." When this was brought before the Hanging Committee it is reported that they one and all rose and shouted for joy. That success is unlike to be repeated, and the portrait of Miss Grant is in similar trouble. A man of indomitable energy and perseverance, he lives at Bushey, in the midst of the Herkomer art colony, which he founded, where also he built, some years ago, a theatre for the performance of his own musical plays. During the past year he has found time to lecture stage managers on the capabilities of scene painting. Some time the house he is building will be finished—a house in every detail of which is stamped the personality of this Bavarian genius. He is a most prolific exhibitor of portraits, and about every third year finds time to produce a series of water-colours.

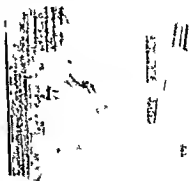
MR J. C. HOOK, L. A.



MR J. E. HODGSON, R.A.

Mr Hodgson no longer works in the studio shown in our picture. Seven years he tarried there, then a few seasons ago the *Wanderlust* seized him, and he removed to the country, selling his armour, and his curiosities, and leaving behind the carved wooden screen which he bought one day in Tunis. He is librarian to the Royal Academy, and without doubt the most literary of living painters. Much that is good about Art has come from his pen—even a history of the Royal Academy in the last century, which he wrote in conjunction with Mr Eaton. The brush does not suffer through his devotion to the pen, for rarely does Mr Hodgson begin to write till the light goes. Born in Russia, he came to London soon after his twentieth year to exhibit "Margaret Roper in Holbein's studio" and "The first sight of the Armada." Then Tunis and Tangier laid hold of him, inspiring the painting of a number of pictures of the soil, "An Arab Story teller," "A Barber's Shop in Tunis," and the like. His "Taking home the Bride" and "Jewish Maiden accused of Witchcraft" were also popular. The post of librarian to the Royal Academy is no sinecure. The books under his charge are valuable and various, and their care entails his frequent attendance at Burlington House.

The eye of Squire Hook, as the writers of the fir-scented land call him, at the ripe age of seventy-three is not dimmed, nor is his natural force abated. Silverbeck, where he lives and thrives, pitiful in heart for his brother Academicians exiled in the Metropolis, is a long afternoon's walk from Farnham Station. But the journey is worth the doing. There he has lived for twenty years and more, glorying in that country life, where each season is a separate inspiration, and growing things add an interest to every day. "What a luxurious clasp you are," said Sir John Villars one day to Mr Hook, "you plant your landscapes first and then you paint them." The country and the sea are sufficient for this clear-eyed, healthy-minded painter, who, probably, hardly knows which he loves the better. Once upon a time, it is whispered, he shouldered a mattock in that tempestuous struggle which ended in the Venetians throwing the Austrian sentry-boxes into the canals and running up the Republican standard. But "many days have passed since those days," and it is as the painter of "Luff, Boy!" "Mother Carey's Chickens," "The Willy Angler," and "The Brambles in the Way," rather than as a swash-buckling volunteer that Squire Hook, of Silverbeck, is known to-day.



MR J C HORSLEY, R A

Among other distinctions of a long and conscientious career, Mr Horsley has earned an open fight the name of Mr 'Clothes Horsley' through his crusade against the practice of painting the nude. That study of the sheen on living flesh, of the modelling and anatomy of the human form which to others is the foundation and the chief joy of their art, seems to him an impropriety and nothing more. He has caught Mrs Grundy's right hand in his own and Philistia is right glad of him. As might be expected, Mr Horsley in his early youth gained a medal in the Royal Academy schools for drawings from the antique. Discovering how beautiful and picturesque a place Haddon Hall is, Mr Horsley painted Haddon Hall under various guises and various names. Later he would be a historical painter for public buildings and did a fresco of "Religion" for the House of Peers and a "Henry V" when Prince of Wales, and "The Healing Mercies of Christ" for the chapel of St Thomas's Hospital. Mr Horsley is now content with less ambitious subjects as for instance, "Finishing Touches," "The Painter's Daughters," and so on. At the age of eight Mr Horsley made some sketches which his family considered "very creditable for so young a boy."



MR G D LESLIE, R A

It does not often happen that father and son are both Royal Academicians. Leslie *pere* painted many pictures, not the least of which was one of her

"Who in her chamber sate

Musing with Plato

His son sees the sunny side of life. He has designed that his pictures should be cheerful companions to those that buy them: they do not shock, they do not inspire. Pleasant, pretty are their adjectives. In 187, when Mr Ruskin was still writing his notes on the pictures of the year, he remarked of this painter's "Reminiscence of the Ball." "It must be a great delight to Mr Leshe to see his son do such good work. There is not a prettier piece of painting on the walls, and very few half so pretty. He seems to have truly the power of composition, and that is the gift of gifts, if it be rightly used. Born in 1835, Mr Leshe studied under his father, and at the Royal Academy Schools, sending his first picture, "Hope," to the British Institution in 1857. "The Cousins," exhibited in 1867 signalled the year of his election to Associateship. From that time he understood the class, of picture best suited to his particular talent, and so produced among others, "The New-Born Maid," "Cousins," "The Lass of Richmond Hill," and "School Revisited."

SIR JOHN MILLUS, R.A.



MR. H. STACY MARKS, R.A.

Mr Stacy Marks is a persistent painter of humour, from which path he does not stray. Once, however, he produced 'The House of Prayer,' which the *Art Journal* described as "touching and covetable" but that was a long time ago. In the early days of his career he worked long hours designing subjects for stained glass which perhaps accounts for the note of medievalism in his work. He loves the monk not the obese caricature of the wine shop advertisement but the cleric who between his orisons and his various abnegations is not above a little fun. 'The Franciscan Sculptor' and his Model is not forgotten nor is 'St Francis and the Birds.' His titles alone without further description suggest the leanings of his temperament. Toothache in the Middle Ages. Dogberry's Charge to the Watch.

'The Jester's Text' 'The Princess and the Pelican.' Latterly Mr Marks has been captivated by the birds in the Zoological Gardens where he is a constant visitor. His pictures of them have formed the bill of fare at a couple of London Street exhibitions. He learnt his craft at the Royal Academy Schools shoulder to shoulder with Mr Calleron, R.A. in Paris in the atelier of M. Picot, and later at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. Fred Walker was his intimate friend.

"A country squire, a doctor, a typical Englishman breezy, delighting in all sports—in such words one might describe Sir John Millus. "Artist?" you say, "where is the velvet coat, the red tie, the long hair, and the scent, that note of the 'eternal feminine.' In spite of these drawbacks he is an art of the most popular of the day, and oftentimes the greatest. 'The Huguenots,' 'The Black Brunswicker,' 'My First Sermon,' 'The Princes in the Tower'—where of where do not reproductions of these live. He has painted children, and he has made them as beautiful as they are. The Christmas papers and the soap merchants have well laid him bringing great profit to themselves. Landscape, portraiture, book illustration—these has he also tried, and done passably well with them. 'Chill October,' 'A Jester's Lily,' 'Effie Deans'—easily his successful trip to the tongue. It is said those who recall his "Brotherhood of the pre-Raphaelite days," when he worked with Rossetti, Holman Hunt and Collinson, do not please him over much—those days when he wrought in grim sincerity. He is not over fond of Academic functions, nevertheless, one day he will be an Old Master. Sir John is a fisherman, nay, a great fisherman, for it is great to catch salmon weighing over 40 lbs apiece.



MR W Q ORCHARDSON, P A

Scotch, with a drop of Spanish blood in his veins, Mr Orchardson easily holds the position he won years ago with "Christopher Sly" and "Falstaff." He is the painter of Manners, as Mr Watts is the painter of Allegories. It is not Mr Orchardson's way to waste his freshness on studies. Heads and hands and still life foliage, done in white chalk on brown paper, are never found hanging by his side while he works. He paces the floor, the subject simmering in his mind, till the picture complete to the last brushmark leaps to his vision. Waiting only to record the composition on a piece of paper the size of a spider's web, he paints straight away, persistently denying himself the luxury of fidgety alterations. Thus was his Chantrey work, "Napoleon on board the Bellerophon," accomplished. Born in Edinburgh fifty seven years ago, he learnt the rudiments of art at the Trustees Academy, and the *sturm und drang* of youth over, came to London at the age of twenty-eight. His successes have been many—"The Queen of Swords," "A Social Eddy," "The Marriage de Covenance," "The Marriage de Covenance—after," "The Young Duke," to mention but a few. This year he has again been inspired by Napoleon. Like Meissonier he finds the Man of Destiny pictorial in defeat rather than in victory.



MR W W OULESS R A

An alien, ignorant of the *métier* of English painters, would have a clue to the makers of portraits by spotting those in the Academy catalogue with the figures of 7 or 8 exhibits against their names. For such is the vanity of men and women, that the certainty of being exhibited at the Royal Academy, often turns the scale in that hour of doubt—"Shall I or shall I not be painted?" *Ergo*, it is necessity, and not greed that induces portrait painting. Royal Academicians to send 8 presentments of their work to the R A. Mr Ouless was not always a painter of portraits. He began as a man of subjects, being successfully delivered of "Home Again" and "An Incident in the French Revolution." In 1872, Sir John Millais advised Mr Ouless to give his days to portraits and although we may not all agree with Mr Ruskin, who said in his Academy Notes of 1875 "Mr Ouless has adopted from Mr Millais what was deserving of imitation, and has used the skill he has learned to better ends," there can be no doubt that the advice was well bestowed. Lord Selborne, Darwin, Mr John Morley passed, among others, from Mr Ouless's throne to Mr Ouless's easel. He was born at St. Helier's, Jersey, in 1848, was ARA in 1877, and attained full honours in 1881.





MR. JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

Portraiture and historical pictures sum up Mr Pettie's achievement. If two of the latter and—well two or more of the former, issue from his house in Fitzjohn's Avenue during the year Mr Pettie is satisfied. Betraying by his accent his membership of that body of Scots who are on the high road to conquering the Academy he is a man of history—of the Rise and Fall, of Macaulay of Sir Walter of armour carriages, lances broadswords and pistols. He knows the effect of blank spaces in a picture as witness "Ho! ho old Noll Burly, with most capable biceps he elects to paint incidents of what has been called battle's magnificently stern array." In the year that he came of age, "The Armourers" was hung at the Royal Academy. He dallied long with Cavaliers and Roundheads, and in 1867 made a palpable hit with "What dye lack, Madame? What dye lack?" Shakespeare, of course he has painted his "Scene in the Temple Gardens" being one of his most popular works. Another was "The Death Warrant," an episode in the career of the consumptive little son of Henry VIII and Jane Seymour. Another the inspiring "Sword and Dagger Fight." In "Two Strings to her Bow" Mr Pettie showed he is not altogether wanting in humour.

MR. L. J. POYNTER, R.A.

Ex Slade Professor at University College Visitor to the National Art Training School at South Kensington, at for of "Lectures on Art" which has been called "the most suggestive and interesting book of the kind." Mr Poynter is of course, a learned painter. Archaeological accuracy and no fun, are the characteristics of most of his pictures. It was his lot to make a great popular success in spite of himself. No one would dream of accusing Mr Poynter of painting "Israel in Egypt" because everybody has more or less knowledge of that incident. No, he painted it to please himself and Egyptologists. The Catapult procured his Association, a work of less popularity than "Israel," for the fall of Carthage is not a familiar subject in English homes. Mr Poynter has made other successes "Rhodope," "The Festival," "Atalanta's Race," and in 1890 he exhibited, but not at the Academy, "The Meeting of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba," a most learned effort. He studied at Paris, under Gleyre, and was also a pupil at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. Latterly many little favours have come Mr Poynter's way, he designed the border to the Queen's letter, and some of his inventions have been chosen for the new coinage. The unobsequious compare his work with Mr Tadema's.



MR. BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.

We English love animals, and he who paints them well is assured of our suffrage. Mr. Briton Riviere certainly paints them well—very well—and he also has a keen dramatic instinct. He is master of that gift of "subject" so rare among artists. 'The Lion Sleeps,' 'Daniel,' 'Circe,' 'Sympathy,' and those romantic scenes among the ruins of a civilisation "half as old as time," where—

'They say the lion and the lizard keep
The halls where Janshiel gloriéd
—and drank deep.'

When this picture was nearly finished, a critic remarked, 'lizards never come out by moonlight.' The painter ceased working. What was to be done? Then Professor Huxley came to the rescue. "Don't fret," he said, "a big lion walking over its hiding place would make any lizard come out, just to see what the matter was: moonlight or not." He lives near the Zoological Gardens, and the attendants kindly give him the refusal of the dead lions. Delicate eyesight forbids Mr. Riviere working more than three hours a day. In our picture he is sitting before his Royal Academy work "Prometheus — "Night shall come up with garniture of stars."

To comfort the "with shall low." Finally he owes a debt to Mr. Stackpoole, the retired Associate, for the service of his capable burn.



MR. JAMES SANT, R.A.

Though over seventy, Mr. Sant is still able to make a popular success for "The Souls Awakening" was certainly that. Principal Painter in Ordinary to Her Majesty, he has long been esteemed at Court, and has painted the Queen and the children of the Prince of Wales, the Prince Consort, and the Duc d'Aumale. Mr. Sant has never been a brutal or even a ruthless painter. He has never flirted with Realism. "Graceful," "refined" are the adjectives one finds applied to his pictures. We can imagine Mr. Sant being charmed with himself when the title "A Thorn between two Roses" occurred to him for one of his recent productions. A typical 'subject' picture by him was the "Oliver Twist: he walks to London," of 1890, with the subtle suggestion of the sheep by the wayside being cared for by the shepherd, while Oliver has no protector. In 1860 a fine task fell to Mr. Sant. The Countess of Waldegrave, desiring to have by her at Strawberry Hill portraits of her personal friends commissioned Mr. Sant to the extent of twenty-one portraits. Perhaps the best known of his productions are the "Infant Samuel," the "Infant Timothy," "Little Red Riding Hood," and "Dick Whittington." "The First Sense of Snow" brought him Associateship in 1862.



MR. MARCUS STONE, R.A.

No one can accuse Mr. Marcus Stone of greed in regard to wall space at the Royal Academy. One, two pictures may be expected each year from his brush—seldom three. Love is their theme, and his puppets make love in picturesque costume, and generally in a garden. Mr. Marcus Stone's modern pictures have the merit of coming well in black and white. He paints leisurely in a luxurious studio in his house in the Melbury Road. His women are always pretty and young and his men handsomer than the majority of one's friends. Mr. Marcus Stone did not always paint these erotic subjects, once, many years since, he produced such a Seymour Lucas work as "Royalists seeking refuge in the House of a Puritan." Born fifty-two years ago, a son of Frank Stone, A.R.A., he exhibited his first picture at the Royal Academy when he was eighteen. It was called "Rest," and represented an aged knight in armour seated beneath a tree. He was quite successful with "On the road from Waterloo to Paris"—Napoleon seeking refuge in a cottage. Mr. Marcus Stone has also attempted Shakespeare, a "Claudio accusing Hero," but it is not likely that he will return to this fashion, since he has found no other more remunerative and more popular.

MR. HAMO THORNYCROFT, R.A.

The Thornycrofts are a family of sculptors. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, the most distinguished of the group, was made an Associate in 1881, and an R.A. in 1883. Last year he was elected a member of the Athenium Club under that rule which yearly invites a limited number of distinguished men to take their leisure with its noble balls. So, taking it all in all, Mr. Thornycroft, at the age of forty-two, cannot say that his talent is unrecognized. Moreover, in 1881, his "Teucer" was bought by the Chertres Bequest for £1,000, and his statue of General Gordon, in Trafalgar Square, so far from being forgotten or treated with contempt, as a fate common to most London statues, on fine days seldom lacks its knot of admirers, and once a year is decorated with wreaths. Mr. Thornycroft is a product of the Royal Academy Schools, whence he removed to Italy, returning home to exhibit, in 1860, "Artemis" now, we believe, at Eaton Hall. "Teucer" followed in 1881, and among his other works we may recall "The Mower," "The Sower," "Athletic Putting a Stone," many busts, and the Gordon, a model of which he is caressing in our picture. Mr. Thornycroft lives in the Melbury Road. He likes to work whenever possible in his garden.



MR C I WATTS, R A

Mr Watts has the special distinction among artists of preferring not to sell his pictures. He has willed them to the nation 'because I think that some good, however small may come of my doing so.' In the meantime, they are scattered about the country, and are so hanging on the staircase leading to the Art Library in the South Kensington Museum. Mr Watts is the allegorical painter of the day. "Love and Death," "Love and Life," "Time, Death, and Judgment," "Death crowning Innocence," "Hope"—all finely conceived, all fine in colour, and all passing hard for the Man in the Street to understand. But his portraits are understandable of the people. They include most of the eminent personages of the day and many will eventually find a home in the National Portrait Gallery. He also "sculps" and, in the above picture, may be seen engaged upon a colossal equestrian figure. Dignified, serious, most charitable he has lived his life of seventy-two years in a rarified atmosphere—a life of "toil unsevered from tranquility." To him success came early for at twenty-three he won a high prize in the Westminster Hall competition. Mr Watts jumped from the cold of outsidership to the rank of R A in a single year. He has refused a baronetcy.



MR H T WELLS R A

Mr Oliver Wendell Holmes once delivered an entertaining lecture on "Some Lost Arts." A no less instructive paper might be prepared on "Decaying Arts" decaying because they have been shouldered out of the market by nimbler and less dear rivals, as etching has conquered line-engraving and photography miniature painting. It was as a miniature painter that Mr Wells began life exhibiting at the Royal Academy at the age of 17. Through some fifteen years the sun shone upon him, for Ross being dead he was *forte princeps* in the art, till 1860, when as he began to paint portraits, it would seem that the demand for miniatures had grown slack. Mr Wells, however, did not quite forsake this pleasant art, for only last year a miniature by him of "The Lady Coleridge" hung at the Royal Academy. Mr Wells has varied his portraits with landscapes we read that his "Farmyard at Evening" (R A 1865) had 'an impressive sobriety of tone' and that 'the trees were well discriminated.' Through the eighties he was a constant exhibitor at the Royal Academy, his contributions including many portraits. In 1886, Mr Wells abstained from exhibiting, but in the Jubilee year he produced 'The Queen and her Judges at the Opening of the Royal Courts of Justice,' and "Kensington Palace, June 20th 1837."





MR. MARCUS STONE, R.A.

No one can accuse Mr Marcus Stone of greed in regard to wall space at the Royal Academy. One, two pictures may be expected each year from his brush—seldom three. Love is their theme, and his puppets make love in picturesque costume, and generally in a garden. Mr Marcus Stone's modern pictures have the merit of coming well in black and white. He paints leisurely in a luxurious studio in his house in the Melbury Road. His women are always pretty and young and his men handsomer than the majority of one's friends. Mr Marcus Stone did not always paint these erotic subjects: once many years since he produced such a Seymour Lucas work as 'Royalists seeking refuge in the House of a Puritan.' Born fifty two years ago a son of Frank Stone, A.R.A., he exhibited his first picture at the Royal Academy when he was eighteen. It was called 'Rest,' and represented an armed knight in armour seated beneath a tree. He was quite successful with 'On the road from Waterloo to Paris'—Napoleon seeking refuge in a cottage. Mr Marcus Stone has attempted Shakespeare, a Claudio and Hero but it is not likely that will return to this fashion, since he has no other more remunerative and more

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MR. THOMAS WOOLNER, R.A.

It was as a sculptor that Mr Woolner won a place in the Royal Academy, not because he is a poet. "My Beautiful Lady" ran through several editions, and in Mr Parkes's volume on "The Painter Poets" Mr Woolner appears as the author of three sets of verses, one of which, "Wild Rose," begins thus—

'To call my Lady where she stood
A wild rose blossom of the wood
Makes but a poor simile—'

Mr Woolner was also one of the seven members of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood—the only sculptor among that band of earnest young men who believed that art should "distinctly aim at moral good, and that the arts should restrict his inference with nature to the selection of his model." Born sixty-seven years ago, Mr Woolner soon began to produce that style of work which is known as "poetical and historical," a "Death of Hoosier" being one of them, and others "Constance and Arthur," "Virgilia," "In Memoriam," and the "Lord's Prayer." His statues have been many, including Marston at Cambridge, the 17th Century and Lord Bacon at Oxford, Palmerston in Pall Mall, and the monument to Sir Edwin Landseer in St. James's Cathedral. Mr Woolner was elected A. in 1874.

MR. V. F. YEAMES, R.A.

Mr Yeames has made some quiet successes in his time. A thousand pounds was paid for his "Amy Robsart" by the Trustees of the Chantres Bequest in 1877—a work which is never in danger of being overlooked. It is rather a tremendous subject—but dramatic. "The Last Bit of Scandal" was also popular, and the same may be said of "When did you last see your Father?" Like so many painters of his time Mr Yeames found his *melior* in historical subjects and painted them year in and year out for a long period. That these works are so English is somewhat remarkable, for Mr Yeames had a foreign training if anybody had. Born in a town on the Sea of Azov, where his father was British Consul, Mr Yeames, at nine years of age, had travelled all over the Continent. Educated at Dresden he came to England while still a boy, and at seventeen went to Florence where he entered the studio of Signor Buonajuti. At twenty-three he once more came to London to remain. He made a hit at the Royal Academy of 1861, and again with "La Reine Malheureuse." "Stepping Stones" was humorous, of a different character is "Queen Elizabeth receiving the French Ambassadors after the news of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew." "Lady Jane Grey in the Tower," was also popular.



MR. HARRY BATES, A.R.A.

Mr Bates is one of the two who were elected to Associateship early this year. Many 'books' had been made on the result of the voting but even the most knowing failed to spot the three winners—Mr Stanhope Forbes, Mr Harry Bates and Mr T. G. Jackson. This result was due to a letter from the President absent from the assembly through bereavement, to the effect that the roll of the Academy lacked a painter, a sculptor and an architect. Mr Bates may be taken as a representative of the new phase of sculpture wherein he is on the side of Mr Thornycroft, Mr Alfred Gilbert and Mr Onslow Ford. They have cast away the shackles of pseudo-classicism and shown that it is possible for an old art to be born again. Coming to London in 1879, Mr Bates studied at the Lambeth School under Jules Dalou and two years later was admitted to the Royal Academy Schools, where in 1883 he gained the gold medal and travelling studentship for sculpture. Since then he has exhibited constantly at the Academy, where his designs, often in the form of relief panels, have been admired for their 'quality and grace of style. His works include the 'Æneid Panel', 'The Homer Panel', 'The Story of Psyche', 'Hounds in Leash' and 'Pandora' which was bought by the Chantrey



MR. C. F. BIRCH, A.R.A.

Mr C. F. Birch was born in Brighton, sixty years ago. The list of his works is very long. He has not lacked commissions. Requests for colossal statues of Sir So-and-So and of Mr Somebody else, for the town of Whist-dye-call it, subsequently reproduced in bronze for another Whist-dye-call it town over the water, have been with him plentiful as blackberries in September. But it must not be thought that Mr Birch's career has been without ideal work. He produced 'A Retaliation' some years ago, which was purchased by the Sydney Art Gallery. In 1879 his 'Last Call' saw the light—a Hussar and his horse shot down in the act of charging—and in 1880 'Lieutenant Hamilton' in his last attempt to save the Residency at Cabul. The 'heraldic beast' atop of the Temple Bar Memorial was also Mr Birch's. He studied at the Somerset House of Design at the Berlin Royal Academy in the studios of Professors Ranch and Wichmann at the Royal Academy Schools and with J. H. Foley. In 1864, the Art Union of London offered a prize of £600 for the best original figure or group. Mr Birch won it with 'A Wood Nymph' and this creation was chosen as one of the representative works of British Art for the Vienna, Philadelphia, and Paris Exhibitions. So Mr Birch has not been without honour.



"IT JOHN BRETT, A.R.A.



MR. GEORGE BOUGHTON, A.R.A.

Resident in London, in a delightful house on Campden Hill, Mr Boughton is always spoken of as an American, and most people suppose that he came to our shores in early youth, for the same reason that other American painters cross and will cross the Atlantic. As a matter of fact, Mr Boughton was born in this country. At three years of age he was carried to Albany, in the state of New York. At nineteen he sold a picture to the American Art Union, and spent the proceeds on a visit to London. Returning to America, he studied for two years in New York then came to Paris, and finally to London for good, in 1861. Two years later he exhibited at the Royal Academy, and from that day to this not an Academy has been without its Boughtons. His style cannot be mistaken: he has made the early history of New England and Breton peasant life his own. All good American painters go, while they are still alive, to Holland. This Mr Boughton has done: he has also sketched and written on the land of dykes and windmills. 'Passing into the Shade' was his first success. Others have been 'The Canterbury Pilgrims,' which has been called a picture of Chaucer and Spenser, 'The Hermit Premonstratense,' 'Priscilla,' and 'The Waning of the Honeymoon.'

Painters, like other folk, have their idiosyncrasies, their fancies, their particular point of view. Mr Brett's pet theory is that pictures should be oblong, thus helping the eyes which certainly are side by side in the head, and not one above the other. It follows that his sea pieces are oblong. We doubt if anybody can remember an upright Brett. The plan suits well enough for seascapes, and for a certain style of landscape, but portrait painters would find it difficult to make their sitters look dignified as oblongs. Still the idea might be tried. We offer it to the editors of the comic papers. Mr Brett is wedded to his theory. On the first Monday in May he has been known to take young painters by the arm and walk round the rooms with them evangelising. For long, for very long, Mr Brett has been a painter of the sea. At South Kensington in the Chantrey Collection his "Britannia's Realm," very oblong, and very expansive, hangs—a £600 oblong. This year he sends no less than five works to the Royal Academy. One would have thought that a painter of the sea could dispense with the descriptions that so many men of *genre* affect. Mr Brett has not always escaped. To "Ardentive Bay" he affixed a note explaining why his birds sit sullen upon the rocks.



MR BURNE JONES, A R A

Mr Burne Jones is in the Academy, and yet not of the Academy. He never sends a picture to Burlington House, yet he is the most popular painter of the day. The work of no other living artist would attract the crowds that his "Bnair Rose" drew when exhibited at Messrs Agnew's. Retiring, modest, living solely for his art, his career has been unique. For many years heedless of the people, but worshipped by the few, his day of popularity came unsought with the opening of the Grosvenor Exhibition, in 1877. His work gave distinction to those yearly exhibitions till the "Halcarnassus" opened its doors. Mr Burne-Jones does not exhibit this year and consequently the New Gallery loses its distinction. He has a score of pictures on hand at once. At all stages of accomplishment they rest one on another against his studio walls—a studio which is bare, rustere, comfortless to a degree. "It would take me a hundred years to finish them," Mr Burne Jones said one day in a low, rueful voice. A graduate of Exeter College, Oxford, where he, however, spent most of his time studying drawing, he finally settled in London to give his days to Art, producing in time the works now so well known. One of Mr Burne Jones's few public appearances was when he gave evidence in the Whistler Ruskin trial.



MR ERNEST CROFTS, A R A

"Who dines fat oven should himself be fat. On this principle a painter of decorative pictures should himself be decorative, a painter of the sea should wear blue serge and a yachtsman's cap, a painter of military pictures should be soldierly. A painter of babies should be a father, and on *ad infinitum*. Those who know Mr Crofts can judge for themselves as to whether he is on the side of this time honoured adage. He has always painted military subjects and such subjects are always popular. Which picture is it attracts the crowd at the Guildhall—"The Huguenot"? No! "The Rossetti"? No! "The Romney"? No. It is before "The Defence of Rorke's Drift" that the people surge and spoil one another. Lady Butler may be said to have set the fashion in battle pictures with the "Roll Call," and when in 1873 Mr Crofts exhibited "Wellington's March from Quatre Bras to Waterloo," it was known that he also was among those who could paint these things well. Born at Leeds forty five years ago, Mr Crofts studied under Clay and at Dusseldorf. He sent "A Retreat" to the Academy of 1875. "Cromwell at Marston Moor," in 1877. Two years ago Mr Crofts's Royal Academy picture "Whitehall, January 30, 1649" inspired a correspondence among historians, raphers



MR EYRE CROWE, A.R.A.

It is natural to think of an Associate as being young, and an Academician—well, as not quite so young. Such a generalisation, like other generalisations, is incorrect. Mr Eyre Crowe is sixty-eight. Perhaps the best criticism of his pictures is to say that they have been popular in subject and careful in treatment. He has been very literary in his time: has Mr Eyre Crowe, and, however much the new school may disapprove 'subject,' it is difficult to pass a shop window in which an engraving of one of Mr Eyre Crowe's literary historical pictures hang. For it is interesting to see (black-and-white, you know, is not colour) Sir Richard Steele writing to his wife, or the boy Iago being introduced to Mr Dryden, or Milton visiting Galileo in the prison of the Inquisition. As a youth he studied under Paul Delaroche, and when that master went to Italy he took young Eyre Crowe and other of his favourite pupils with him. They wandered through decaying Rome, and Delaroche talked from 1846 Mr Crowe has exhibited with but few breaks at the Academy. His "Slaves waiting for sale" was called *the most promising work* of the season. Mr Eyre Crowe's literary pictures. His "Lady Conover's Patient" hangs on the walls of the Academy to-day.

MR. STANHOPE FORBES, A.R.A.

The author of "An Inland Voyage," was captivated by "that blue light which is the mother of dawn." Mr Forbes eight years ago became enamoured of the Newlyn light that has "long and equable moods of grey." For it was then that he first wandered to Newlyn, the little fishing village near Penzance, whence, for some years past, has come work which has done so much to let air and light into the galleries of Burlington House. Mr Forbes comes of railway stock. His father was manager of the Great Western Railway of Ireland, his uncle is chairman of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway. Born thirty-five years ago, he was educated at Dulwich College. His Art training began at Lambeth, followed in 1874, by the Royal Academy Schools, where he remained some years, till he crossed the Channel to enter the *atelier* of M Bonnat. After that he sketched much in Brittany, painting "A Street in Brittany," which was bought by the Liverpool Corporation. Then home to Cornwall. "Off to the Fishing Ground" was painted from a boat in the Bay of Penzance. "The Fish Sale," "Their Ever Shifting Home," now at Melbourne, "The Village Philharmonic," "The Health of the Bride," "By Order of the Court," "Soldiers and Sailors," and "Forging the Anchor," are Mr Forbes's chief works up till to-day.



MR ONSLOW FORD, R.A.

As a boy, Mr Onslow Ford wanted to be an artist, and when, in 1870, at the age of eighteen, he went to Antwerp to study, it was to learn how to paint, not how to "sculpt." The printing idea was still in his mind when he moved to Munich a year later, but before leaving that Art centre he had some how quite determined that sculpture and not painting was to be the bride of his life. At twenty two he returned to London, and there he has since lived, gradually winning his way to a very high position. In fact, there is only one living English sculptor whom the cognoscenti place higher than Mr Onslow Ford. He has, of course, produced busts and statues—but he has not allowed these useful but cheerless memorials to interfere with the work his instincts have clamoured for the doing. Irving as Hamlet, now in the Guildhall, was a fine creation, and in the sequence of the years we have had 'Folly,' 'Peace,' General Gordon on a camel, for Chatham, that charming figure, the envy of the amateur, called "The Singer," "Music," and this season what many consider his *magnum opus*, the Shelley memorial. He lives and works among the St John's Wood artists. It is matter for regret that Mr Ford's designs for the new coinage were not accepted. They appear to have been too delicate.



MR ALFRED GILBERT, R.A.

Mr Gilbert is thirty eight years of age. His Academy exhibits can almost be counted on the fingers of the two hands, but they have been sufficient to place him high up on Parnassus. In speaking of his work, good judges, critical judges, find it hard to say anything but what is eulogistic. Yet there is, probably, no living artist less concerned with outside opinion. His Art is sufficient. He lives for it. Born in London, Mr Gilbert's first master was Boehm, after which he went to Paris, to the Ecole des Beaux Arts under M. Cavalier, where he gained more than a bowing acquaintance with the work of Mercie, Falguère and Frémei. Then to Rome where he stayed many years, producing that charming group "Mother and Child," "The Kiss of Victory" and "Icarus"—the little Icarus pausing, before trusting himself to his wings. Then there has been "Perseus" regarding the set of his sandal, and who can forget "The Enchanted Chair"? He made the statue of the Queen, to show how a single figure can be simple and unaffected and yet magnificent. His also was "The Study of a Head" which Mr Luke Fildes bought. This year the late Baron Huddleston stands as an example to bust makers and the chain of office to show Mr Gilbert's manner of designing and working in metal.



MR. L. J. GREGORY, A.R.A.

A special pedestal is Mr Gregory's. His works are few in number and generally small in size. Whether they appear at the Academy or the Institute—Gregorys are no overlooked. He is said to be one of the best read men among artists: he lives at Maidenhead: he sees things with his own eyes. Though his subjects are interesting and dramatic, the literary *motif* is no more than an opportunity for harmonies of colour or effects of light. Years ago he painted "St. George and St. Galahad," but it was "Dawn," that brilliant piece of modern *genre* that revealed Mr Gregory's skill. Through the blinds the pale morning filters struggling with the yellow gas. A middle-aged *reud* is talking to a girl. It is the critical moment of a flirtation. The musician plays on. That is all. "Last Touches" is another well known Gregory—the last touches are being given to a picture by a ramshackle painter while, by the fireplace, a woman in evening-dress stands waiting. Then there is the Venetian series, and that wonderful portrait, among others, of Miss Galloway, whose father has long been Mr Gregory's patron. Born forty-two years ago, the son of an engineer he has now reached a high development in his art, and though not widely popular Mr Gregory is highly appreciated by the "fit and few."

MR. COLIN HUNTER, A.R.A.

Painters as a class, are long lived. True, there have been some who by reason of hereditary infirmities have died early at an age when we could ill spare them—Cecil Lawson, Fred Walker, Bastien Lepage—but, as a rule, artists are what the Assurance Offices would call "good lives." Those who paint the country or the sea, which means that at least half of the *reus* once is spent in the open air, live even "better lives" than the painters of portrait and *terre*. Mr Colin Hunter we trust is one of these "better lives," for throughout his career he has painted little else than the sea, and the shores that encompass it. Born, like so many other artists in Glasgow just fifty years ago, he is an example of the self-taught man from which fact you may select your inference. For some years he worked in his native city then he came to London to settle in time in that place so favoured by those who give their days to Art—the Melbury Road. "Trawlers waiting for darkness" was exhibited at the Academy of 1873. "The Salmon Fishers" in 1874 and "Stores for the cabin" a few years later. Among his other pictures, we may mention "The Seagulls Toilette," "Lobster Fishers," "As they roar on the shore" and the "The Burial of the MacDonalds." He was elected A.R.A. in 1884.



MR. D. W. LEADER, R.A.

Mr Benjamin Williams for so his baptismal name runs (he having adopted the old family appellation, Leader to distinguish him from the numerous artists answering to Williams) was born in Worcester sixty one years ago. Predestined for an engineer, he betrayed an anxiety to sketch the lanes and cottages of his native county and so drifted into making painting, a livelihood minus the benefit of study under any particular master. His first picture was bought by a landscape painter and in 1857 he was hung at the Academy. Of four pictures by him at the Academy of 1858 two were purchased by Royal Academicians—A Elmore and D Roberts. Five years later Mr Gladstone was so impressed by a picture of black yew trees in a churchyard that he purchased it. In fact it has been Mr Leader's fate to be popular very popular with the Academy public. In these days we believe artists do not buy Mr Leader's pictures there are some who do not even approve his method but it is the way of artists not to allow themselves to be swept into hysterics by the sentiment of the setting sun shining through tall trees a casting golden reflections on the diamond panes of yon little church where vespers are being sung. They have other standards.



MR SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A.

Costume trivial in trivial hands is made by him a very reality. Thus spoke an authority of Mr Seymour Lucas work a few years ago. Nephew of John Lucas, he was directed under his tuition to study wood carving and sculpture, before attacking paint. The Academy Schools followed. Later Sir Walter got entire possession of him and an illustration by Mr Lucas of a wizard scene was purchased by Mr Tooth who has remained his patron ever since. Sparing himself not at all in study, making a great collection of armour and costumes he painted in the fulness of time 'By Hook or Crook' which was hung on the line and then his prices jumped. 1877 was the year of his 'Intercepted Despatches' 1879 that of the well known 'Gordon Riots'. The 'Armada in Sight' followed and Mr Lucas seemed to have found himself. But he was not wholly pleased. The time had come for Van Dyck to give place to Velasquez so off he posted to Madrid to study technique in the galleries of Spain. Charles I before Gloucester and After Culloden followed. He has been again and again to Spain during the last few years and it was on his journey thither a few months ago that the sad accident happened which has made the Academy this year lack a Seymour Lucas subject picture.



MR J MACWHIRTER, A.R.A.



MR. R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A.

Mr Macbeth must be considered as a painter in oil, in water-colour, and as an etcher, and it is odd that in the last of these he is the greatest. He is a native of Glasgow, where he was born in 1848. Soon he came to London, to study at the Academy. "Plover Harvest in the Fens," was hung at Burlington House in 1877, and the following year saw "Sedge Cutting in Wicken Fen." Among Mr Macbeth's water-colours, "Lady Bountiful" may be mentioned. The Chantrey Trustees bought his "Cist Shoe" in 1890 and this season Mr Macbeth is showing excellent work, both at the Academy and the New Gallery. Eighteen years ago, Mr Macbeth began to work with the needle, and in that time he has become known as the etcher of Frederick Walker's "Harbour of Penzance," and George Mason's "Harvest Moon," but his most important achievements in this medium are the five large plates after five famous pictures by Velasquez and Titian at Madrid. Thither Mr Macbeth went, and there he accomplished the plates, and when later an English printer Mr Goddard arrived in Madrid and, setting up his press, began to take early proofs from the copper, the Spanish etchers and printers had to confess that there are some things they manage to in England.

Few cook it but so many painters it is given to have a sign manual by which they are known. Has not Tadema his marble, Orchard his "yellow," Millais his bird in the foreground? To Mr MacWhirter has been vouchsafed the silver birch tree. It may only appear in a few pictures but the lady of the woods is Mr MacWhirter's, nevertheless. Her supreme day was the day of the picture of "The Three Graces." Born fifty three years ago, Mr MacWhirter was destined for a publisher, but he soon left that employment for Art, studying side by side with Orchardson, Pettie, and Peter Graham. Landscape beckoned him from the first: he made many minute studies of flowers and weeds, a set of which were used by Mr Ruskin as examples of foreground detail in his instruction to the Art students at Oxford. At twenty six he was exhibiting "The Temple of Vesta, Rome," at the Royal Academy. Four years later he followed his pictures to London. He painted Skye, he painted a picture suggested by those lines of Longfellow's

"A wind came up out of the sea,

And said, Oh, mast, make room for me!"

he painted "The Depths of the Forest" and "Across the Border," which was hung next to Millais's "Chill October," and so, year by year, he has taken his sylvan way, painting what he likes best.



MR HENRY MOORE, A.R.A.

Mr Henry Moore was made an A.R.A. a few years ago, his brother still remains an outsider. A large party for long, his clamoured for the recognition of the two brothers and is clamouring still. Few would call it exaggeration to say that Mr Henry Moore is the finest living painter of the sea. It is not often a sea piece meets with the popularity that fell to his "Clearness after Rain." Not always has Mr Moore painted the sea, in fact it was with something of a sigh that towards the end of the fifties he forsook landscape and began to attempt its conquest. "Kittiwakes on their Nests" and a seascape called "White Calm" were his first examples of the "shrewd salt and wandering billows rolling wrack and windy skies." The "Life Boat" of 1876 is remembered as a work of no small power and force with more incident than Mr Moore cares to put into his work nowadays. "A Breezy Day in the Channel," "Calm before a Storm," "Off the Lizard," "The Harbour's Mouth" also occur to one at the moment of writing. Mr Henry Moore was born in 1831. A landscape of 'him' was hung at the Academy when he was twenty-three and landscapes he continued to paint, till the sea claimed his brush in 1858. "Hay Making in Switzerland" was one of his pastoral successes.



MR P. R. MORRIS, A.R.A.

A youth of brave endeavour, of obstacles trampled to the earth, was Mr Morris. Apprenticed to a calling for which 'e had no liking, he accepted the destiny and proved himself by rising each morning at five drawing till seven and taking up his pencil again at eight in the evening when his other duties ceased. This lasted for five weary years. His employer was adamant against cancelling his indentures even at the intercession of Mr. Holman Hunt, whom the youth had met while that artist was painting

"Strayed Sheep" on the southern coast. At last when the enthusiast played truant from the office to draw the "Elgin Marbles" his employer bowed before the will of his apprentice, and Mr Phil Morris could henceforth call himself artist. He did extremely well at the Academy Schools, carrying off many prizes, and finally the Travelling Studentship which sent him to France and Italy. Mr Creswick, R.A. bought his first picture, "Peaceful Days," and in 1864 came his period of Sacred Art—Where They Crucified Him, "Jesus Saviour" and "The Shadow of the Cross" which has never been exhibited. Among his successes have been "The End of the Journey," "The First Communion," and "Sons of the Brave." Mr Morris was elected A.R.A. in 1878.



MR. DAVID MURRAY, A.R.A.

Last year Mr David Murray was elected as the newest Associate of the Royal Academy, but events go at quick march, and to day there are three newer than he. No less than 150 men were nominated on the occasion which resulted in his triumph, his chief competitor being Mr Stanhope Forbes, who has since been gathered in. Mr David Murray is a hearty painter, and a brave painter, judging by the temerity with which he attacks six foot canvases. Moreover, he is interested in other good things besides Art, in sport in fellowship, in talk, all of which come to men who have the sane mind in the sane body. In these latter days something else than goods has come out of Glasgow. There is a Glasgow School of Colourists, but Mr Murray was, before they arose above that murky horizon. Born by the Clyde a little over forty years ago, he spent his pocket money in buying colours rather than tops working fervently on Saturdays when he was free from business. Then it came that business could hold him no longer, and before long his "Vale of Corusk," was hanging at the Academy. Others followed, and the painter came to London. Bought by the Chantry, expounded in Bond Street, to-day he is A.R.A. with five pictures at Burlington House. Selah!

MR. VAL PRINSEP, A.R.A.

Three "big" things have happened to Mr Val Prinsep in his life. He painted the largest picture ever hung at the Academy, he wrote the longest novel of the year in *Longman's Magazine*, and he inherited a few months ago a quarter of a million of money. The "biggest" picture was, of course, the proclamation of 'Queen Victoria as Empress of India,' the commission for which came to Mr Prinsep rather unexpectedly in 1876. He immediately started for India determined, at any cost, to make the Rajahs sit to him. These portrait studies occupied him a whole year, but during that time he also gathered material for his book 'Imperial India,' and many ideas for future pictures. The "Durbar" was 30 feet long—a gargantuan task for one man to accomplish. Mr Prinsep, born in India, was destined for the Civil Service, but, being called to Art, he came to London, following that experience by studying under Gleyre in Paris. For a time he hankered after the pre-Raphaelites, but he abandoned that humour, through the influence, it is said, of Sir Frederick Leighton. "The Death of Cleopatra," "The Linen Gatherers," "The Gleaners," "A Bientôt" are among his works. Latterly he has worked the historical vein. Mr Val Prinsep is also a dramatist. Theatre goers will remember "Cousin Dick."



MR. W. D. RICHMOND, A.R.A.

A son of Mr George Richmond, R.A., Mr William Blake Richmond named after the printer poet, was born in York Street, Portman Square, just fifty years ago. As a boy he knew young Mr Millais, who visited at his father's home and John Ruskin. Admitted to the Royal Academy Schools, he was one day convinced that the teaching was unsatisfactory, and so studied by himself somewhat unsystematically, and painted "Geraint and Enid" which the Academy rejected. Then he went to Italy, to worship the Masters the tour resulting in some thing like a hundred drawings. The Artists' Volunteer Corps introduced him to Sir Frederick Leighton and in 1861 the Academy hung him for the first time. Four years later he again went to Italy where he saw the Pope walking of an evening on the Pincian Hill. During this visit he made studies for the "Procession in honour of Bacchus" which was seen at the Academy of 1869. When the whirligig of time brought him back to England he took a house in a walled garden at Hammersmith, whence have come many portraits, and among other pictures "Prometheus Bound" and "Death and Sleep carrying the Body of Sarpedon to Lycia." Like Mr Burne Jones Mr Richmond was for long a prop of the Grosvenor. He was elected A.R.A. in 1888.



MR. G. A. STOREY, A.R.A.

Mr Storey has been called 'a painter of prettiness' and most people will agree that the phrase suits him. Not that his early pictures were pretty—pretty is not the adjective for his 'Holy Family' his "Sacred Music" his Annunciation or his historical examples. Only after these had been painted did Mr Storey find himself. Children at Breakfast, the first of his dainty domestic subjects gave him the clue, after which followed a long series of pretty pictures—After You 'Little Buttercups,' 'Love in a Maze,' "Sweet Margery," "Viola," 'My Lady Belle,' 'The Old Pump at Bath,' and so on to the end of the chapter. Of him Tom Taylor said, 'he claims a monopoly of pretty, playful *vaudeville*.' Mr Storey's early history is rather Gilbertian. He exhibited at the Royal Academy before he entered the Schools as a student and for a long time mathematics shared his affections with painting. In fact when he went to Paris in 1848 it was to study mathematics—not Art though he spent much time in the Louvre. He returned to England with the idea of being an architect, till one day finding that it was impossible to serve two masters he entered Mr Leigh's School and dallied no longer with other interests. Mr Storey is also a versifier.

MR E. A. WATERLOW, 111



MR J. W. WATERHOUSE, A.R.C.

Mr Waterhouse is a painter's painter, as Mr Leader is a people's painter. The quality, the technique of his work has always appealed more to artists than to the public. Those who find their first youth slipping away without having begun to fulfil themselves may be glad to know that not till 1874, when he was twenty five did Mr Waterhouse begin to exhibit at the Royal Academy, yet he was an Associate twelve years later. Born in Rome, he has loved, in no small degree, the Eternal City, her people, and her history. In fact we can almost imagine him saying

'Open my heart and you will see
Carved inside of it Italy'

His work has been reticent truthful and classical, year by year since he first exhibited "Sleep and his brother Death" at Burlington House in 1874. "Miranda" followed, and next year his "After the Dance" was hung on the line, a work some what after the manner of Tadema. Then Italy called again, inspiring him to paint what proved to be the most important picture he had yet produced, "The Emperor Honorius," which was suggested by a passage in Wilkie Collins "Antonina." The "Oracle" followed, and since then Mr Waterhouse has steadily advanced in his art through the "Lady of Shalott" to the "Circe" of this year.

Mr Waterlow's election to Associateship a couple of years ago, pleased most of us. A landscape painter of sincerity and modesty, who, having set himself a standard, rarely fell below it, he was a man whose time, it was felt, would come. Mr Waterlow's methods, like his subjects, are fresh, a typical example being the "Wolf Wolf" of 1889, a delightfully Arcadian realisation of the old fable. Irish scenery pleases him it was his "Galway Gossips" that the Chantry Trustees purchased in 1887, and he does not tire of painting the lamb. Born 42 years ago, he studied at Carey's, thence he wandered abroad, to Switzerland and Germany, where the love of landscape was born in him. He returned home in 1872, the year of his first Academy picture, an "Evening in Dovedale," which was skied—but it twenty two that is bearable. Then it was that he came under the influence of Mason and Walker, but it was not with that idea that he moved into Walker's old house in Bayswater. Most resolute about the *plein air* method, yet he will not, he cannot, finish a work in the open like some of his *confreres*. His is that other method of making numerous sketches on the spot, and fusing them into unity in his own studio, away from the distractions of nature.



MR HENRY WOODS, A.R.A.

Mr Woods paints Venice and he lives in Venice. He works in a beautiful studio, around which in summer vine leaves and pomegranate boughs spread their beauty—a studio in the suburbs about a mile from the Campo di Marco, hard by the church whither Paul Veronese fled for sanctuary. When painting in the streets he employs an excellent device for cooling the curiosity of the bystanders. It is to stick a cigarette paper over the faces of his figures. Like Mr Luke Fildes (his brother-in-law) like Mr Lonsdale like Mr Van Harnen, Bliss and Fassini he finds in the Siren City a subject whose charm familiarity cannot stale. He came to her at the instigation of Mr Fildes fourteen years ago. Before that he had done much black and white work, and painted a 'Going Home' a 'Good bye' and a 'Haymakers'. Mr Woods was born at Warrington forty-six years ago studied at the School of Art in that town, won a National Scholarship, and so was admitted to the South Kensington Training School. He did much good illustrating work making pictures of the imaginings of Trollope Collins Reade and Victor Hugo. Then in 1876 he went to Italy, and there he produced, among others 'A Zucca Seller' 'Bargaining for an Old Master' and 'The Water Wheel'.



MR W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A.

Near Rochester overhanging the Medway, stands a house and in the house stands a studio and in the studio Mr Wyllie stands, and there in this eyrie that sweeps the river from Chatham to the sea you will find him painting. In the studio walls are portholes and in one of these portholes a telescope swings through which he peers in quest of subjects. Could a painter of the sea and of those who go down to the sea in ships have thought of a better way? Mr Wyllie is one of those happy people who know their own minds from the beginning. He would be a painter of the sea and of all that pertains to it and his painting of these things has brought him into the ranks of the Royal Academy. Assured success came to him at the age of thirty one, when he produced his Chantrey picture 'Toil Glitter, Grime and Wealth on a Flowing Tide' 'Rochester Bridge' 'The Silent Highway' and 'The End of the Story' followed. Then he painted the 'Flying Dutchman' which the Academy declined. Now, mark the vagaries of Fate. A few months later he was elected to Associate ship and thus earning the right to exhibit he re-cast 'The Flying Dutchman' and forthwith it was hung as 'The Phantom Ship'. Mr Wyllie is also an excellent etcher, and a capable draughtsman.



MR FRANK BRAMLEY

Comparisons it has been said, are odious, so we will merely remark that Mr Frank Bramley is one of the most distinguished of the Newlyn men. He is the painter of "Hopeless Dawn," a work that won praise from all schools the purchase of which stuck a feather in the cap of the Trustees of the Chantry Bequest. Powerful, reticent, most suggestive, it is no small thing for a man well under thirty to have accomplished. Mr Bramley's career began at the Lincoln School of Art under Mr Tayer, who is now head master at Birmingham. Mr Logsdail and Mr Fred Hall were his fellow pupils. 1878 found him at the Antwerp Academy. Four years later he went south to Venice, where he was inspired to paint two pictures, "Leisure Moments—Bead Stringers" and "Weaving Nets" which were No 3 and No 1537 at the Royal Academy. Two years later Mr Bramley took the wise step of settling at Newlyn where he could work in a clear light, and without distractions. His first Cornish picture was "Everyone His Own Yarn" which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1885. "Domino," "Eyes and no Eyes," "Weaving a chain of grief" (New English Art Club) "Hopeless Dawn," "Saved," "For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven" followed.

"I, too, have been at Barbizon," Mr Alfred East might say—Barbizon where Millet lived and worked—the Barbizon of Corot, Rousseau and a score of others—the Barbizon where so many pilgrims have travelled, even such unsentimental travellers as Mr and Mrs Tennell on a tricycle. The world will be very much older before little generations of painters cease to visit Barbizon. It is not so very long, too, since Mr East helped to form one of those enthusiastic little groups, and then it was that he painted his first Academy picture, "A Dewy Morning" the year being 1883. Mr East has never done else than landscape work. He is a *person's* grat at the Academy, they bring him on the line, and nobody grudges him the distinction. He delights in sunshine—atmosphere and light are hall marks of his pictures, do not his titles suggest these qualities? "A Spring Melody," "Tranquil Waters," "A Gleam before the Gloaming," "October Glow," "An Autumn Afternoon." Born at Kettering, the youngest of a family of eleven, he received his first training at the Glasgow School of Art, then to Paris, where he studied in the *ateliers*, Bouguereau and Fleury, and at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. Mr East has also painted Japan on the spot with no small success.



MR. GEORGE HITCHCOCK

Could landscape painter order his life in a better way than this? To spend the summer in the Landscape Land, dreaming of living for paint and then, when the days are short, and the winds blow, and the dykes are frozen, to lock the house door and go into winter quarters—to London, Paris, or Madrid. This has been Mr Hitchcock's custom for many years and some of the results have been "La Culture des Tulipes," hung at the Salon on the line in the *salle d'honneur*, which made him famous the gold medal of the American Art Association for "Toilers of the Sea," and a first class medal at Paris in 1889, whether he sent this same 'Tulip Culture,' "The Annunciation, and La Maternité." His chief pictures have also been seen during the past few years at the Academy where he has been recorded the line. The skying of "La Maternité, a picture *hors concours* at Paris, afforded a text for many engaging little sermons on the naughtiness of Hanging Committees. Born in America, he, in time, rejected law for paint. Mr Hitchcock has been faithful to Holland since the day he found Mesdag at the Hague. Egmond Hoef, a little village between the North and the Zuyder Zees he has made his home and it was in his Dutch garden that Mr Shannon painted him

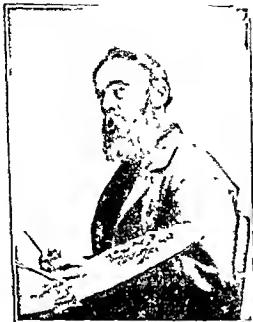


MR. W. LOGSDAIL.

Printers and poets have lately discovered the fact that London is pictorial, and that it has its own especial inspiration. Mr Logsdail is among those who have found its street life interesting even such an affair as the procession of the Lord Mayor's Show.

'The Ninth of November,' exhibited at the Academy a year or two ago, is his largest and most important work, a work wherein footmen have been honoured as footmen have never been honoured before. It was hung on the line, and later had an afterglow of popularity in the Guildhall Corporation Art Gallery. Everybody thought the Corporation would buy it, but they refrained. Mr Logsdail has also been inspired by 'The Bank by Sunday in the City and by St Martin's in the Fields,' which was purchased by the Chantry Trustees for £600. He studied at Lincoln under Mr Tayler, where he gained two National Gold Medals. Thence he enrolled himself at the Antwerp Academy for six months after which he took a studio in that town painting many pictures during the year he remained there, one of which was purchased out of the Royal Academy by the Queen. From Antwerp Mr Logsdail migrated to Venice, where he remained five years painting those Venetian pictures which with his London

MR JOHN A. REID



MR ALBERT MOORE.

Nine years younger than his brother, Henry, Mr Albert Moore stands as the high priest of decorative painting. England was for long the home of the picture that tells a story. That we are slowly being emancipated from this convention is due to men like Mr Albert Moore who cry mutely through colour that Art must be decorative. Rare schemes of this colour, fanciful and inventive, glowing around low browed women with sweet, slumbrous faces, folds of drapery falling about them as they fall in Greek statues, with nothing to do but to look graceful—this is Mr Moore's fantasy. As a young man his Art was pre-Raphaelite more than anything else. He painted nature simply, faithfully, the "Goldfinch," the "Woodcock," "Wayside Weeds," scriptural subjects, till the time came of his fresco, 'The Four Seasons,' 'The Marble Seat,' 'Elijah's Sacrifice,' and so on to the "Pomegranates" and "Pansies," with which he found his true self. He had learnt much from the Greeks, the Japanese also *à l'instar un peu passé par là*. The hour was at hand—the realist was gathered to the past, and the idealist reigned in his stead. It would be idle to give the titles of Mr Albert Moore's later pictures. One is like the other, save the positions of the figures and the schemes of his colour.

Mr Reid is a younger member of that band of Scotchmen—Orchardson, Pettie, Peter Graham, Colin Hunter and Mac Whirter—who have come to us from over the border. His early travellings towards Art were not along the primrose way. At the age of sixteen he was apprenticed to a firm of house painters in Edinburgh, where he certainly learned to use the brush, but not quite in the right way. In this pursuit three years of his life were spent, till the task became unbearable, and the young house painter dreamed wild dreams of going off to sea. But a better way than that was found: some of his sketches were shown to a well known artist, with the result that he was allowed to attend the School of Art in the evenings. Years of study followed—and at last the day came when he was able to devote himself wholly to Art. It seemed at first that his destiny would be that of a costume painter (witness 'The Emperor's Rehearsal'), but a visit to Shere in Surrey changed all that, and showed him the work he could best do—"out-of-door tones and values," realistic scenes in the open. His studio now is always under the wide sky, and following this method he has produced "The Country Spelling Bee," "A Country Cricket Match," "Toil and Pleasure," "The Young Squire" and others.



MR W DENDY SADLER

Mr Sadler's career has been smooth, for he early paddled his way into the easy waters of popularity. It was natural that he should be popular, for do we not always give much to those who amuse us? Mr Sadler began with the monk, treating him broadly as a humorous creature spending his Thursday evenings fishing to procure the wherewithal for the Friday's dinner. The monk pictures introduced him to the public. No less than five of them were exhibited at the Royal Academy in successive periods, including "Friday" and "It's always the largest fish that's lost." Then followed his Tom and Jerry period which he has exploited so successfully during recent years. "The Old Squire and the Young Squire," "Old and Crusted," a delightful piece of quiet humour, "A pegged down Fishing Watch," "Durby and Joan" which was exhibited at the Grosvenor, "The Hunting Morn" and "Uninvited Guests" have appeared from year to year. Mr Dendy Sadler, who is thirty eight, studied at Heatherley's for six months in 1871, then at Dusseldorf under J M Burfield, and afterwards under William Sumner. In 1877 he returned to London, where he has since remained. His choice of subjects is clever, and most of them have been reproduced with considerable success.



MR J SARGENT

The present exhibition of the Royal Academy has been described as "an Academy without a Sargent." He is even more of an artist's artist than Mr Waterhouse. His painting is "strict painting, as Bach's fugues are strict music." Those of the public who have been nurtured on the conventional Academy portrait and picture, felt that his brilliant and ruthless "Carmencita" shocked them. That is the word—Carmencita "shocked." Yet he has been bought by the Chantrey, to their honour. They bought that fantastic piece of decoration "Carnation, Lily, Lily Rose" from the Royal Academy of a few years ago. Of American nationality, Mr Sargent spent his youth in France and Italy, and in time came to the studio of M. Carolus Duran, whom he painted. Later his "El Jaleo," an amazing *tour de force*, attracted much attention, and among his other works have been portraits of "The Misses Vickers," "Mrs White," "Mrs Vickers," "Lady Playfair and Mrs W. Playfair," which has been considered his finest portrait. Mr Sargent spends his time about equally between England and America. When in England he is to be found in The Street. He plays with paint, as the great stylists of the world play with words, and that is saying a great deal.

MR SOLOMON J. SOLOMON



MR J J SHANNON

At the age of twenty nine Mr Shannon is, perhaps the most fashionable and certainly one of the most brilliant portrait painters of the day. He himself would, no doubt be the first to admit that he does too much—but in that, he is not exceptional. Nothing succeeds like success—and success means commissions and few artists have the heart to refuse commissions. Thus it always has been with successful portrait painters and thus it always will be. Mr Shannon is an American—American Irish. He came to England when a boy to enter at the South Kensington Schools where he studied under (from 1878 to 1881) Mr Poynter and Mr Sparks—and that is the only art instruction he has had. In forming his style he has been chiefly influenced by Bastien Lepage and Mr Whistler. Recognition came to him early. At South Kensington he won the gold medal for painting from the life in 1880, and the next year at the age of nineteen he exhibited a portrait of the Hon Horatio Stopford, which was painted by command of the Queen. Another commission from the Queen followed and since that day we have admired among others his 'The Duchess of Portland', 'The Duchess of Sutherland', 'Mrs Shannon', 'Miss Clough' and 'Sir Alfred Lyall.'

One of the things we have learnt to look for at the Academy is Mr Solomon's large picture at the end of that vista of rooms that run from 4 to 8. In 1886 'Cressandra' confronted us. In 1887 'Samson' met our gaze, then 'Noble' then 'The Judgment of Paris' then the stirring 'Hippolyta' and this year 'Orpheus' hangs in that place. Mr Solomon appears to have engaged for ever. One large picture, with a few portraits, has been his work year after year, and we are glad to know that these bold attempts have not always been 'white elephants'. 'Cressandra' and 'Samson' both sold. The Liverpool Corporation bought the first named. Born in 1860, Mr Solomon began to study at Heatherleys when he was sixteen and later went through a course at the Academy Schools. In 1880, he went to Paris to the Cabanel atelier and thence on to Munich, but as he did not find the German teaching much to his liking he made but a short stay there. A tour in Italy followed, and in good time he found himself once more in Paris, where he took a studio studying again at the Beaux Arts under Cabanel. There he painted 'The Convalescent' which was exhibited at the Salon. The following year Mr Solomon visited Spain and Morocco and after these many wanderings came to London where he now lives.



MR J McNEILL WHISTLER

Mr Whistler's work and personality have been of late the theme of so many, many columns of print, that it is quite a relief to give here merely a brief outline of his meteoric career. Born at Lowell, Mass., fifty-eight years ago, he was taken as a child to Russia. On his father's death he returned to America, receiving his military education at West Point. He forsook Arms for Art, and went to Paris, to the atelier of Gleyre where he knew Degas, Bracquemond, and Fantin Latour, and produced his first etchings, known as "The Little French Set" also "The White Girl," which, rejected at the Salon, was hung at the Salon des Refuses. Then to London where he exhibited "At the Piano" and the portrait of his mother, at the R.A. Carlyle, Miss Alexander, Lady Archibald Campbell, Miss Rosa Corder, Sarasate—these and other portraits are known to everybody. His Nocturnes were seen for several years at the Grosvenor; his etchings are sold as soon as published. The Court gave him one farthing damages and no costs in his action against Mr Ruskin, he had a dazzling career as President of the R.S.B.A., his "Ten o'clock" startled old and influenced young artists,



his "Gentle Art of Making Enemies" amused two continents. To-day his genius is quite recognised, and people still call him "Jimmy."

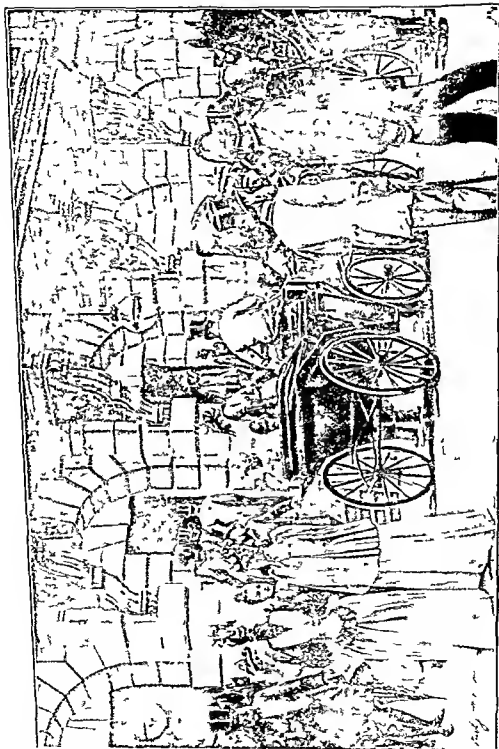
The portraits of the Artists, with the exception of those specified below, are from photographs by MR RALPH W. ROBINSON, of Redhill, Surrey.

ARTIST

Mr L. ALMA TADEMA, R.A.
Mr HARRY BATES, A.R.A.
Mr F. BRAMLEY
Mr E. BURNE JONES
Mr VICAT COLE, R.A.
Mr W. C. T. DOBSON, F.R.S.
Mr ALFRED EAST
Sir J. GILBERT, R.A.
Sir FRANCIS GRANT
Mr B. W. LEADER, A.R.A.
Mr G. D. LESLIE, R.A.
Mr SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A.
Mr ALBERT MOORE, A.R.A.
Mr D. MURRAY, R.A.
Mr S. J. SOLOMON
Mr J. McNEILL WHISTLER

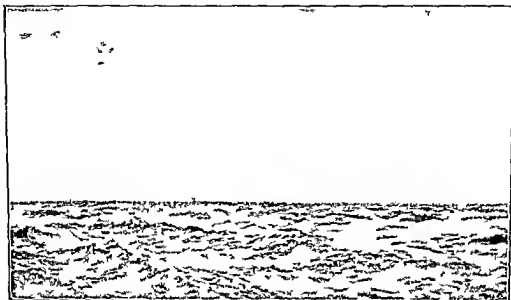
PHOTOGRAPHER

Madelle & Young
Fredk. Hollyer
J. Edwards, Hyde Park Corner
Elliott & Fry
Byrne & Co.
Lock & Whitfield.
H. Baker, Birmingham
London Stereoscopic Co.
Elliott & Fry
Elliott & Fry
Lock & Whitfield.
Madelle & Young
F. Hollyer
London Stereoscopic Co.
W. & D. Downey
London Stereoscopic Co.



THE INVITATION TO THE ROYAL SOCIETY, LUNINGTON HOUSE

ROYAL ACADEMY



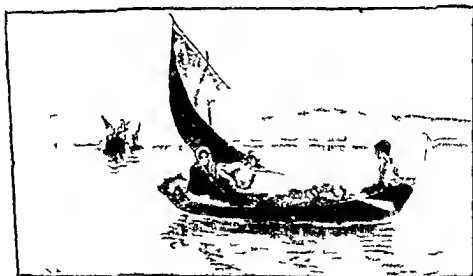
9 PEOPLE FOR OF A CRUISE
R R RA



1 — BETWEEN TWO FI T
1 15



8—A COUNT & DANCE
A & ROSS



30—GOING WITH THE WIND
A & NE LBA



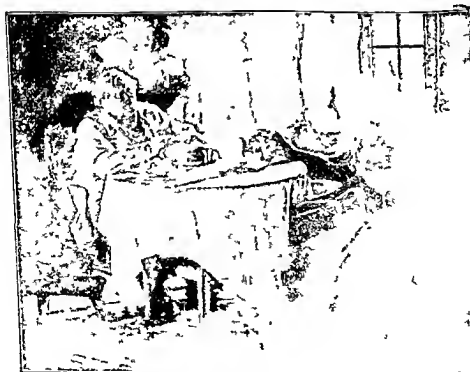
9—EL CORREGIDOR
C C HIND IV



13—SAMBAUD L UNLL LSQ DCI
J C HORSLEY RA



42—FLOWER GATHERING IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE
WILLIAM LEE DAIL



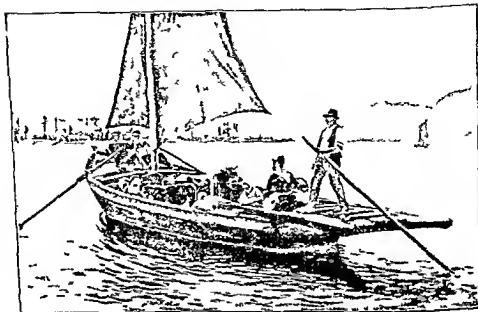
53—OLD MEMORIES
FRANK TRAUTLEY



42—*And the child seen, and seated strong in spirit, filled with wisdom, and the force of God was upon him — Luke 1, 40*
JAMES CLARK



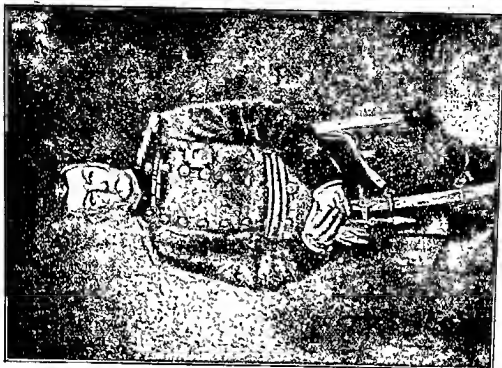
43—*MRS. TREE AS "OPHELIA"*
LOUISA JOFFE



22 THE FERRY
VAN LITT



23—CLARET ON THE HILLS
BY J. VAN HARMEN



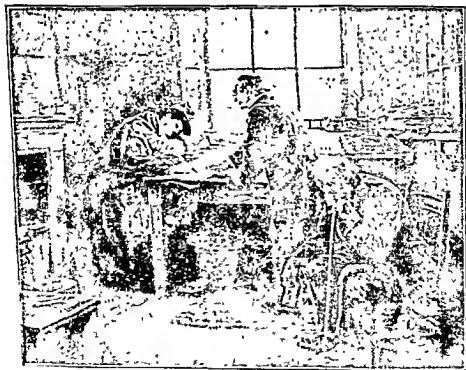
59—LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR DRURY C. DRURY-LOWE, K.C.B.
HENRY T. WELLS, R.A.



58—AFTER RAIN
NILES M. TUND



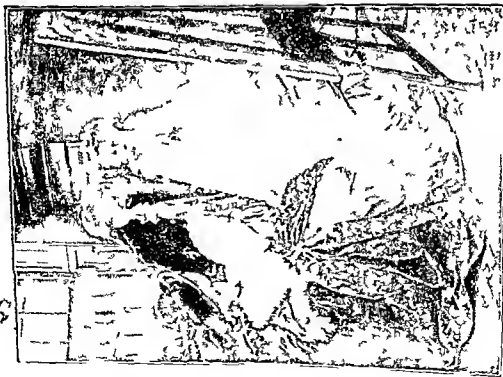
66—THE LIGHT OF HOME.
C. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.



79 THE EARLIEST TEARS OF BIRTH AND DEATH.
FRED. BURNER



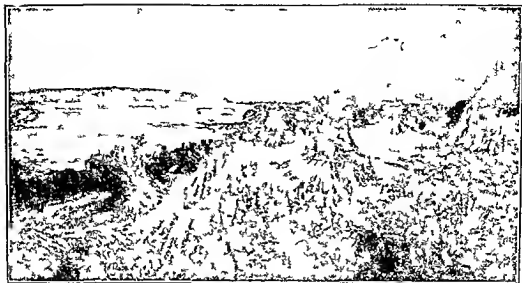
83—MRS. ARNOLD JENKINS
O S C E N E



71—MISS ANCE
ANGELICA KAUFMAN INTRODUCED BY LADY
A FENTWORTH VISITS MR. REYNOLDS STUDIO
SCENE I D C A F



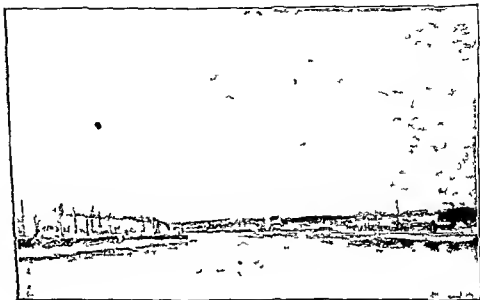
MISS MAUDIE — NOT LIKE THE OTHERS —
 (Type of M & H. Ash & Co. Ltd. & Co.)



80—THE FAINT PULSE OF QUIVERING LIGHT
LIAM G. FOSTER



9 —LILIA
FRANK DICK



104—HAYF FROM TELANT

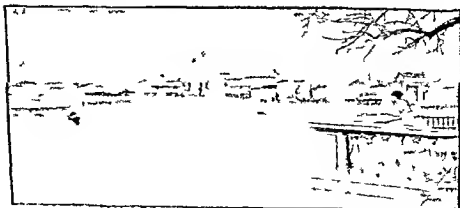
ALBERTA CAN.

(By permission of the Canadian Wildlife Service)117 OUT OF THEM BACK IN
AFTER ALIN





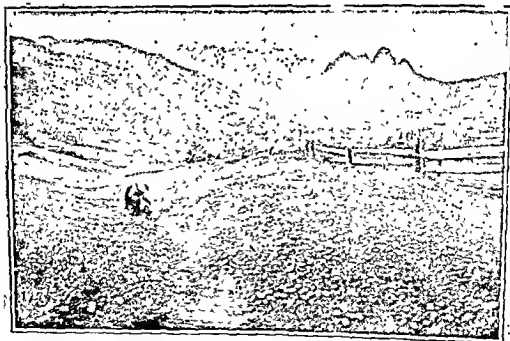
115—THE SEA CAVE UP THE DEAD WHICH WERE IN IT
IN FRIDERICK LE ITON DAY 18 A



15—VENICE FROM THE FLEET CAPTAIN FADIA MORNING
A M 100 DAY



116—THE END OF A SUMMER DAY
CHARLES STUART



120—SUMMER IN THE TYROL
J. MacWHIRTER, A.R.A.



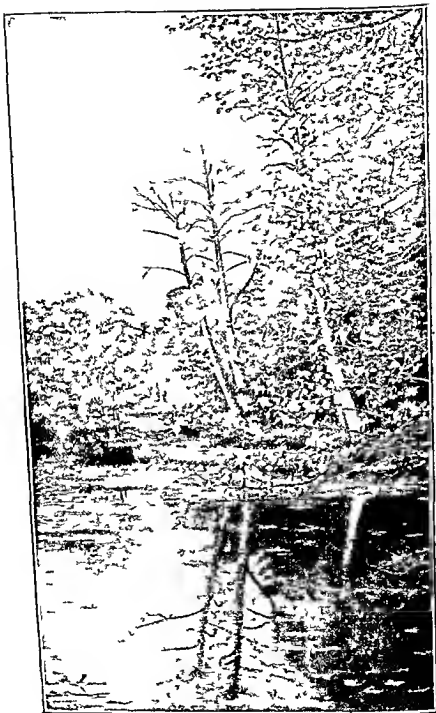
36— RS ED IN TAT
NY P K



153—WASHING DAY
HARRINGTON MANN



129—NETA
G. A. STORKY, A. R. A.



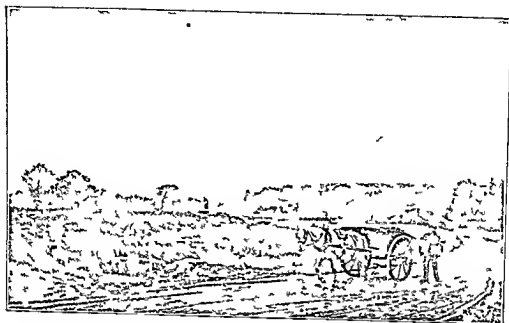
147—HALLOW WELTER
SIR J. E. MILLAIS PAST, P. A.



150—STARTLED
FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.
Diplomat World



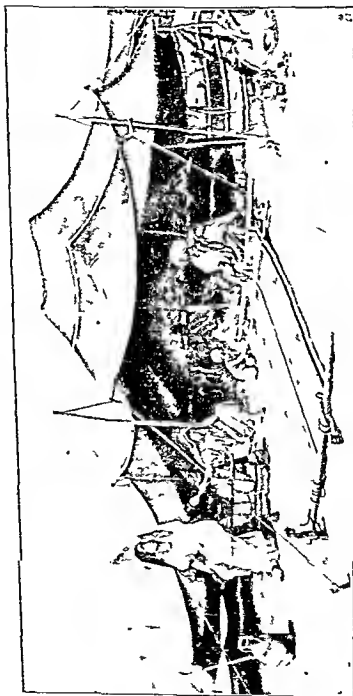
156—AT THE FOUNTAIN
SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON BART. P.R.A.
(By permission of the Perlin Photo-graphic Company)



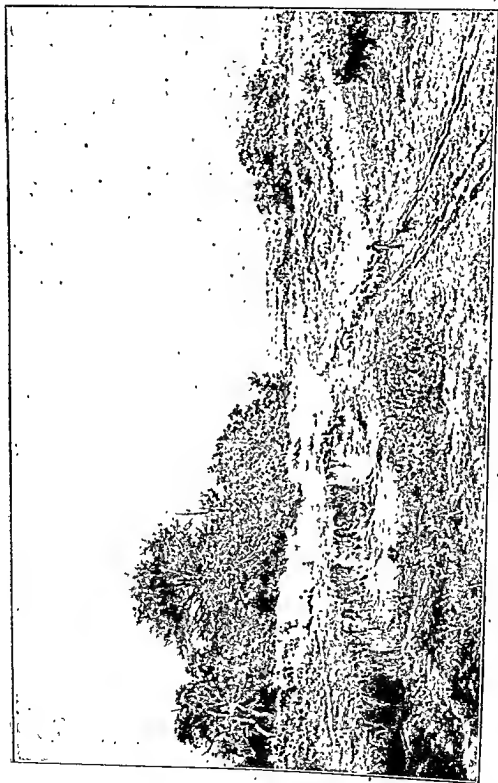
16. ITWELIN THE SHOWERS
F. H. N. R.



17. THE MOOKS IN SPAIN
F. H. N. R.



THE WINNERS AND WINNERS 1811



167—ACROSS FILL COMMON

B. W. LEADER, A.R.A.

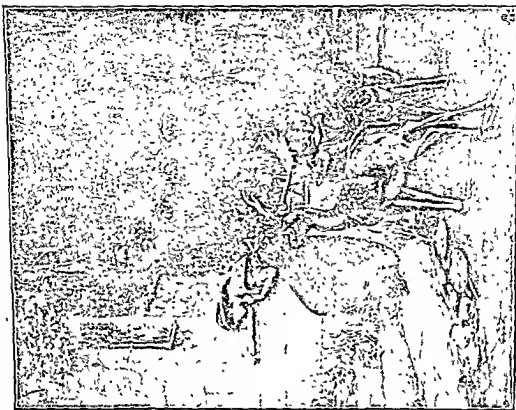
(By permission of Messrs. A. Tooth and Sons)



174—KIDU, DAUGHTER OF H. ISMAY, LSQ.
JANE HILLS, R.A.



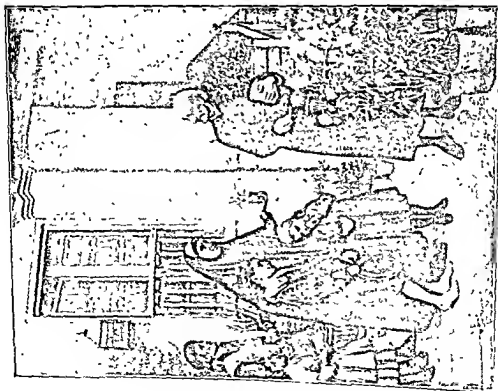
168—A PORTRAIT
J. SANT R.A.



190—THE RUINED SANCTUARY

E. WATTS

(By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company)



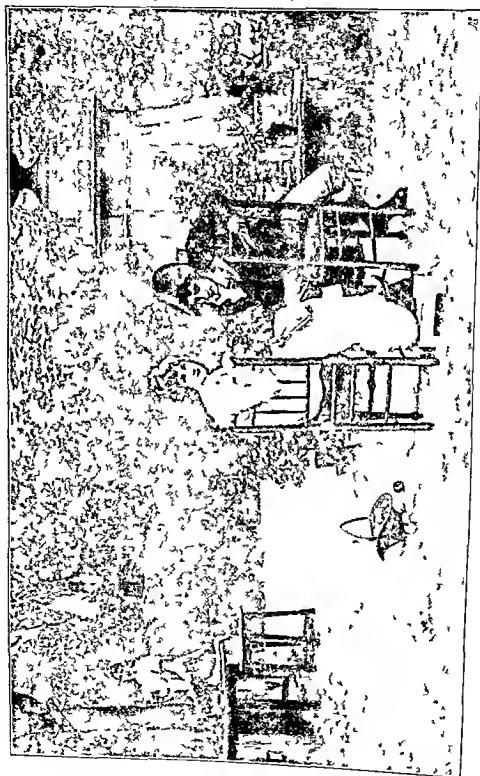
186—THE PRIEST'S BIRTHDAY

J. B. HURGES, R.A.

(By permission of Messrs. A. Tooth & Son)



210—3155 JULIA WILSON
10 30 OLIVER

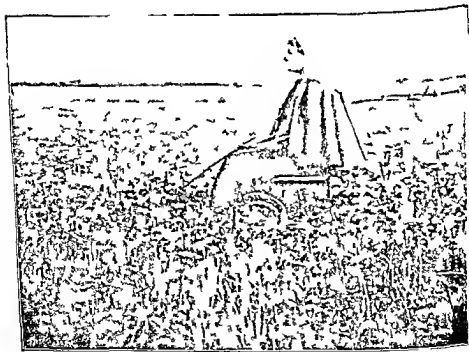
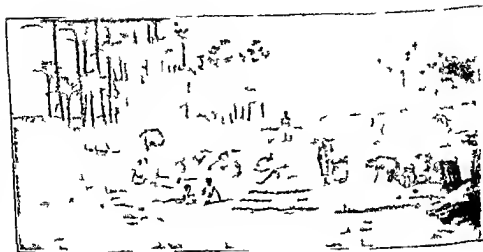


197 TWO'S COMPANY THREE'S NONE

WURCL 4 ONI R 1

(1) The usage of *Meow* is not a cat's, yet Bristle is
 "a... will be a cat!"

[illegible]

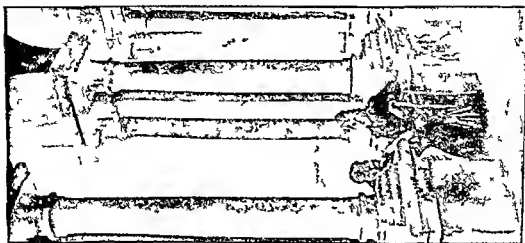




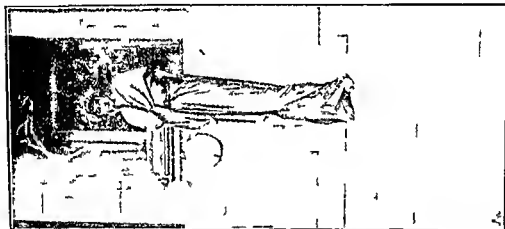
211.—"BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND!"—*As You Like It*, Act 2, Sc. 7
SIR J. P. MILLAR, BART., R.A.



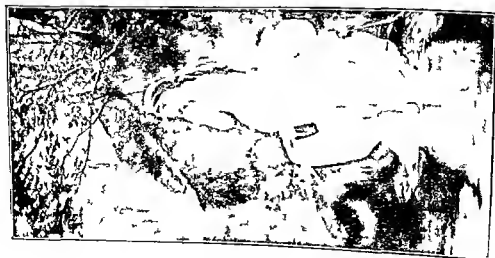
223—THE WOODWARD IN THE COTTAGE.
 1874, R.A.



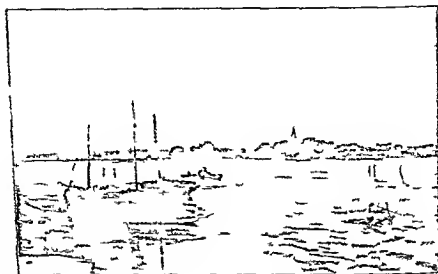
73.—IN THE ILLIAD OF THE CAMMILL
OF ST MARK'S VENICE
HENRY WOOD, A.R.A.



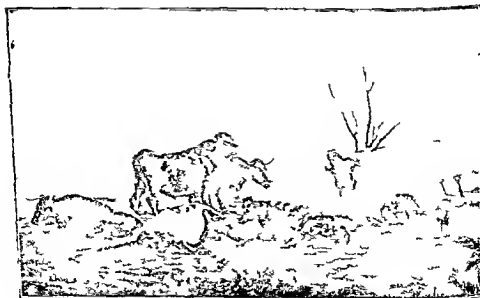
76.—A PRISTINE
HABITAT GAVIA



79.—SUMMER
G. J. JACOBSON



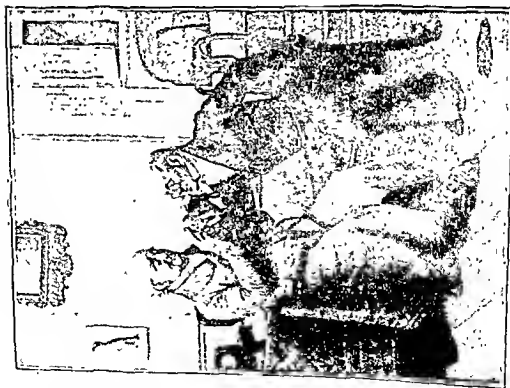
LOOKING NORTH AT THE CANAL
T



VIEW IN THE VALLEY AT CURVE FOUR
TOWARDS THE CANAL



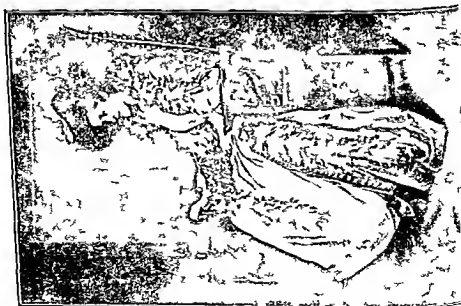
235—THE FAIRY QUEEN
BLANCHE JENKINS



228—THE GREAT AUN'S EGG—THE COLLECTOR'S INLASURE
H. STACY MARKS, R.A.



ROYAL ACADEMY
LONDON
1881-1882



ROYAL ACADEMY
LONDON
1881-1882



248—A MOVING STORY
J. SANT R. I.



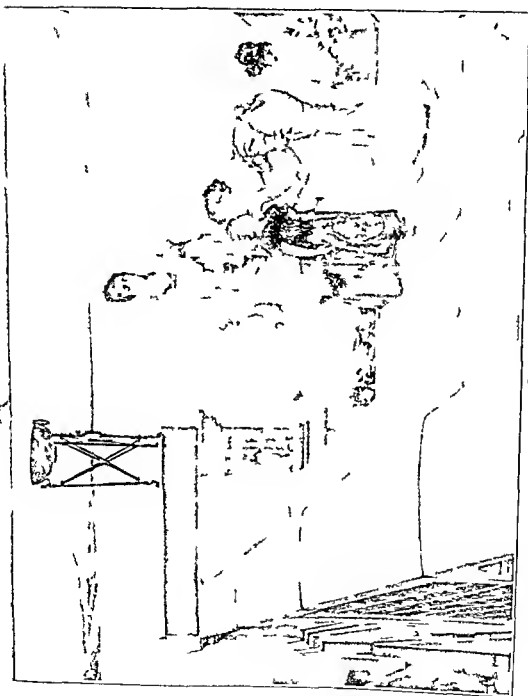
44—THEY WILL SPEAK QUESTIONS
J. R. VERDEIN



247—EVENTIDE
ERNEST PARTON



254—IN THE VALLEY OF DESOLATION
ERNEST PARTON



28—A KISS

I ALMA TADUNA R A

(By the wife of M. Stephen J. Cooke, 57 Full Mall by whom an etching
will be of M. J. J. J.)



265—WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG
E. J. POINTER, R.A.



264—A VENETIAN COUNCIL OF WAR
SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.



7 — THE CIRCULAR TOUR
P. ORR. A. A.



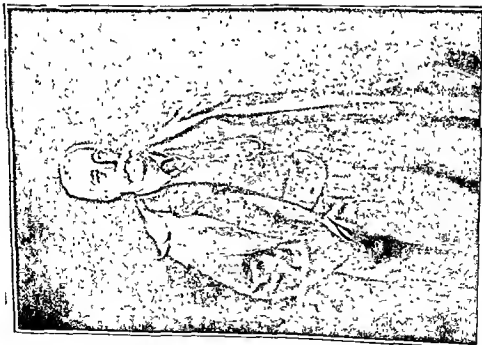
273—"In nightgale, that tender waiting strain
 With love and madness so divinely blended
 She was a mermaid when your song began
 She was a woman when your song was ended."—W. F. PATTERSON
 ADOLPH BIRKENRUTH



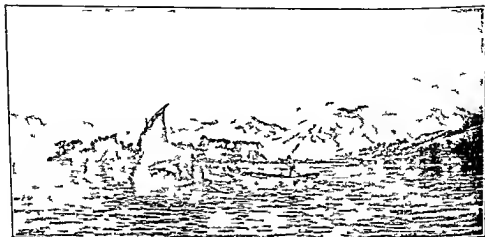
281—PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART IN THE CAVE OF THE
 ROPIERS OF GLEN MOPISTON
 LOCKHART 1861



278—MRS. CYRIL GRANT
ARTHUR S. COPE



192—WM. DRURY-LOWE, ESQ.
H. T. WELLS, R.A.



86 THE BURIAL OF THE McDONALD'S
CLIFF NEAR ARL



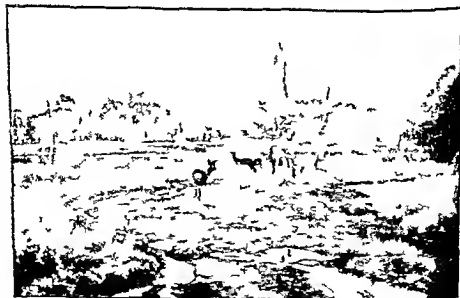
89—A GREY MORNING—COAST OF FRANCE
ARNO I. F. C. N.



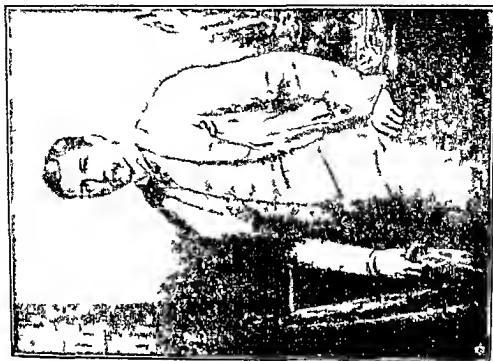
87—FORCING THE ANCHOR
TAN OFF A ORBE ARA



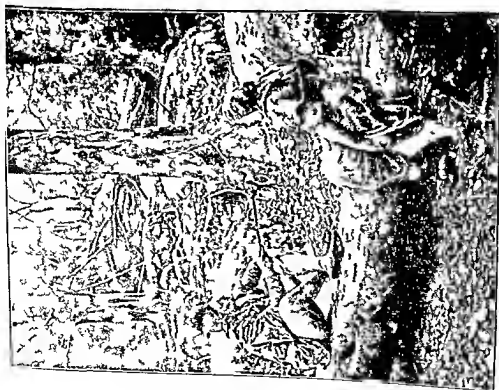
91—THE FARM FORD
DA ID MURAT A.E.A.



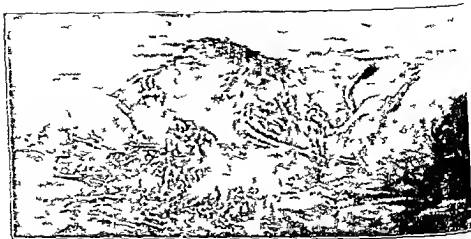
92—THE HAUNT OF THE ROE-DEER
N.F.L. M. I. D.



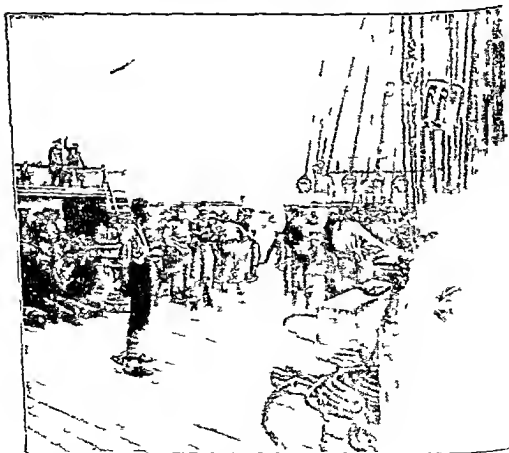
305—MR ROBERT CHINIS 1 SQ
W OULESS R A.



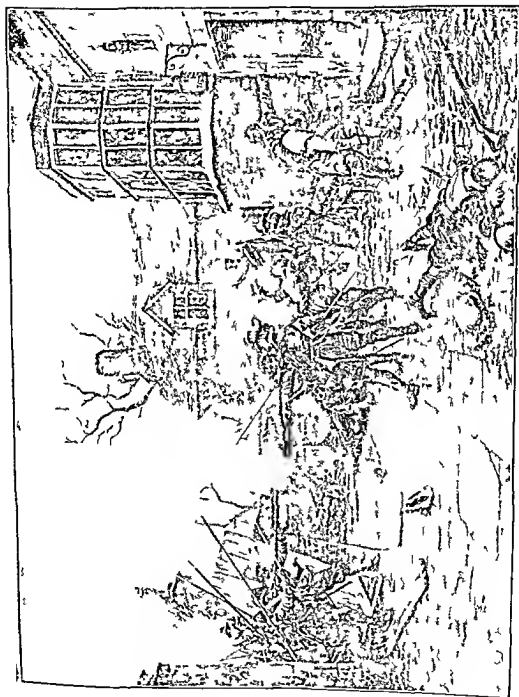
30 —IN THE FOREST OF ANDLN
HON JO IN COLLIER



331—A DEATH GRIP
J. T. NUTTLESHIP



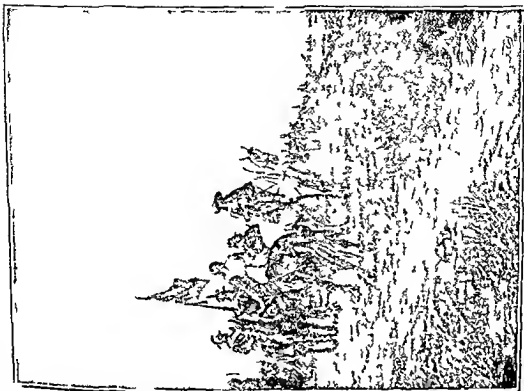
30—THE CONVICT SHIP
FRANK BEAGWIN



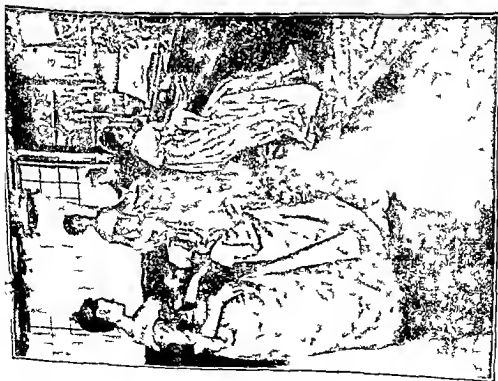
311—THE GUNPOWDER PLOT THE CONSPIRATORS LAST STAND AT
HOLBACH HOUSE
FRANCIS CROFT V. 1. 1



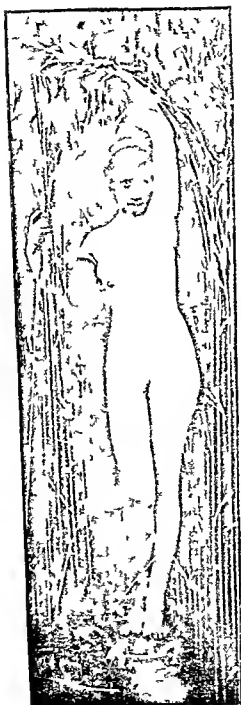
373—"At the Angel Inn in Manchester."
There Lives the Girl for Me.—OLD SON.
W. H. MARGETSON.



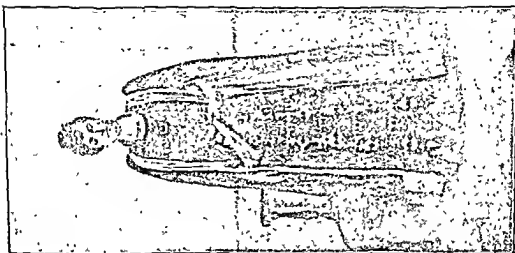
331—CHARLIS J. AT EDGEHILL
E. CROFTS, A.R.A.



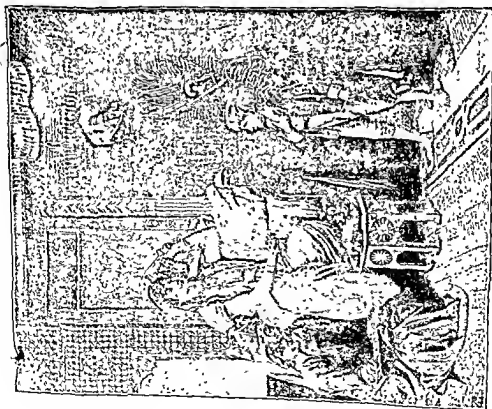
343—A MINUIT
MRS. STANHOPE A. FORBES



344—SYRIAN
AR. I. R. HACKER



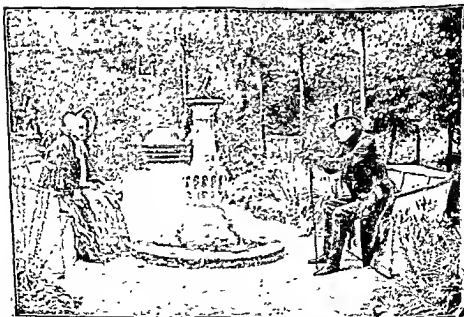
354—MRS. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY
ROWLAND HOLYOAKE



349—A CAPTIVE
W. G. HORSLEY

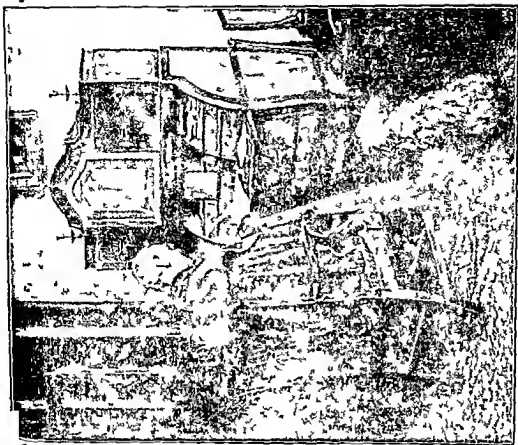


353—TALES OF FAIR CASHMERE
JAMES CLARK



356—SWEETHEARTS
W. DENY SADLER

(By permission of Mr. L. H. Lefevre, by whom an engraving will be published)



395—VOURS FAITHFULLY
ROBERT LITTLE



72—THE WOODMAN'S PATH
J CLAYTON ADAMS



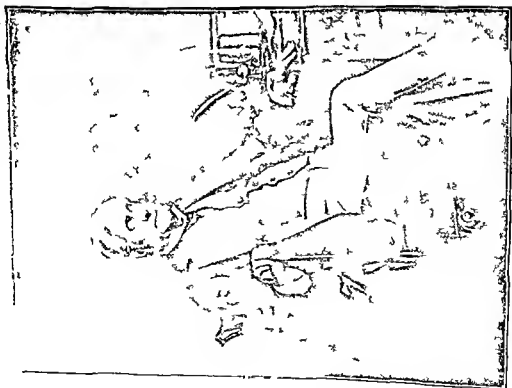
396—STEADY
FRED MORGAN



411—LADY GODIVA
E. BLAIR LEIGHTON



418—MRS. E. H. E.
FILDEN R.A.



419—J. J. FILDEN R.A.



470—SALMON POACHERS
LANCE CALKIN



473—A WEDDING MORNING
JOHN H. F. BACON



439—THE MARKET PLACE BRUGES
FLORA M. R.F. I



438—THE MIDDLEMAN
D.F. V. SALLER

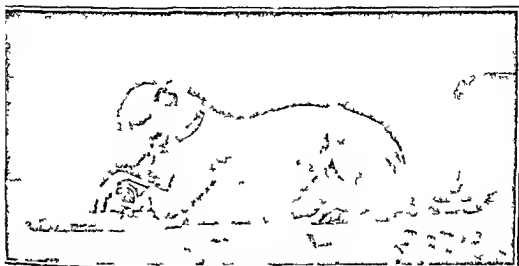
(The scene of Mr. F. & Co. 18, Clarendon Street, Bristol by whom
an engraving of the scene)



446—SHE LOVES A SAILOR
F. MARKHAM SAILWORTH



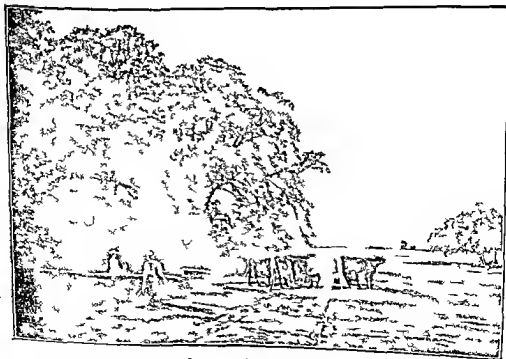
455—FLOWING TO THE LOWLANDS
C. E. JOHNSON



459—OI PHANS

BY J. VAN C. LEBRO

(Lithography of the First French Republic) —Copyright 1891



460—EVENING SHADOWS

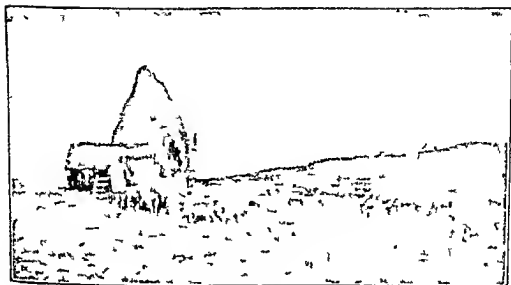
BY J. VAN C. LEBRO



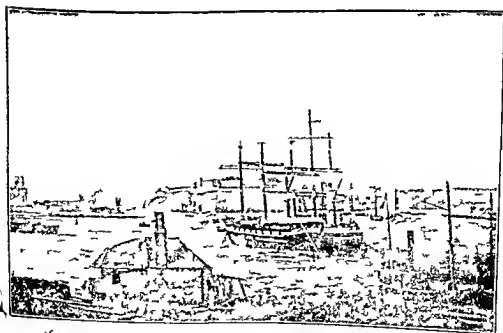
463—MRS. VAL TRINSIP
BY MELLOV FISHER.



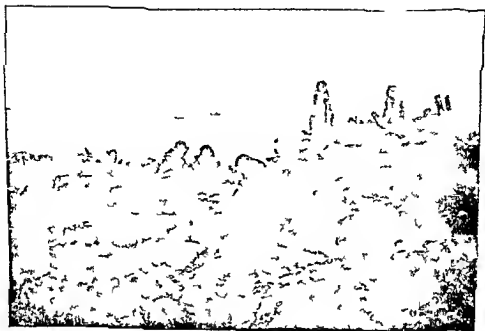
430—TWILIGHT NIGHT—OLIVIA AND VIOLA IN THE GARDEN
T. V. DICKNER



475—SUNSET ROMAN CAMPANA
ALRIAN STORPS



461—PLYMOUTH OLD HARBOUR 1891 EARLY MORN THE CRADLE
OF OUR NAVY
J BUXTON KNIGHT



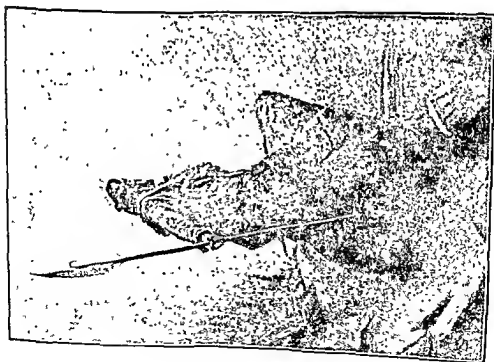
479—KEEVING
J S J R I L R T O N



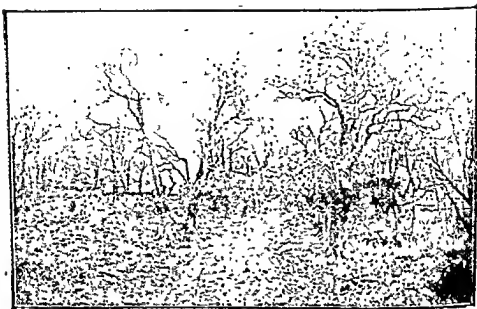
575—THE MATE OF THE MERMAIDS WEDDING
J R R E D



512—"DON'T BE FRIGHTENED!"
FRED MORISON



510—THE MOUNTAIN PASS
J. WATSON NICOL



525—AN OLD WORLD HOME
J. L. FICKERING



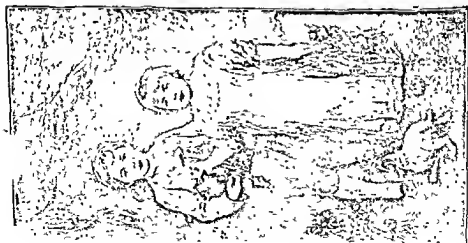
545—WELSH BARLEY
JOHN BRETT, A.R.A.



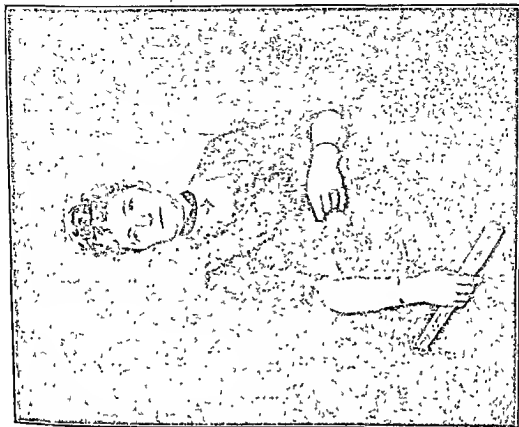
535—LADY COVENTRY'S ESCORT
FIRST FRONT ASIA



505—IN SWISS ALPS
J. M. W. TURNER



534—VICTOR AND VIOLET, CHILDREN OF LORD AND LADY ROBERTS
J. M. W. TURNER



452—MR. PATTERSON
EDWARD PATRY



557—MARIANA: "HE COMETH NOT, SHE SAITH"—Tennyson
JIKNHI IYA BAE

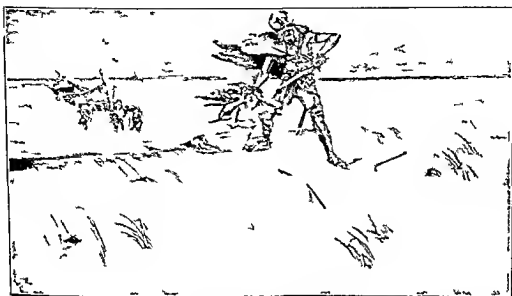


547—THE PINE GROVE
EREST B CA ALL

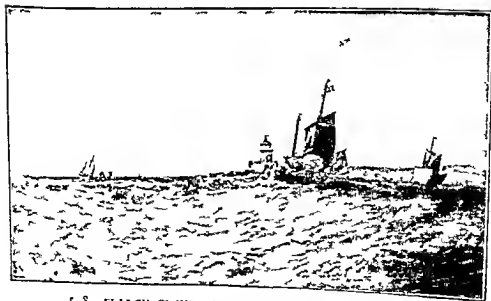


551—LYNN FELIX
ROBERT SADET ARS

(Type in of the A & L. of London by whom are the w. let in d)



553—THE SEA WOLF'S HOSTAGE
E LATTIE LALE



558—FRENCH FISHING AT FISH HAVEN FORT CLONASTA
E LATTIE LALE



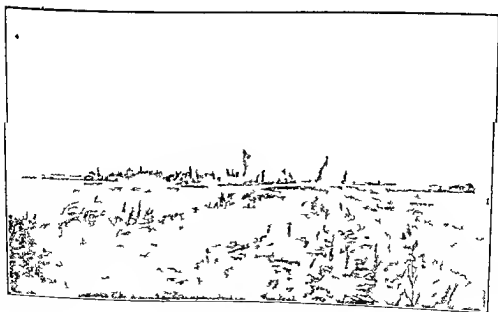
561—THE SQUIFF DAUGHTER
EDWARD PATRY



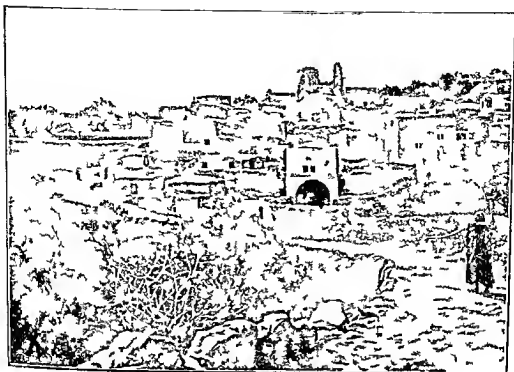
—THE LIFE OF KONGER AND KONG
JOHN BRITTON



36—THE DOG WITH HIS MASTER LINNEI LA FONTAINE'S FATHER
HARLAN FISHER



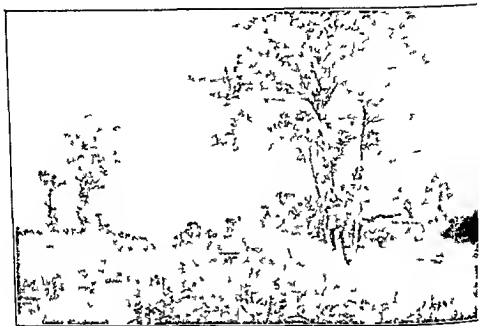
369—THE SPINNING RIVER
CHARLES WALLIE



570—BETHANY THE HOME OF MARTHA AND MARY
HERBERT C. A.



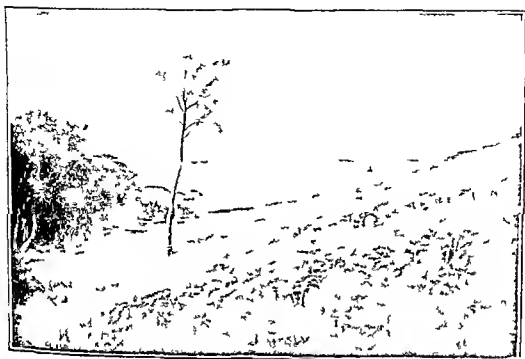
566—The good old cu he or pl to h he
take wh ha e or pow and he should keep a 27.
J. V. ATSON N. O.



501 ALT IN AFTERNOON
A PRF PA R

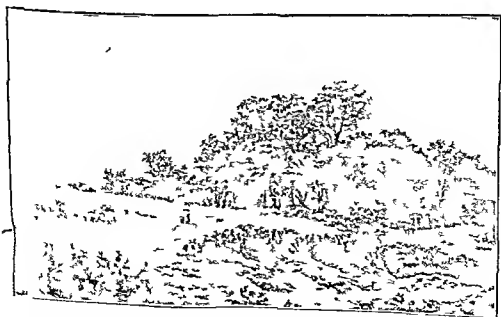


592—10 DECAI RPTU NG O JO ILEVLANCE TO HANAN
I N R A



619—LOOKING TO MAINLAND FROM ARRAN

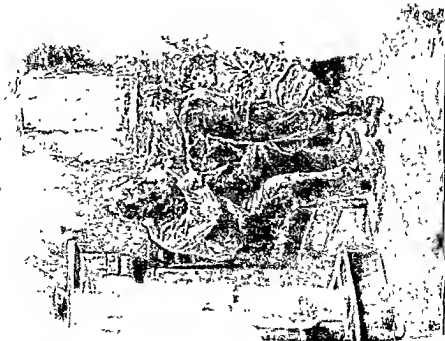
J MACINTYRE ARA

(By permission of Messrs J. Agnew & Sons, the publishers of the Copyright)

634—A SLIPPERY SNIFFIT

J MACINTYRE ARA

(By permission of Messrs J. Agnew & Sons, the publishers of the Copyright)

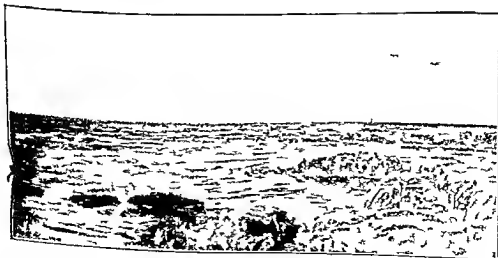




640—THE STORM
PHILIP MORRIS R.A.



650—HON. MRS. DEVEREUX
F. GOODALL R.A.



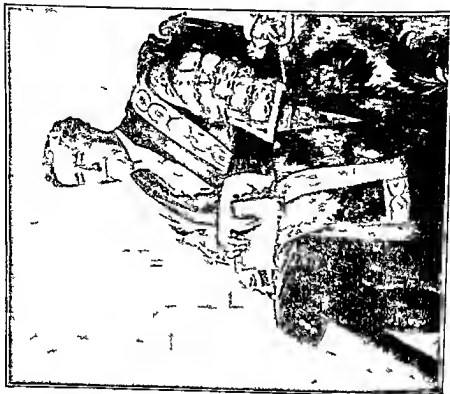
709—MACHRIHANISH BAY, KANTYRE
HENRY MOORE R.A.



(65) — SUMMIT
1 B EAST N.A.



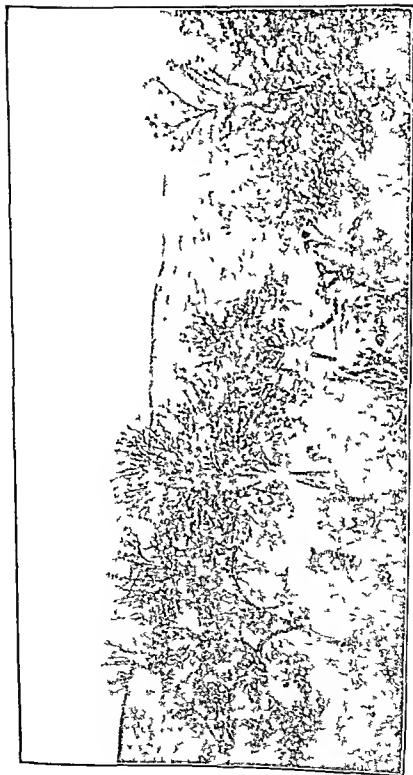
666—ORPHEUS
s f SOLOMON



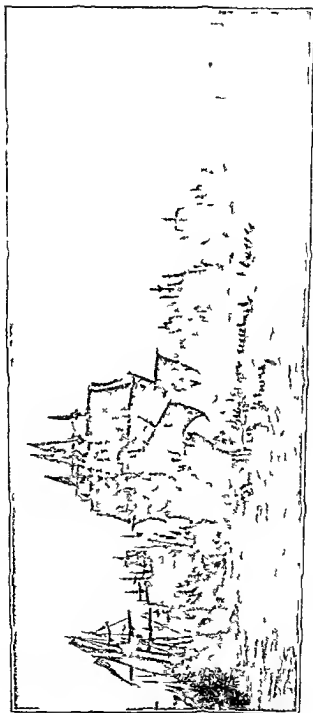
630—THE RIGHT HON. THE SPEAKER
P. H. A. A.



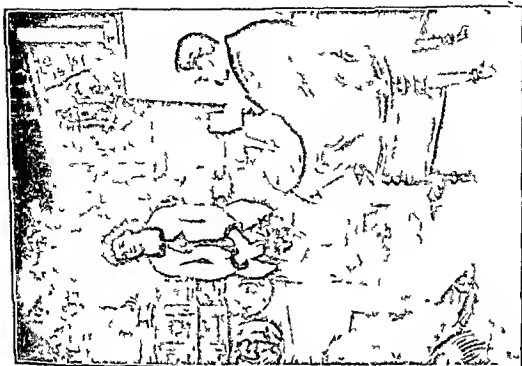
631—THE REV. THE MASTER OF PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE CAMBRIDGE
P. H. A. A.



671—SHADOWS OF IALNIN
H W I DAVI R A



C 11—THE SPANISH ARMADA
VIEW



712 A NEW MODER
W I FAITH E A



713—FAT FROM THE MADDEN CROWD
I A AATROVA AR 4



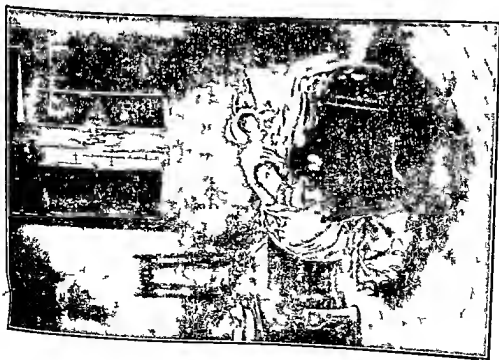
708—CROMWELL AT THLEY CASTLE
E DOLE LE IANN



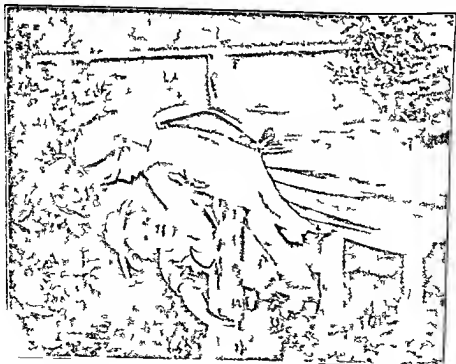
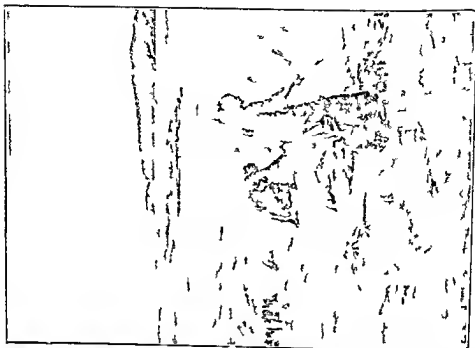
806—AN OLD MASTER
JOHN A. LOAN

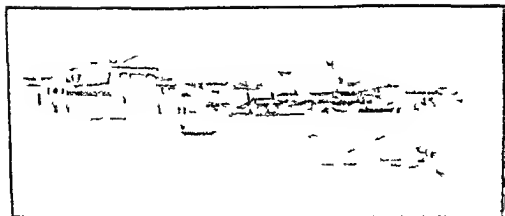


817—GRY ROCK AND GLE MULLE
STAY OF A TO BL A

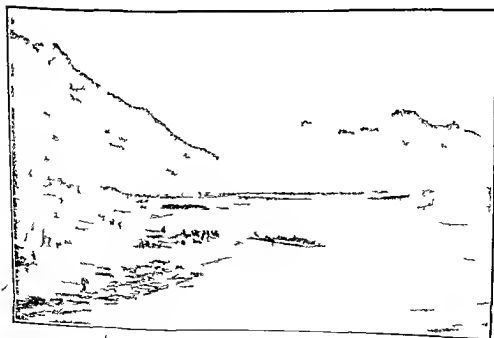


76—HUSH A DUL
MR AL IA TADEA





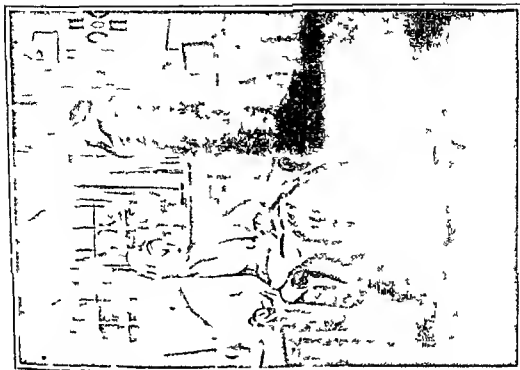
801—THE LIECCA AND INCL
LATERIA



802—THE RIVER HALL, PELLINO VENETIA
JAMES ALBONIER



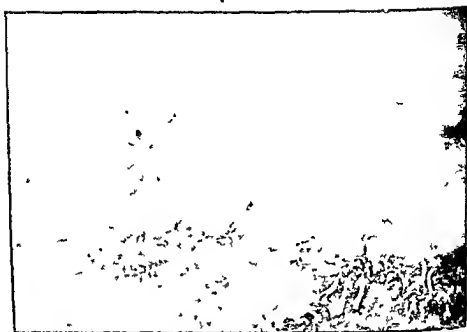
901—THE ANNUNCIATION
ART. R. J. ACKER



964—HER SIGNAL



997—CHRIST OR THE WORLD?



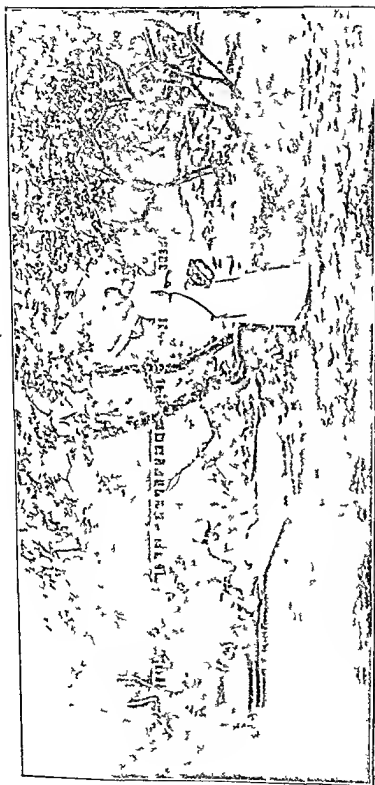
9—HUNTING WITH THE PRINCE AND SOMERSET STACHOLANDS
IN A SEASIDE
R. W. LATHAM A.R.A.



946—SCANDAL AND TRUTH

W. DENNY SADLER

(Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1884, No. 1000, by whom
acquired for the National Gallery)



SECTION OF THE LAM

1 N A

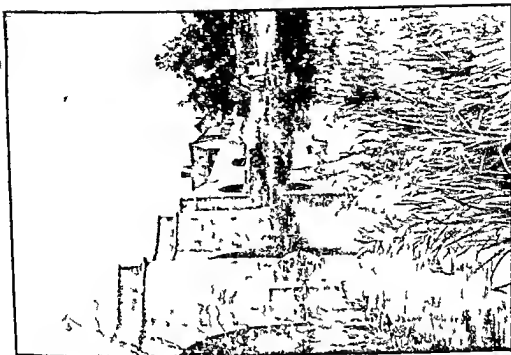
(1 N 110 of P Photo at Co f 3--(03 81))



938—OLD TREES ARE NOT MOTHERS
J. CLAYTON ADA



961—THE CAPTAIN'S THE LAST TO LEAVE
TIMOTHY



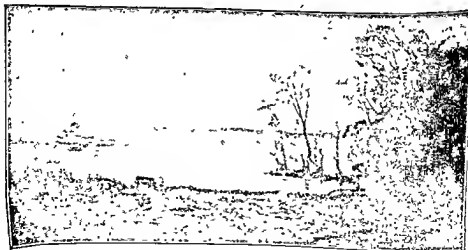
975—THE BRIDGE
ALFRED GLENDENING JUNR



976—HILLOUTS MILK HILL LOVES MI NOT
ALFRED DRURY



969—"SPRING-TIME, THE ONLY PRETTY RING-TIME"
ARTHUR R. HOPKINS



995—THE PEEP OF DAY
DAVID FARQUHARSON

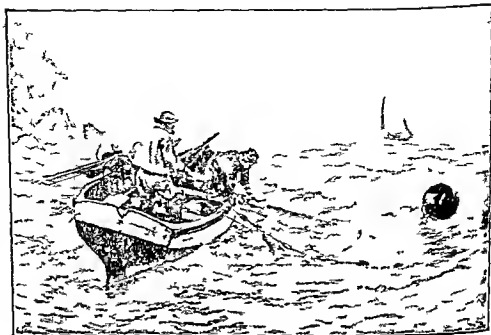


983—THE DAUGHTERS OF JUDAH IN BABYLON—BY HERBERT SCHMALZ

"For there they that earned us away captive, required of us a song; and they that wasted us, required of us music, saying, 'Sing us one of the songs of Zion.'"

"How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"—PSALM CXXXVII

(By permission of Mr. Arthur Lucas, owner of the Copyright, who will furnish it as companion to "The King's Daughter.")



989—THE TRAMMEL NET
C. S. A. F. E. R. H. E. M. R.



001—AT HALLOW TIDE
J. E. A. & W. A. L. T. O. N.



1008—1 L. HULSE
ARTHUR J. HULSE



996—NURRI
A. S. COPE



1024—BONJOUR, PIERROT!
ETHEL WRIGHT



103. A SUMMER NIGHT
J.M.W. TURNER



104.—FAR FROM COURT FAR FROM CARE
J.M.W. TURNER



1093—MISS LAURA BRADFORD
WHITMAN SMITH



1041—THE RESULT OF HIGH LIVING
FIELD HALL



1569 - THE MOUNTAIN BROTHERS, Sir Philip Sidney
Vol. 1, p. 1, London, W. A.



1569 - THE MOUNTAIN BROTHERS, Sir Philip Sidney
Vol. 1, p. 1, London, W. A.



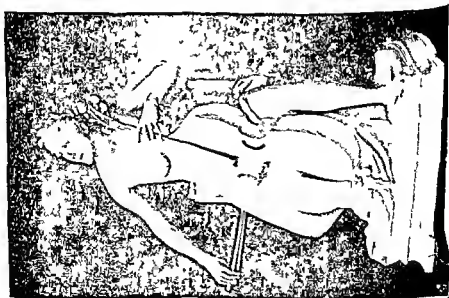
1226—THE FOREST BARE AND SERE
W. POLLEN BISHOP



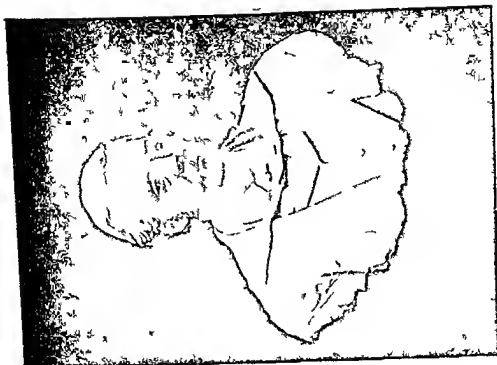
2002—SHELLEY MEMORIAL
E. ONSLOW FORD, A.R.A.



LIBERTY AND JUSTICE
—1831



LIBERTY AND JUSTICE
—1831



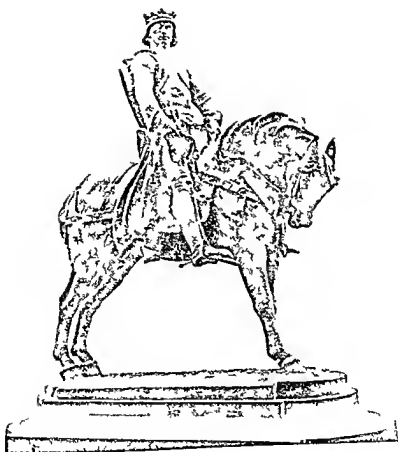
1974—THIRTY-FOURTH HONORARY MEMBER
LORD J. J. FALFOUR M.P.



1877—THIRTY-FOURTH HONORARY MEMBER
LORD J. J. FALFOUR M.P.



1868—JOHN BRIGHT
HAMO THORNYCROFT, R.A.



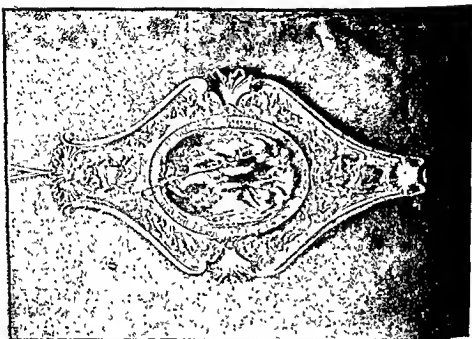
1996—EDWARD I
HAMO TI ORNACROFT R.A.



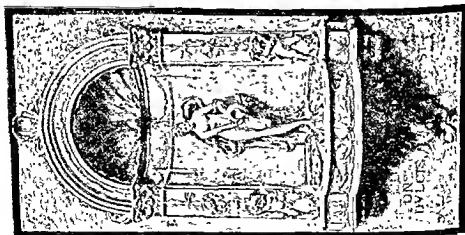
1880—DUNCAN HCRSFY—*My Beth* Act II Sc. 4
ALBION JONES



193 — MI S LOTTI ARMISTAD
AR TEA NA



1980—CORLTON MEMORIAL, SHIELD
E. OSNLOW FORBES, A.R.A.



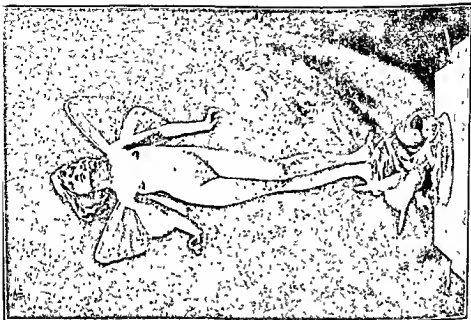
1870—MODEL FOR A WALL-FOUNTAIN
G. W. WILSON



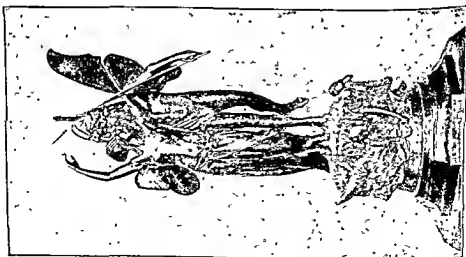
1967—THE LATE REV. EDWARD THRING
THOMAS, BROCK, R.A.



1894—HYPNOS
MISS KATE TIZARD



2006—MORNING
HENRY G. FICK



2003. RECONCILIATION OF OHRON AND THANIA
FRED CARLQVIST

NEW GALLERY



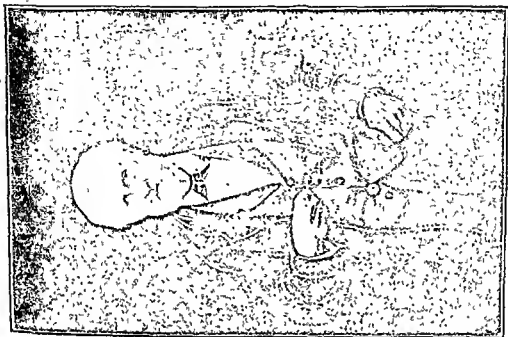
13—WHITE ROSES
J. J. TOWLER, R.A.



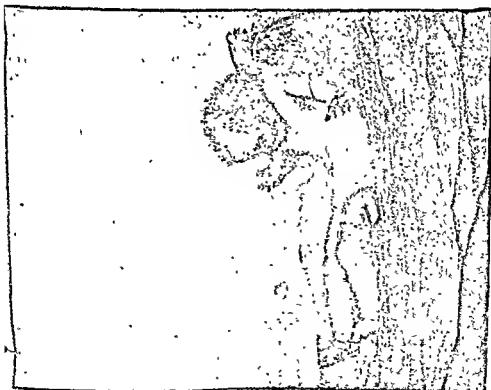


13.—A SILENT CRISIS. I. ALMATUENIA, R.A.

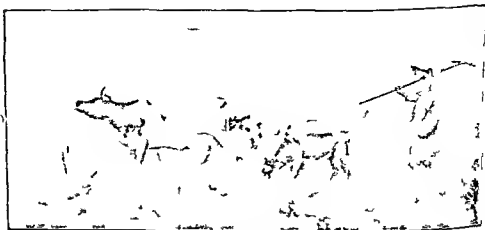
(by permission of Mr. Nathan I. Gooden 57, 1st St., by whom an edition will be published)



33—L. L. J. KIDSDALE, ESQ.
PHILIP BURNE-JONES



24—MILLOT
G. P. WATTS, R.A.



51—TWILIGHT
FREE TAIL



46—AN ISLE OF WIGHT PASTORAL
JAMES E. GRACE



53—PORTRAIT OF WALTER CRANE, ESQ.
W. WATTS, R.A.



6—A WAR CLOUD
L. F. M.



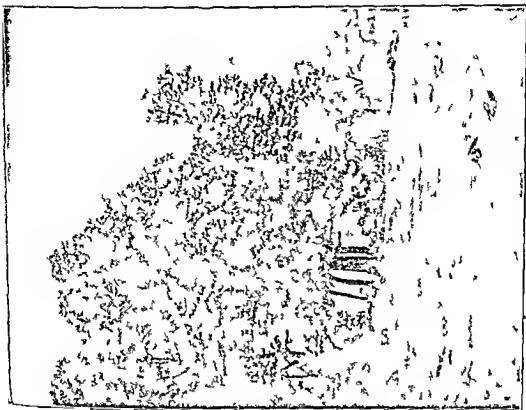
6—PATIENT TOIL
L. F. M.



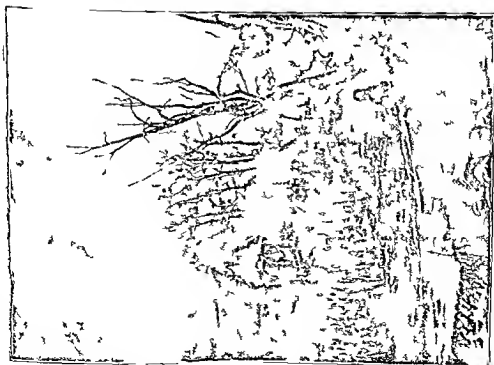
64—THE LATE CHARLES SELWACK PARNELL
SYDNEY T. HALL



. 73—THE MARCH OF THE SEASONS
J. HALLÉ.



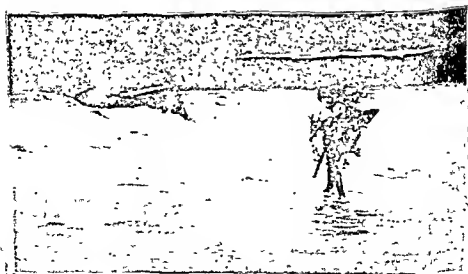
80—IN OPULIENT JUNGLE
FRANK VALTON



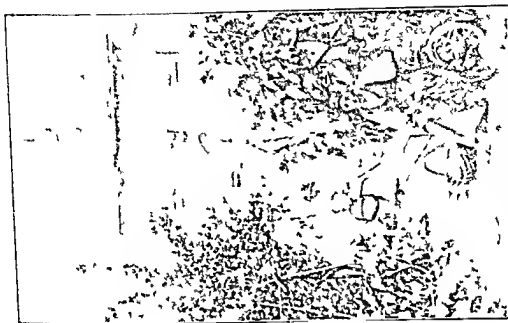
75—OLD GYFFIN MILL
ANDERSON HAGUE



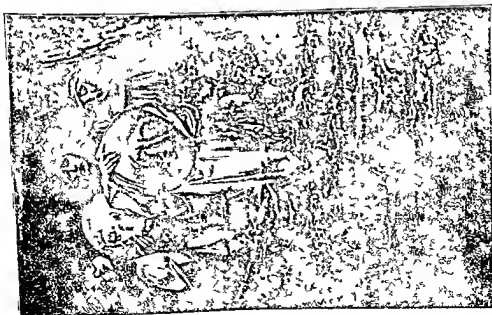
100 THE RED SOFA
BOB AT LOUDON



109 BACK CARRIES OFF THE FENCE OF H'LAND
A. MATTHEW HALL



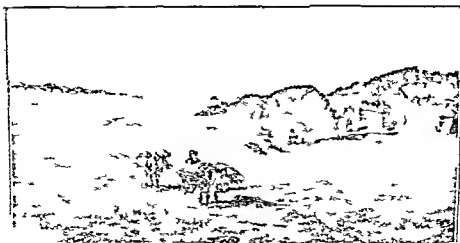
126—THE MIDDAY SUN, VINCE
S. NELSON FISHER



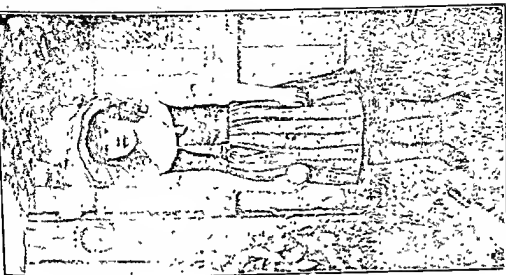
116—THE MIRRORS OF TIME
PAST—PRESENT—FUTURE
J. C. CROOK



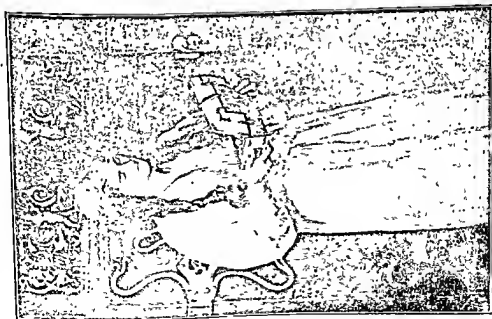
16, CHE TRA SARA
L. F. BRITTEN



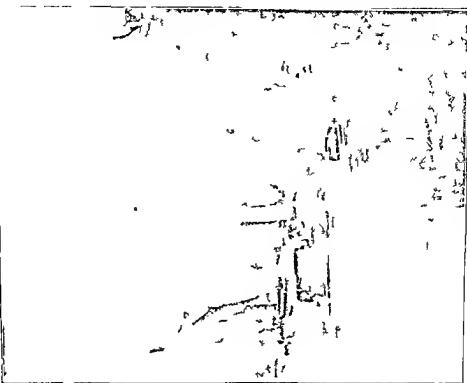
143—FOLLIN CAMPAGNA EARLY SPRING
A. R. V. STOKES



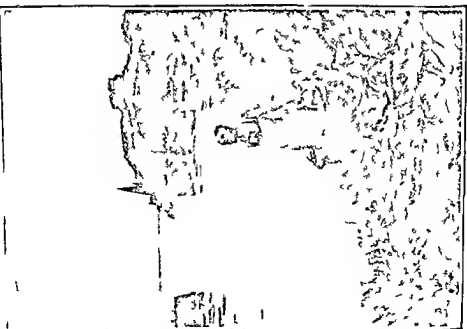
144—TOMBOY
MRS. KATE PERUGINI



140—GRETCHEN
HON. JOHN COLLIER



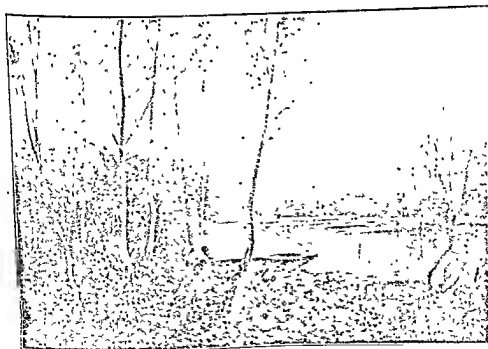
153—AN OLD SULLY
C. A. YLLIE



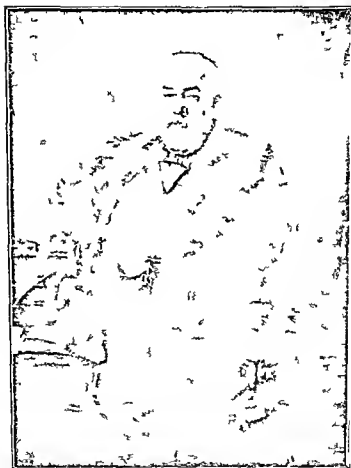
14—THE WATER CARRIAGE
COL. J. HUNTER A. R. A.



106—AN ALSACIAN FLOWER STALL
ROBERT W. MACLEITH, A.K.A.



107—THE NIGHT FERRY
ROBERT W. MACLEITH, A.K.A.



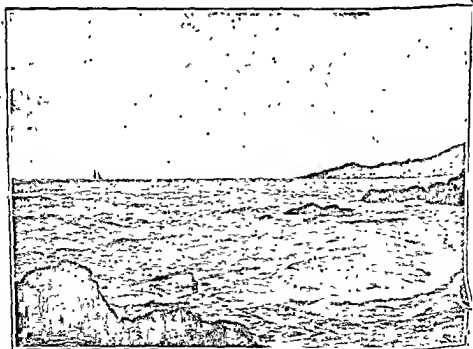
168—FRAN RECKITT E C
E. L. N.



170—"WHEN THE BOATS ARE IDLE IN THE BAY"
STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A.



175—A HAMPSHIRE HAVING, 1891
DAVID MURRAY, A.R.A.



183—THE CORNISH SEA
L. NAPIER HENRY



190—JEAN JEANNE ET JEANNETTE
A KS. TANIOTE A FORÊT.



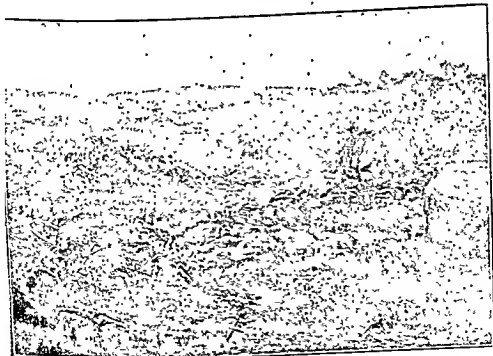
194—MR. E. LE MERT
A. F. ELLAN



190—JEAN, JEANNE ET JEANNETTE
MRS STANHOPE A FORBES



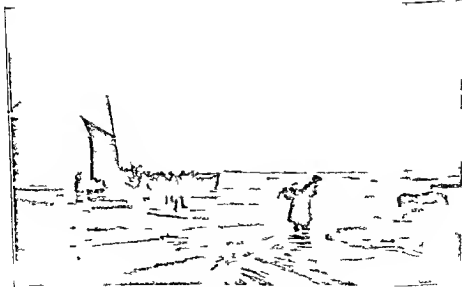
200 THE YOUNG DOCTOR
MISS H. O. K. K. K.



243—EVERY GREEN RATH HAS ITS FAY
MISS M. E. H. H. H.



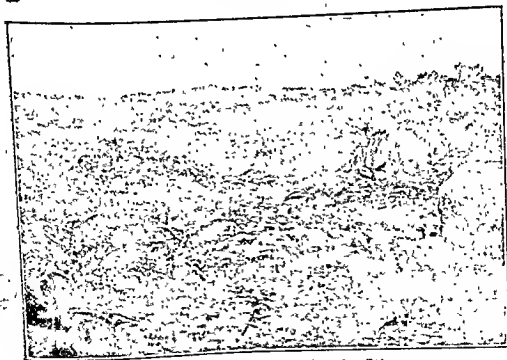
9. BAR HIN FROD, NTH RAY OF AMALFI
A N S I



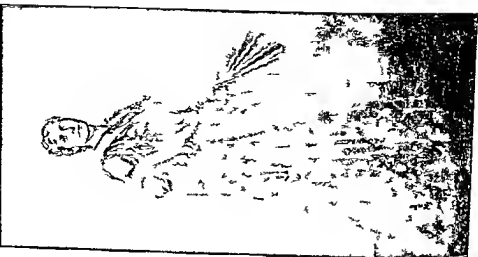
10. I W THE FOLLOWS LK MEI
AKNO I FLECK



200—THE YOUNG DOCTOR
MISS FLORA KIDD



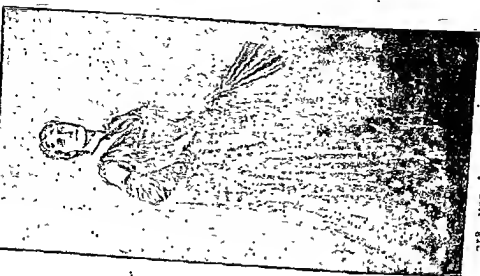
243—FAIRY GREEN BATH HAS ITS FAY
MISS M. R. HILL FURION



258—MISS F. B. HITCHCOCK
J. S. ANNON



252—THE OLD CHURCH
T. H. C. A.



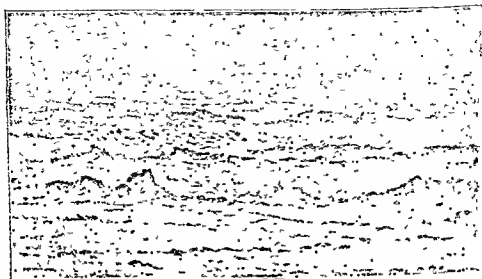
238—MRS. GEORGE HITCHCOCK
J. F. SHANNON



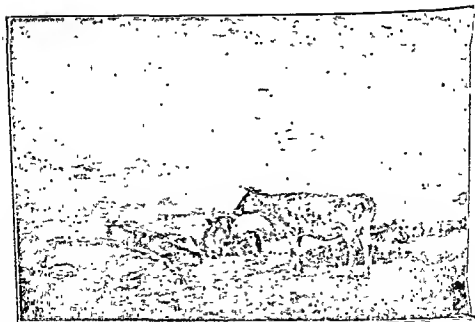
233—THE CHALMERS COVE
JOHN W. KYLE



254—THE CASTAWAY
G. F. JACOBS-HOOD

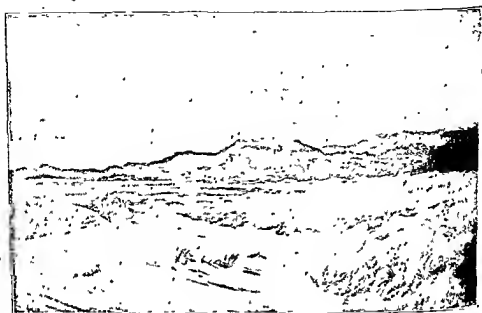


205. FREAKS
W. AYLAND IN RAM

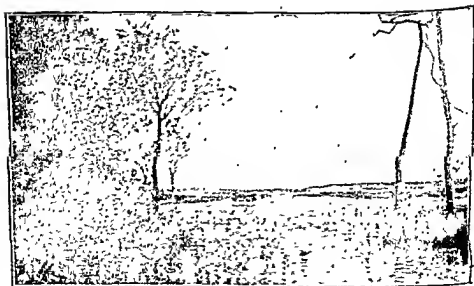


264—"WHEN TWILIGHT MEETS ELSAETH THE MOON AWAY"
MARK ELDER





273—HARLECH SANDS
DOU LAM ADAMS



279—DAWN
AYRTON EAST, R.I.



S₂—THUNDER CLOUDS
C. E. JOHNSON



S₇—NEAR MILFORD SURRY
JAMES ORRICK K. I.

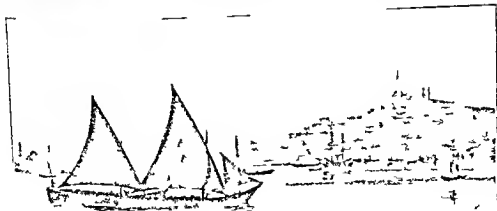


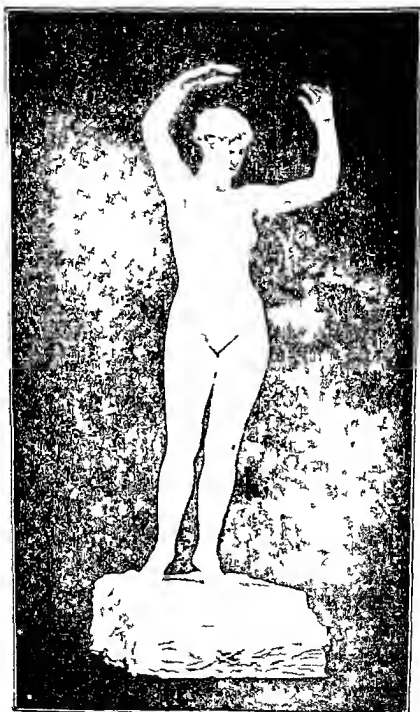
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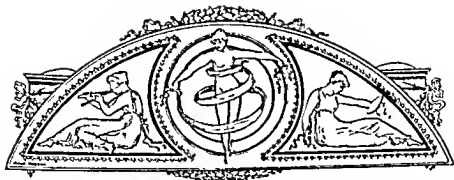
' "BLACK AND WHITE"
HANDBOOK
TO THE
ROYAL ACADEMY
AND
NEW GALLERY
PICTURES
1893.

*WITH A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, AND EIGHTY PORTRAITS,
AND BIOGRAPHIES OF EMINENT ARTISTS OF THE DAY
NOT MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY*



SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON, BART
PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY
From a photograph by Bassano

LONDON
"BLACK AND WHITE"
63 FLEET STREET, E.C.



A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY

BY C LEWIS HIND

IN the last month of the year 1768, King George III and his Queen were examining Mr West's picture of "Regulus," at Windsor Castle, when Mr Kirby, President of the Society of Artists, was announced. After praising the canvas, Mr Kirby remarked, "Your Majesty never mentioned anything of this work to me. Who made the frame? It is not made by one of your Majesty's workmen, it ought to have been made by the Royal Carver and Gilder." The King's reply was much to the point, "Kirby," he said, "when you are able to paint me such a picture as this, your friend shall make the frame." The disconcerted Kirby then turned to the painter "I hope, Mr West, he said, "that you intend to exhibit this picture?" "It is painted for the Palace," West replied, "and its exhibition must depend upon his Majesty's pleasure." "Assuredly," said the King, "I shall be very happy to let the work be shown to the public." "Then, Mr West," said Kirby, "you will send it to my exhibition?" "No," interrupted his Majesty, "it must go to my exhibition—to that of the Royal Academy." Thus was the foundation of the Royal Academy first publicly announced. Academies of art had been in England ere this. There was Sir James Thornhill's, held at his house in James Street, Covent Garden, and later the establishment in Peter's Court, St Martin's Lane. This academy in Peter's Court was quite an old story when the Royal Academy, as we now know it, was founded in 1768. To understand the events that led to its foundation, and the reason of Mr Kirby's discomfiture with the significance of the King's remark, "my Academy," whither

he wished West to send "Regulus," we must hark back some years, to the date of the first art exhibition in England, at the rooms of the Society of Arts in the Strand, which was open from the 21st of April to the 1st of May, 1760, the attraction being 130 pictures by 69 artists. This idea had come to the artists of that day from the success of the exhibition of pictures held at the Foundling Hospital, to which the public was admitted, and which consisted of works exhibited by Reynolds, Hogarth, and others. The Strand Exhibition was a good beginning, and being successful naturally provoked strife and contention. In the very next year many members decided to open an exhibition of their own, but those who remained waxed so successful, that in 1763 they solicited the incorporation of the Society by Royal Charter, which the King granted. Though they exhibited from year to year, no attempt had as yet been made by the Society to develop an academy for art instruction from their organisation. Those who wished to do their duty in this very proper way were overruled, but they gained their desires through the very rottenness of the Society itself. The Charter imposed no restriction on the number of members, and as the incapable are always in majority over the "fit," it fell out that those who could paint, as painting was understood in those days, were outvoted by indifferent practitioners of the craft. The "fit" murmured, rebelled, resigned, Mr Benjamin West leading the recalcitrants, and the unfortunate Mr Kirby those who stayed within the fold. West did not allow the grass to



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grown under his feet, but at once played his trump card—he sought the Royal protection. A memorial was drawn up and forwarded to the King's Most Excellent Majesty, soliciting his patronage for the formation of a Society for promoting the Arts of Design. The fate of most of the twenty-two signatories to this memorial has gone with themselves into the night, but some are still remembered—West, Richard Wilson, Cipriani and Angelica Kauffman. They begged Mr Reynolds to join them, and when he entered the room where they were deliberating even hailed him with one voice as President, but he declined the honour till he had consulted with his friends, Dr Johnson and Mr Edmund Burke. On the 7th of December the plan of the proposed Academy, an instrument of twenty-seven long clauses, was submitted to the King, and on Saturday the 10th of December, 1768, was signed by him. Thus was founded *The Royal Academy of Arts in London, for the purpose of cultivating and improving the arts of painting, sculpture and architecture*. Soon a meeting was held, when the great Mr Joshua Reynolds was elected President. A few days later Mr Kirby had his memorable interview with George III. to which we have already referred, when he was informed by his Majesty that Mr West's picture of 'Regulus' will go to my exhibition—to that of the *Royal Academy*. From that day Mr Kirby's Society declined till the day came when only one member was left. Dying at the age of eighty-three, he bequeathed the books, papers, and minute books to the charge of the Royal Academy, in whose care they rest to this day. So survived the fittest and the most favoured.

The King showed an intimate interest in the Royal Academy baby, became its patron, and promised to supply any deficiency in funds from his own purse. The first general assembly was held at Pall Mall, on December 14th, 1768, when the President, Treasurer, Keeper, Secretary, and Council of eight were chosen. Nine Academicians were appointed as Visitors to attend the schools, for a month at a time for the purpose of instructing the pupils. With a few modifications, these rules last to this day. Among the thirty-four Foundation Members were two of great distinction—Thomas Gainsborough, and the first President,

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Sir Joshua's achievement is so well known that he need not detain us long. Born at Plympton, in Devonshire, he early indicated the life he meant to live. After travelling and studying on the Continent he settled in St Martin's Lane, where he collected all manner of statues, pictures and drawings, and became intimate with Johnson and Burke. His devotion to his profession left him scant leisure, between 1769 and 1790 he sent two hundred and forty-four pictures to the Royal Academy, and "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse" was among them. He loved his friends, he loved his work, and when his eyesight failed he determined to paint no more. Then he fell ill, and died at his house in Leicester Fields on Thursday evening, February 23rd, 1792.

The Royal Academy thrived under Reynolds' Presidency. The first exhibition, held in Pall Mall, numbered one hundred and thirty-six works—seventy-nine being by members of the Academy, and fifty-seven by outsiders. Among them were four Reynolds's and three Gainsboroughs. The takings were £699 17s. 6d., and the expenses £116 14s. 2d. Events progressed rapidly—lectures to students on painting, architecture, and perspective were begun, a new order of members called Associates, was created which admitted Cosway and Barry, and such forgotten personages as B. Rebecca and Michael Angelo Cooker, and so time passed, some new development such as travelling studentships, the inauguration of the annual dinner taking place each year till the hour came (it was in 1780) of the last exhibition in Pall Mall. New Somerset House, the building known to us to-day, was on the eve of completion and by the King's command the Royal Academy was to be housed there and there it remained for over half a century. The members strove with each other in making their new home beautiful—Sir Joshua painted the library ceiling—West the lecture room and Cipriani the staircase. In 1784 Gainsborough was offended because some of his portraits were not hung where he wished. He never exhibited again. The year 1787 saw the trouble which resulted in Sir Joshua Reynolds tendering his resignation. The King and Academy would have none of it, and he was persuaded to reconsider his decision. On December 10th 1790 Reynolds

delivered the last of those discourses which had delighted and instructed all who had heard them for so many years. Some presentment that the end was not far off gave solemnity to his words—to the last words he was to utter from that chair—in praise of his favourite master, Michael Angelo. When he had finished, Burke stepped forward and taking his hand said—

'The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed
to hear

He died two years later and

BENJAMIN WEST

signed in his stead. To us West looms rather a picturesque personality. Prematurely born in Pennsylvania, the tenth child of Quaker parents, he made a drawing of his baby sister in black and red ink at the age of seven. The Cherokee Indians taught him how to prepare colours, and hers from his mother's cat gave him his first brush. In his sixteenth year the Quaker community discussed the propriety of allowing him to follow so sensual a profession as painter. After prayer and talk they decided not to interfere with Providence; then the women pressed him, the men laid their hands upon the boy's head and he pledged himself only to employ his pencil on subjects "holy and pure." The Continental tour followed in due course, then he came to London, and was chosen as a sort of personal friend by the King. He sent for, and married, the girl he had left behind him in Philadelphia; he roused no small excitement by the daring innovation of printing the characters in his picture of 'The Death of Wolfe,' in the costume of the time and country in which they lived; he was good to artists less fortunate than himself, he became responsible for many portraits and endless historical and biblical works, lost the patronage of the Court when the King fell ill, had trouble with his fellow artists like Reynolds, resigned his Presidentship, and like Reynolds returned to the chair, and finally died at the age of eighty-three.

Under him dissensions and troubles often agitated the Academy, but they passed over, as such things do. The body prospered in spite of the foundation of rival societies, and by its many charities earned the gratitude of decayed artists and their women folk. In 1809, vanishing days for members

of the Academy were appointed. In 1818 the Jubilee was held but the rejoicings were tempered by the failing health of the President, and in 1820 he went whither Reynolds had gone, and was buried in the Painter's Corner of St. Paul's Cathedral. Turner was elected under West's Presidentship.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, elected President when West died, was born in 1769 at Bristol, the youngest of sixteen children. Fortunate in his environment, fortunate in his training, he came to be the most fashionable portrait painter of the day. His reputation, in fact, was European. He was elected an Academician at twenty-four. His portraits of Mrs. Siddons and Kemble are in the National Gallery, and Windsor contains, in the Waterloo Gallery, his portraits of sovereigns and commanders who blazed through that campaign. It is said that Lawrence was pleased with his "Satan cilling his Legions, which hangs now on the staircase leading to the Diploma Gallery. However that may be, it was bitterly satirised by Pasquell; Fuseli complained that "Lawrence had stolen the devil from him," and to-day we smile at this belligerent Satan. Lawrence died after a short illness, in 1830, and

SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE reigned in his stead from the year 1830. Wilkie was his chief competitor, a better painter, but he would not have made so "incomparable" a President which was the adjective Leslie applied to Shee. Sir Martin painted portraits, but they are not much in evidence to-day. At any rate, he possessed the gifts necessary to a good President. He was courteous and affable, his taste in literature was nice, and he was an after-dinner speaker of repute. He died in August, 1850, in his eighty-first year. Landseer came to fulfilment under his Presidentship.

Something interesting has often happened at the Royal Academy banquet. In 1832 Sir Martin Shee referred to the grant about to be submitted to Parliament for the erection of a new National Gallery in Trafalgar Square, the half of which it was proposed to appropriate to the Royal Academy. Pages, and pages, and pages of history have been written on the merits and demerits of this scheme, but it is enough to say here that a few years later the Academy was installed

in Trafalgar Square. The exhibition was opened in much state by William IV in 1837. So when on the death of Shee in 1850,

SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE

was called to the Presidential chair, the Academy had grown quite used to its quarters in Trafalgar Square, was even perhaps finding them a little cramped. Eastlake excelled rather in the theory than in the practice of his profession. He was Secretary to the Fine Arts Commission of 1841, and in 1855 he was appointed Director of the National Gallery. He wrote on Art matters, and died in 1863.

SIR FRANCIS GRANT

was the next President. He presided for twelve years, his reign being marked by the removal of the Royal Academy from Trafalgar Square to Burlington House. The fine building we all know so well with its exhibition rooms and offices cost £150,000, which was paid out of the Academy funds. It was Sir Francis Grant's wish that Frederic Leighton should succeed him, and when he died, in 1878, the members of the Royal Academy carried out his wish by a unanimous vote.

SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON

has now filled the President's chair for fifteen years to the satisfaction and admiration of everybody—to those inside the Royal Academy and to that greater number outside it. "Sir, your son may be as eminent as he pleases," remarked an authority half a century ago to the Presi-

dent's father. Sir Frederic Leighton has chosen to be as eminent as he pleased. President of the Royal Academy, artist, painter, sculptor, orator, and friend of Princes, baronet of the United Kingdom, linguist, honoured in two continents, decorated by the nations, dweller in a palace unmarried—his lines have surely fallen in pleasant places. His Art is always decorative, seldom dramatic.

Born at Scarborough sixty-three years ago he produced "Cimabue finding Giotto" at the age of eighteen, and the Academy hung his "Cimabue's Madonna" carried in procession through the streets of Florence, when he was twenty-five. This the Queen bought, and from that day to this he has continued to charm the multitude with graceful inventions from mythology. He has had brilliant lapses into sculpture, as witness the "Sluggard" and the "Athlete struggling with a Python," but into modernity—never. Death, disease, decay are not for him. His eyes have always been on the Delectable Mountains, his dreams are only with the Beautiful, and he would realise them in the pictures he makes of "those far days of old, when man was young and life an epic."

So our outline account of the history of the Royal Academy comes to an end. The RA moves slowly towards reform—perhaps an advantage in these days. It has its critics—but criticism is the fate of all human things. It spends between £5,000 and £6,000 a year on its Schools, and artists who have fallen upon evil times are not forgotten by the Royal Academy.



"THE OUTSIDERS"

SOME EMINENT ARTISTS OF THE DAY NOT MEMBERS OF THE
ROYAL ACADEMY

BY R JOPE SI ADE

"MEN worship the rising rather than the setting sun" was a remark made long ago—in the period which Mr Alma Tadema paints—in happy days when all good things had not been said and it was possible to indulge in a felicitous phrase, and not be instantly arraigned at the bar of contemporary criticism for plagiarism. Last year we prefaced our Handbook to the Royal Academy by biographical sketches of the Associates and Academicians. Far be it from us to speak of them as 'setting suns' but they are men who have 'arrived'—think of the figures their works realise—at least during their lifetimes. To describe them was at the best to count the "pips in an exposed hand." To-day, to vary the metaphor, we send the plough into virgin soil. We deal with the Outsider the ARA and RA of tomorrow, the man at the gate news of whose coming has reached us samples of whose work have delighted us but whose reputation still wants the final *cachet* of acceptance. Notes biographic, appreciative, or censorious we submit on two score of such men. We do not pretend to have made selection according to merit. We have given priority to those who were first to answer our letters—good men and true, all of them—but so are many we are compelled by space to leave for 1894. But our task to-day has been more interesting than last year. It consists of discovery, not classification.

One of our Eighty may one day stand at the head of the Forty and grasp the hand of

the future Prince of Wales of the Premier at present at college, of the then all dominant man of letters who now loves the willow and hates the quill and of the almost omniscient scientist of that age now tickling the feelers of a cautious but curious prawn in some tide-
left pool as these the illustrious Englishmen of the opening decades of the twentieth century step up that avenue of exotics the crimsoned stairs that lead to the Banqueting Chamber, some fine last Saturday in April. The problem is, out of the artists whose silhouettes we now cast to find the embryonic PRA. There is always of course,

some little craft that is cast away
In its very first trip in Babbacombe Bay
While another rides safe in Port Natal

But the large majority of those who have reached the serene latitudes of our Handbook have doubled the Cape and are bound for the land of Ophir.

The process of evolution is generally very similar. The first thing for an artist to do is to be born noting carefully at the time the district or county which is henceforth to be proud of him and from which he will boast he has long after success and luxury have made him a most inveterate cockney. The second thing is for him to ascertain what, if any, hereditary predisposition to art may exist. We are strong on the transmission of talent in these days when stercipiculture is become an exact science. Then follows the story of choice of detested vocation or profession to oblige too cautious parents, succeeded by rebellion and freedom. Some

there are who go straight for art from the Grammar school. They are the exceptions. The art education consists of attending classes at the local school of art, especially with such fortunate students as lived near Lincoln, Birmingham, Manchester, Lambeth, Newcastle, or Glasgow, then to London, with the Slade Schools, South Kensington, or Heatherleys, followed sometimes by the Royal Academy Schools, with or without rewards and medals and sometimes by other refining agencies. In five cases out of six the English course is succeeded by a visit to the lapidaries of Paris—Bonnat, Boulenger, Carolus Duran, Cibanel, Dagnan Bouveret, Cormon, or another, sometimes it is that fine teacher, the late M. Verlat, of Antwerp, occasionally Munich or Dusseldorf have been chosen. A chronicle of awards follows the capitals of France, Germany, and Belgium have been generous. In rare cases we have the highest honour that can fall to a living artist the Luxembourg buys a picture or a bronze. There is also the home record. Such and such a year "was first accepted at the Royal Academy," succeeding years hang on the line then purchase of work by home and Australasian corporations. Lastly, "bought by the trustees of the Chantrey Fund for the Nation." This begins to be serious. The Chantrey choice is oftenest the shadow cast before by the coming event, the herald of the Associateship.

That comes then the long waiting in the vestibule—the purgatorial chamber after that some hear the welcome sound "friend come up higher," then the period of R.A. Elect, the giving of the diploma picture the full Academicianship and to the very few trusteeships, librarianships, keeperships, presidencies, knighthoods, baronetcies. But all these things lie in the dim and distant courses of the future.

This year the outsiders present a peculiar interest. The Academy is on the eve of a very unusual augmentation. Mr J. W. North the exquisite water-colour landscape painter by the recent surprise election has ceased to be an "outsider," and succeeded the resigned Associate, Mr Burne Jones.

But vacancies will occur when Messrs. Gilbert, Henry Moore, McWhirter, and Woods have deposited their diploma works, and thus formally completed their Associateship. And so we have four potential Associateships, greatly depending on this year's exhibition.

It is not for us to attempt to forecast the action of the August Forty. The greatest outsider of them all, Mr J. M. Swan, does not exhibit. He so respects his art that his picture not being quite finished on "sending in day," he refused to race it to enhance his chance of election. Mr Albert Moore's non-admission is an old, old story. Mr Arthur Hacker, Mr Solomon J. Solomon seem to head the figure men. Mr George Clausen represents repentant New English Clubism and modified Bastien-Lepage. Mr Frank Bramley, Mr H. S. Tuke and Mr Fred Hall are the champions of Newlyn. Mr Alfred East is the greatest of the English and Mr David Farquharson of the Scottish poetic, imaginative, and scapists. Mr Wendell King is racier of the soil and wields a more realistic brush. The marvellous development of Sculpture within the bosom of the Academy's own School offer us such names as Frampton, Duchy, Lucchesi, Fehr, Pegram and the student Paul Montfort.

The American contingent are greatly preoccupied with the World's Fair. Mr Whistler of course, has long moved on to superior pline. Mr Millet and Mrs Anna Lea Merrett though both honoured by the Chantrey, send nothing. Mr George Hitchcock has eyes only for Chicago. Mr F. A. Abbey is busy beautifying Boston Library. Mr Moser does not repeat last year's success. Mr J. J. Shannon is not quite as prolific as usual. Mr McLure Hamilton sends a portrait of Mr Onslow Ford, A.R.A. in return for the Associate's bust of himself. To Mr J. S. Sarge the supreme American award is due. He is a prince in Piccadilly, an Emperor in Regent Street.

It is an interesting year, and what shall come of it—*Qui vivat sciet*!



MR DOUGLAS ADAMS

THOUGH the affinity of purpose in the lifework, say of Mr Burne Jones and 'Mr Manton, may not at first sight be obvious, Art and Sport go hand in hand. The most ancient works of art in existence are of sporting subjects, their authors were sportsmen, and nothing else. We refer of course to the *sfregato* work, illustrating the victims of their prowess, left by the Cave men on the walls of their substantial residences. Mr Adams is essentially a sporting artist. He began by shooting over Dalmatian in Cuthness. When there was nothing on the moor to slay, he sketched. But that was only as an amateur. At twenty three he determined to become an artist. No sooner said than done. Three winters he worked at the Slade Schools. Three summers out of doors he used rod, rifle, and brush under Mr T. C. Burt. At twenty seven his work arrived at Burlington House. His first sporting picture was Grouse Driving, and a score of kindred works will suggest themselves since he moves about the world with a halo of photographic popularity. Let it be clearly understood Mr Adams is a *first class* first. The qualities he goes for are weather, atmosphere, spicuousness and light. His figures are small and sporting. It need not lessen their decorative value that they happen to be accurate.

MRS ALMA TADEMA

MR ALMA TADEMA, the distinguished Anglo Dutch painter, married, in 1871, Miss Laura Theresa Epps, whose sister is the wife of Mr Edmund Gosse. Even had Miss Epps lacked artistic desire and talent—which she certainly did not—was the wife of the famous Academician, living in a home so gloriously beautiful as hers is, talking art, breathing art, she must infallibly have painted. Doubtless the husband's influence, care, and tuition go for much in the work of this dainty painter, but it is, nevertheless, quite apart from his feeling and subject, Mrs Tadema going rather to the land of his birth than of his art for themes. She is at her best when painting small, luminous interiors with little children, richly but demurely dressed, in such compositions as "Self Invited," "Rain, rain, go to Spain," and "The Woolwinders," which was hung last year close to a picture by Mrs Forbes, and at an exhibition which also contained work by Mrs. J. M. Swan. Mrs Tadema sends chiefly to the New Gallery, where her "Many Stitches, many Thoughts" now hangs and where the Tadema influence is so strong that one of the walls gives us quite a family party. Her daughter was, last year an exhibitor, with an all sky study called "Air, air, blue air and white" and now again with "Track of the Strayed."



MR JOHN H BACON



MR W H BARTLETT

A PAINTER of sea and land, the picture which has brought Mr Bartlett the most fame, and we are sure which caused him the most trouble was his 'Savages' Saturday Night. The artist undertook the difficult task of painting one of the famous weekly entertainments of this Bohemian club *par excellence* before it quitted its quiet old quarters within the Savoy for the present splendour of its Adams' Mansion in the Adelphi. He gave us a long low room with greenish walls lighted by curious lamps sunk like those of railway carriages into the ceiling, rows of white tables and tiers of well known men Mr Franklin Chive standing at the piano, singing no doubt his great drinking song and the place dreamy with smoke and eloquent of after dinner and after-day's work abandon. It was in his choice of members that the painter came to grief. Including Mr Irving and his ever faithful attendant Mr Toole, and other rare visitors, he omitted some of those who form the club's *cors cor luum*. In the foreground is an empty chair and a Savage, not portrayed, in pointing out the various notabilities to a visiting stranger—for the picture hangs over the club fireplace—generally says, "That is my chair. Its array of art critics alarmed the Academicians, who promptly rejected it.

A YOUNG artist he is only in the third decade, of great promise and one of the exhibition pupils of the Royal Academy. The art instinct is hereditary in him and a youth spent in frequently visiting the studio of his father, a lithographer, brought it into active play. At fifteen he left school, studied for the Academy Schools and succeeded in passing, in immediately honours, fell to him the Creswick silver medal for the life class, a Landseer scholarship and other smaller matters. He received his first varnishing ticket in 1888 for his picture, "Never More," and the postman has not failed to pay him a similar compliment each succeeding April. Last year brought him fame in the most *far-d side* guise. Mr Lever, the proprietor of Sunlight Soap, purchased his "A Wedding Morning," a picture popular with the public because of its acute observation of rustic types and characters, and with painters because of its careful values and textures. Mr Bacon and Sir John Millais thus become the great apostles of cleanliness. The soap man has used the picture for mural and other trade purposes. But none can say it furnishes Sir William Harecourt with an argument in favour of his suggested tax on wall posters.



MR FRANK BRAMLEY

THE technique of the Newlyn is often thus roughly described: the ordinary, every day artist, if he wants to paint a ship's mast against the sky, takes a brush, coming to fine point, and draws it vertically up and down his canvas in the place desired. The Newlyn does nothing of the sort. He uses a squarer brush and gets his mast by a series of horizontal strokes, and of the practitioners of this technique Mr Bramley is the easy first, indeed, his strength and dexterity are marvellous. He has been called the Father of the Newlyn School, but its followers are social democrats in art and live on a perfect equality, refusing even to permit the paternal title to be used. Let it suffice that Mr Bramley was one of the very first to artistically prospect and settle the Toe of Great Britain, and that his genius, perhaps, first roused public interest in the new school, the purchase of his "Hopeless Dawn" by the "Chantry," marking the awakening of the authorities to new facts. He and Mr Stanhope Forbes are in joint command of the western contingent. One of the most famous masters ever sent out from South Kensington, Mr Taylor, guided the early pencil of this leader in art, and at the Lincoln School. Mr Bramley loves to depict the greyer events of grey lives greyly. "After Fifty Years" is an exception.



MR FRANK BRANGWYN

IN biographic picturesqueness Mr Brangwyn stands alone. Of Welsh parentage, born in Belgium twenty six years ago, he has never enjoyed any regular art training. His father, at one time assistant to the late Sir Horace Jones the City architect, once lived at Bruges and set up an atelier for the copying of ancient ecclesiastical embroideries, and the lad might have had worse living teachers as to the relation of colours, the value of tone and the beauty of design, than the long-dead monks. At sixteen, Mr Frank Brangwyn began the world for himself, trying his hand at many things, and casting himself adrift from the restraint of the designing rooms of Mr William Morris to ship before the mast aboard the coasting schooner "Laura Ann," bound from Sandwich to Seaham. When Mr Brangwyn paints the vicissitudes of sea life, he draws on his memory, not his imagination. He has visited and painted in the Luvine, Africa, and Spain. His studio-neighbours that of Mr Arthur Melville—a significant fact. Mr Brangwyn's art is at present in a transition stage, "Ashore," "Savage," and "The Convict Ship," are pictures of wide celebrity. The French wanted to buy his "Burnt at Sea" for the Luxembourg. But an English purchaser had forestalled them.

MR STANLEY BERKELEY

THE fox terrier is to many of our most popular artists what Pasht, the Cat, was to the Egyptian priesthood. They spend their lives in his service, a service which proves far from unremunerative. Mr Burton Barber began it. His little girl trying to feed a fox terrier puppy out of a mustard pot, called "Once Bitten Twice Shy," had an initial and extraordinary success. But that is another story. Our present concern is that since the exhibition of that picture in the Academy, the quaint, intelligent eyed, stumpy tailed, little, spotted white dog has had our picture galleries completely at his mercy. He is ubiquitous. Of this new cult Mr Stanley Berkeley is high priest. Mr Berkeley attained to his lofty sacerdotal functions with great difficulty. For five years he laboured in the uncongenial city, studying in the evening at Lambeth, where he took a National Gold Medal. In 1880 he began to exhibit at the Royal Academy, and has generally been fortunate there up to the present year of grace. He is a great illustrator of books, turning out excellent battle pieces, wild animal subjects, and at home whenever strong and vigorous dramatic action is demanded. He was for four years a member of the Royal Society of Painter Etchers, and his works were always anticipated with pleasure—but he resigned.



MR W E F BRITTEN

As a painter of easel pictures Mr Britten may fearlessly challenge comparison with his fellow artists. But that is his least merit. Nothing in art is alien to him, and he regards all things created all the problems of life from its standpoint. The late Alfred Stevens, the English Michelangelo, died leaving behind him the draft of such a scheme of internal decoration for St Paul's as should make the great Cathedral the polychromatic splendour Sir Christopher had dreamed. Mr Watts' magnificent design of St Matthew for one of the spandrels under the dome is well known. He also began the St John, but left it to Mr Britten to finish, and the latter designed the St Mark and St Luke, which, reproduced by Salvati, of Venice, in glass mosaic, are now in their places, impressive in their architectural massiveness of outline, dignified simplicity of treatment and sober glow of colour. Some of our churches and many of our homes are the nobler for Mr Britten's brush. "Che Sara Sara," at the New Gallery last year, was one of many proofs of what Mr Britten can do with a *cher del* canvas, but maybe when every shred of the perishable material to which artists are to-day confiding their thoughts has passed into nothingness the steadfast stone will still be bearing him testimony.





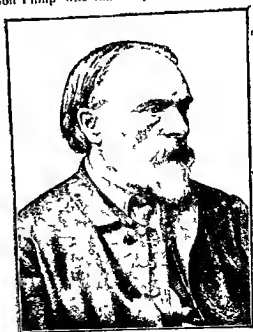
MR. LOCKHART TOPLE.

MR. LOCKHART TOPLE is, before all things a Scotchman carrying the passion of his patriotism into his art but, earnestly living painting and selling in London. Brought up in the picturesque and romantic Invernesshire Valley of Glenelg where his grandsire was minister he learned to know much of the character, traditions and inner life of the Highlander, and also acquired a knowledge of Gaelic, of which he is proud in exact proportion to its utility as a means of communicating human thought. After seven years' drudgery at the office of a Glasgow writer he found himself free to map out his career and fled away to Düsseldorf and studied under Professor Jansen. The public revel in his effective and warlike pictures dealing with the days when might was right, and "the stern joy which warriors feel in foemen worthy of their steel." He is as fond of the Stuart epic as Meissonier was of the Napoleonic, and his

Charles Stuart and the Robbers, of last year, was one of his most important works. He possesses a fine collection of arms, books and other things relating to the period and people he loves, and in his dreams is haunted by heroes in the garb of Old Gaul, but devotes many of his waking hours to the fine and remunerative portraiture of the Southron.

MR. BURNE JONES

Sus generis in art and history. In 1886, unsolicited, the Royal Academy did themselves the honour and paid him the compliment of making him an Associate. He then exhibited for the first and only time a mermaid descending the depths of the sea with the corpse of the man she had uselessly coveted. It bore the significant Virgilian legend "*Hiles tota quod mente petisti infelix*" which being very vulgarly interpreted might be taken to mean "Now that you've got me, I hope you will like me." Years rolled on, the guest, with such fine courtesy bidden, was kept cooling his heels in the vestibule, whilst inter-comers were heralded into the Banqueting Chamber of the Forty. So early in the present year of grace, Mr. Burne Jones, more in sorrow than in anger, determined to sever his connection with an organisation which he was ever as little in sympathy with as his great friend and master, Rossetti. But he promises—that all men may bear witness his absence of rancour—that he will exhibit as occasion serves at Burlington House. This year the unexpected demands of the Salon prevent. All the past winter his works have been filling the New Gallery and his art and theories the thoughts of men. He has a son Philip who exhibits paintings





LADY BUTLER

WHEN the Royal Academy was first founded, Angelica Kauffmann and Mary Moser enjoyed the full honours of membership. In the celebrated picture of the original Forty the portraits of the ladies, however, are given to us second hand as medallions on the wall. The august body would seem of late years to have mislaid its right to honour the fair but we believe it has been recovered though not yet exercised. Some years ago Miss Elizabeth Thompson for she had not then married General Butler sent "The Roll Call" to the Academy. It was the sensation of the year. The Prince of Wales mentioned it in his banquet speech. F. M. the Duke of Cambridge gave it the highest military approval in the land. "Quatre Bras and Scotland for Ever" are Lady Butler's most vigorous works. The latter was painted under conditions rarely enjoyed by an artist. She sat in the open on a camp-stool, her husband's cavalry regiment charged down on her and she took sketches. Her pictures were long the attraction at Messrs. Graves in Pall Mall. In the present Academy will be found her charge of furious and ungaily canals. Lady Butler now has other and more womanly cares and the Hangers place her high in the penultimate room instead of on the "Line" of the big gallery.

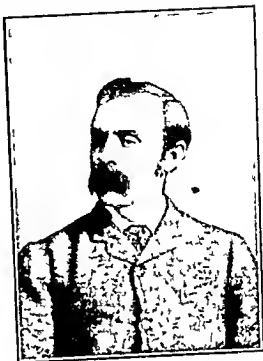
MR W IFAKA CALDERON

IT is written that the sons of Associates and Academicians shall take unto themselves the daughters of Associates and Academicians, and in this respect Mr Calderon resembles Mr Nicol. Mrs Calderon signed her name Armsterd for the first time in a vestry in 1892. Mr Calderon is assured of a great success—a painter in England who can paint dogs in such fashion as to satisfy the artist in line and grace, the show bench connoisseur as to points and build, and the *moyen homme sensuel* as to sentiment, has only to ask and have. And all these things in his twenty eighth year Mr Calderon does. Let his "Orphans" last year, a stately grey hound seated with two little pug pups between its slender out stretched legs, and his present "Gelert," the peerless hound whom Llewellyn slew in his haste, killing the wolf, testify. Mr Calderon was educated at the University College School, where in 1879 he obtained the Trevelyan Goodall Scholarship, which admitted him to the Slade School for three years, and there he won the Slade Scholarship. His first R.A. picture, "Feeding the Hungry," in 1882, went to Windsor. "The Day of Many Friends," "John Hampden Mortally wounded at Chalgrove," and "Inspection of Horses at a London Brewery," are titles that occur to the mind.



MR LANCE CALKIN

THE record of Mr Lance Calkin's life is as humdrum on the page as it has doubtless been pleasant in reality. Prosperity does not make for literature, and yet people persist in preferring prosperity to misery despite the desire of their neighbours to be entertained at their expense. Mr Calkin, it is true, had his trials, but they were soon over. The second son of the musician and composer, George Calkin, born in 1839, at the age of thirteen he was sent into the city to add his little quota to the importance of the greatest market on earth. But he added it with the worst grace in the world and after having served three years as a helot of modern commerce joyously betook himself to study the antique at the British Museum, the Slide Schools and South Kensington and gained admission to the R A classes. In 1882 he exhibited at the Burlington House and has never omitted to do so since. For the last six years he has devoted himself almost exclusively to painting portraits than which there is no occupation more remunerative or more unsensational. His vigorous and manly picture of last year, "Salmon Leathers," two men—rough men—and a little girl crouching under a bank, was one of the most attractive compositions at the R A, and made us the more begrudge Mr Calkin his success as a limner of the well-to-do.



MR JOHN CHARLTON

THE artist in England who can draw a horse vigorously and accurately, and paint the sheen of his coat, has fortune at his feet. Mr Charlton has this gift. He is master of the style the M F H appreciates. Born at Bramborough, Northumberland, in 1849, he studied art at Newcastle, but not being at first in a position to trust to his talents for his livelihood entered the office of an iron master, subsequently spending some months in the studio of Mr J D Watson. In 1870 he succeeded in getting his first work into the R A, and has been represented there with praiseworthy regularity ever since. Such pictures as "A Winter's Day," "Stag at Bay," "Full Cry," "Bad News from the Front," and "Balaclava," need only be named to reproduce themselves on the retina of our memory. Last year Mr Charlton sent a picture of the Jubilee Procession in the London streets to the Academy. The subject was difficult, but the loyalty of the Academy is great, and it was conspicuously hung in the Big Room. Many of the stately homes of England boast equestrian portraits of their masters by Mr Charlton who contributes a vast amount of military and sporting illustration to the weekly papers. At the Hogarth Club he is one of the Governing Body, and also one of the most popular members.

MR. WALTER CRANE.

Of talents so bright and various that we should need three hundred lines instead of thirty only to enumerate his attributes did he merely take the trouble to exist his distinctive face would be remembered by generations that will ignore the names of the celebrities of our day as the man who sat to Mr. C. F. Watts, R.A. for one of the finest portraits of the present age. Shall we approach him as printer of easel pictures in oils water colours pastels or even gesso or as decorative artist teaching us to make our homes beautiful or as one of the greatest book illustrators of our day or as an art reformer binding himself under solemn pledges with other men (which most of them broke) never to exhibit at the Academy until the Forty's eyes were opened to the claims of forms of art other than "oil garchic, or as a Socialist thinker, or as the first president of the Arts and Crafts Society which he did nearly all to found? His pictures, "The Diver," honoured at Paris "The Fate of Persephone" "Freedom and others, have been seen at the New Gallery and the Grosvenor his water-colours at the Old Water Colour Society, of which he is an associate. His decorative work is co-extensive in distribution with the Anglo-Saxon race, and its influence strong in the States, where he spent last summer.



THE HON. JOHN COLLIER

MR. COLLIER finds himself well hung at the Academy, and as he is no niggard in canvas his pictures attract attention. Last year few people left Burlington House without seeing his mammoth portrait of Miss Julia Nelson in a prim pink dress. Fewer could have failed to remark his "Death of Cleopatra" in 1891. Mr. Collier is fond of subjects from the play house and does not lack dramatic power. In 1881 he sold to the "Chantry" one of his finest pictures "The Last Voyage of Henry Hudson." As a portrait painter he enjoys an extensive practice. One day John Parns walked into his studio and furnished a refreshing change after the ladies of fashion and M. F. Hs of daily routine. But Mr. Collier was equal to the occasion, and the sketch portrait of the swarthy fiery Tribune, at the New Gallery, was not one of the least successful of his efforts. As a student he enjoyed unusual privileges. He left the Slade School to study under J. I. Laurens in Paris, and when he returned to England Mr. Alma Tadema painted his picture "The Sculptor's Model" as a lesson to him at his own studio. For several reasons there are many amongst the Forty who would like to see Mr. Collier write R.A. after his signature. Once he came very near to doing so.





MR. HENRY EDWARD DETMOLD

As near Heaven as the structure of the room permits, in the last gallery of the Royal Academy, hangs Mr. Detmold's sole contribution of the year. It is a pity the Hangers have given 'After Many Days' so celestial a situation. It is a humorous picture, and humour is not in redundancy. An urchin sits on his little islet of rock, fishing rod in his hands. After many days patient endeavour he has caught a fish. True it is not edible, it is the bully or bull head of the days of our youth. But the lad's sporting instincts are satisfied and we thoroughly enter into his rejoicing. So many of us, when we obtain what we have striven for, can do nothing with it. Mr. Detmold is a pupil of M. Carolus Duran, and his for many years been an exhibitor at the Paris Salon. He is in touch with Newlyn, having lived there and at St Ives for six years, but now dwells at Hastings. He has been an exhibitor at the Royal Academy since 1882 and has shown at the Grosvenor and the Grafton, in which latter gallery his 'Peaceful Evening' has only just ceased to attract attention. One of our leading art magazines thought fit to make him the victim of its first experiment in coloured reproduction and so it chanced that his 'A Breezy Day' has become very familiar.

MR. ALFRED DRURY

No feature is more marked in contemporary art than what is sometimes called the Renaissance—malicious wits say 'Nascentness'—of British Sculpture. A choir boy at New College, Oxford, Mr. Drury became a student at the local school of art, and so greatly was he impressed by the collection of Chantrey's works that he determined to be a sculptor—or nothing. Events have decided that he should be a sculptor—and a good one. Taking the advice of Mr. Brock, R.A., he went to South Kensington and broke the record with his successes taking three gold medals in three successive years. It was there he met the French sculptor, Dalou, whose favourite pupil he became. An amnesty for offences of a certain complexion being granted, the Master returned to Paris and Mr. Drury accompanied him, working for three years at the former's famous 'Triumph of the Republic'. He returned to England to enter the fashionable studio of the late Sir Edgar Boehm. Of Mr. Drury's Academy works let us cite 'The Triumph of Silence,' 'The First Lesson,' 'Evening Prayers' and 'Echo.' All these he unquestionably outdistances this year with his 'Circe,' vigorous and spontaneous, yet classically graceful. The beautiful witch stands on a pedestal, which resembles a swine enclosure.



MR GEORGE FRAMPTON



MR ALFRED EAST

OUR most poetic landscape painter, he stands with one foot on the threshold of the Academy. Born at commercial Kettering he was almost starved by his Philistine surroundings. Business taking him to Glasgow, he found facilities opening to him for the study he loved and embraced them with all the greater fervour seeing that he was already much more than a lad. Subsequently he studied under MM Fleury and Bouguereau and the glamour of the 1830 men taking hold of him he went down to Barbizon and there in an orchard painted his first picture, 'Dewy Morn.' M Zola defines art as Nature seen through temperament. Mr East's work might best be described as temperament revealed in Nature. His pictures are gentle pastorals, breathing a restful loveliness. In theory he is a transcendentalist, quoting Shakespeare as summing up the whole duty of art when he spoke of flattering the mountain tops with sovereign eye and gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy. The best prices are reserved for him at the Royal Academy. His "Golden Valley" is diplomatically more positive in touch than usual. He is a Royal Institute water-colourist and a Royal Painter Etcher. He has wintered in Japan and is a member of the Meiji Bijutsu Kai.

AN old Academy student, born in 1860 he never gave a thought to any other career than art, beginning to study under Mr W. S. Frith, of Lambeth, for sculpture, and Professor Brown for drawing. In 1882, he entered the Academy Schools, and during his course took prize after prize, concluding in 1887, when he went out with the gold medal and £200, which enabled him to go to Paris and study under M Dagnan-Bouveret and M Mercie, the sculptor. His first success was the "Ange de la Mort," exhibited in the Salon of 1889, which earned a medal for the young Englishman. At the R.A., in the same year, he exhibited "Christabel." He has followed up these triumphs by such important works as 'The Captive,' which to-day represents him at the World's Fair, and his low relief of 'St Christina,' which critics of discretion have adjudged as worthy to rank with the best Cinquecentist work. Mr Frampton is versatile. As an architectural decorator he has done much beautiful work, but none has brought him greater fame than the terra cotta ornamentation of the Constitutional Club in Northumberland Avenue and the beautification of the ceiling which Mr George Lewis contemplates when he looks upwards at home and forgets the skeletons locked away in cupboards in Hatton Garden.



MR. MARK FISHER

He is a member of the New English Art Club, that is the great point. During the winter the fœces—and they are numerous—of these uhlins of the advancing hosts of art militant, set about all sorts of reports about most of its members, the most detrimental being the alleged resignation of this fine and distinctive painter of verdant meadows daisy-ped, of orchards pink and white in the tender spring, of glad colour and clear light in rather airless landscapes. But it was not true. Like Stansfield, Mr. Fisher was originally a scene painter, and practised that bold profession in Boston. Leaving the property room he came to Europe, entered the studio of Gleyre in Paris—through which his illustrious countryman Mr. Whistler, had passed before him—and all in good time obeying the natural laws of gravitation, came to London. His first art society was the Dudley, in the galleries of which he exhibited in the days of its prime. He is well known at the recently-demised Grosvenor, New and Grafton. He generally exhibits at the Academy, but is not represented this year. He was at one time a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, but now affects that medium so little that he has resigned. His works are "key-land" to live with.



MR. MELTON FISHER.

THE Hanging Committee are wont to give us one or two fine pictures in the last two rooms to speed the parting guest with a quickened appreciation of the merits of the exhibition. The finest of these cheering last words in 1892, was Mr. Melton Fisher's delightful study of moon and Chinese lantern lights, which he called "A Summer Night, the scene being Venetian, with people sitting at their cafe." Mr. Fisher is under a debt of gratitude to Mr. Sparks, now at South Kensington, whom he, Mr. Stanhope Forbes and many others, first met when they were at school at Dulwich College. From Dulwich Mr. Fisher passed to Lambeth, from Lambeth to Paris, to study sculpture under M. Bonnat, and thence back to London and the Academy Schools, where his Continental training gave him the advantage of all competitors culminating in his winning the Travelling Scholarship, which enabled him to study and tour at his ease in Italy. Mr. Fisher's life is spent under ideal conditions. He lives at Venice, and prints subject pictures. "A First Communion," "Festa," bought by Sydney, and "La Sposa," are amongst his Academy successes. In the season he comes to London, and paints portraits, Mrs. Val Prinsep and Canon Carver D.D., being in the long string of his sitters.

MRS. STANHOPE FORBES

It has been the smiling good fortune of many Newlyners to win artist wives. No work that travels up by the Great Western Railway to the London art mart from West Cornwall gives the public more unalloyed pleasure than that of the lady who made her fame as Miss Elizabeth Armstrong. It pleases everybody, the austere critic who cares for nothing but technique and touch colour and composition, the great liberal minded public which cares for everything. Mrs. Forbes, let the heralds noise it abroad, is not an American she was born in Canada, but she owes her training to the Art Students League of New York. Ten years ago in fear and trembling she sent three pictures to the Mrs. Stute. The hangmen in those days were excellent judges they hung the lot. Some of her pastel drawings of children romping in the open sunny fields, full of action direct and true, exhibited at the Grosvenor live in the memory. For seven years she has dwelt at Newlyn. The graciousness which distinguishes all that she does, enters into her etching. A medal from Paris is amongst her trophies. Married in 1889 to Mr Stanhope Forbes, A.R.A. her new home is Trewarveneth at Paul, Lenzance, a charming farm house built in 1609 formerly one of the seats of the Godolphin family.



MR. ROBERT FOWLER

A PAINTER of the nude and of landscape with a predilection for producing figures in water-colour, nearly life-sized, which he affirms have a bloom not obtainable in oils, though it is possible they may lack qualities to be got in oils with less obvious effort. Such a work is his "Sleep," which is now arraigned at the tribunal of the Royal Institute. It seems to us to resolute at great length those concise, exhaustive lines of Keats it illustrates but it proves its painter's mastery of technique. Mr Fowler is Caledonian, born near the "old grey town" of St. Andrews, in Fife. He studied at Heatherley's and under a private master finally entered the R.A. School's, but being forced by feeble health to relinquish his course went back to his fresh native air, nature, and the country to paint landscape. For the past seventeen years he has lived at Liverpool, where he has built a fine studio, leaving regularly for two months in the summer to refresh his landscape art. He has been for many years a constant exhibitor at the Royal Academy, and his "Spirit of the Morning," an upright nude figure floating over the seas, in the north gallery at the New last year is a pleasant memory with many of us. His art has been defined as "the application of modern treatment and feeling to a classical work."

MR NORMAN CAUSTIN



MR HERBERT CANDY

A FORTUNATE painter, admired by the public, and patronised and purchased by the quality—the quality in art, we mean. Was precocious, since he was scarcely free from his masters, Messrs. Spinkes and Nightingale at the famous Lambeth School of Art, when he ventured to exhibit at a black and white exhibition at the Egyptian Hall, and found to his surprise that on the evening of the private view day, all his work had changed hands. He was then seventeen. The next year he was standing on the second rung of the artistic ladder. He had a water-colour, "Overy Mill Oxon" on the line "Aphrodite Hears," September, which so fastidious a judge as Mr. Onslow Ford A.R.A., thought too good to pass into the hands of the outer circle and "Rescue," which Sir Frederic Leighton would have bought for the Sidney Gallery had not a native purchaser been before him, are amongst his better known works. Though not a regular worker in black and white, Mr. Candy occasionally relapses into the medium of his first triumph, illustrates books and librettos for the art press. Decorative art engrosses a good deal of his attention and he is an authority held in much respect in several of the great metropolitan schools. He lives and paints on the Surrey side.

BEFRIEND, generous in her men of letters, speech and war, is not still in the art, but Mr. Caustin is an intriguer of Mithras and Mulready, only a son of the late Lieutenant Colonel Willem Caustin, and born in County Tipperary in 1847. Educated in Jersey, trained to be, what he never became, an architect, he saw a good deal of the world before he ventured to print any of it. 1872 found him at the Cape, correspondent in the London *Star*, and subsequently "sampling" the various vicissitudes of civil life as diamond digger, government clerk and sub-editor of the *Cape Star*. 1877 saw him home again, an ardent for art, and away to Venice, at Antwerp, in the following year, passing from Belgium to Paris, and the studio of Carolus Duran, 1884 discovered him in Italy, going on to Lingier 1886 venturing through Spain. Perhaps the harsh light of these sunny countries made him long for quieter climes. He has settled down in grey, cool, equable Newlyn, summering occasionally in the States and painting the fisher folk steadily and well, in strict accordance with the tenets of his school. 'A Stranger,' 'The Iron Master,' 'A Coulton,' and 'The Signal,' runs the roll of his many successes.



S R. LOUIS CRIER.



MR. HUGH DE T. GLAZEBROOK.

He loves a big canvas. How many of us as the Grosvenor looked up at his picture, hung above the staircase of the three little daughters of Mr. St. Barbe Sladen, and wondered? But spaciousness is a good fault, and that same season a very notable picture was hanging at the Academy dealing with a Napoleonic legend. A broad and open landscape was flooded with luminous atmosphere; a weary sentinel had tumbled to rest on the inviting hay; the Little Corsican on his rounds, had noed the man, shouldered his musket, taken his post and awaited his

UNTIL the spring of the current year Mr. Grier was a name to the general British public, and little more, but that was their fault, certainly not his. As long ago as 1887 he had exhibited at the Academy

"Golden Autumn Evening." In 1891 his "The Night Watch," a fine composition—Cornish seine boats riding at their nets in the tranquil silence of the summer night, a dexterous treatment of moonlight and lantern light took a medal at the Salon, Paris, and this picture, now hanging in the place of honour in Suffolk Street, filled a third of the space given to the R.B.A. by many critics. Apparently Mr. Grier has been his own teacher. Born eighteen and twenty years ago in Australia, of Irish parents, for some time he devoted the leisure of a bank clerk's life to amateur painting, but coming to England in 1884 he began to open a new work at St. Ives before St. Ives colony existed, and declares, to this day, all connection with the establishment over the way the School of Newlyn. Last year's London exhibition of his pictures were the lions of Melbourne. He is own brother to Mr. Wyley Grier the sculptor, and in a notable hand leads the letters, "The Focals, St. Ives." The reception of his picture of Mera's Bay Harbour in the plume keeps the Harbours Commission awake nights.



MR. THOMAS COOPER GOTCH.

HE is of the usual age—between thirty-five and forty—offers the usual Newlyn career, varied by a tincture of colonialism, and is a fellow townsman of Mr Alfred East. On the advice of Mr Wimperis, Mr Gotch took to art, studied at Heatherley's, vainly attempted the Academy Schools, went to Antwerp, stayed two years at the Slide School, spent three years with Jean Paul Laurens, visited Australia and New Zealand, left specimens of his talent ever productive of new commissions, in both colonies, came back to London, became one of the moving spirits of the New English Art Club, and is proud to be no longer connected either with it or the Royal Society of British Artists. He went into residence at Newlyn in 1887, and sent characteristic grey, square brush work to the great London exhibitions, where he was always welcomed. In 1891 several Newlyners fled to Italy, and Mr Gotch abode that year in Ouida's "Winter City." To the delight of the critics, Florence awakened in him the most joyous sense of colour, and "My Crown and Sceptre"—a little child scarlet berry crowned, zoned and neckleted, topaz crowned, holding a sap-green reed as mid of state throned against a brick ground *semé* with *feuilles de lis d'or*—was one of the pictures of the year.



MISS MAUDE GOODMAN

HER sphere of art is the nursery—what frontier domain can lady artist crave? Her peculiar merit is to paint small maidens with cherub faces and aureoles of golden hair, crowned as quaintly and demurely as burghers wives. But they are not all lasses. Master Scane is or was since time is measurable even to a jet model, his mother's best attler. Born in Manchester, Miss Goodman's nimble fingers were early busy, and, coming to South Kensington, they earned several honours. The late Mr Wallis proprietor of the French Gallery, an excellent friend to more than one young artist took a fancy to her work, and her fine began. Her pictures are better known than those of many more pretentious painters. The "Gem" room at the Royal Academy is rarely drawn blank for them. Little need to enumerate them—"Sweet's to the Sweet," "You Darling," "Want to See the Wheels Go Round," "Golden Pets," "That's Rude Doggie," "Don't Tell"—English millionaires buy the originals and the Anglo-Saxon *bourgeoisie* all over the globe purchase them in photogravure. Miss Goodman became Mrs Arthur Scanes in 1887. She paints little ones not only as they always ought to be, but as they sometimes are. Subject, feeling, handling, tinting all are feminine—that is her charm.

MR. ARTHUR HACKER

By general consent of those who have no vote—and of the majority, we have reason to hope, of those more favoured—the first Associate to be elected at the next ballot. The most exquisite painter of the nude amongst our younger men he is a true son of the Academy, studying three years in her schools before he went over to Honnart's and taking many of her prizes. He first exhibited at the R.A. in 1878 and has never since omitted to do so. He began by painting the simple annals of the poor, mothers bending over sleeping babes and such subjects with rather the modern Dutch feeling. In 1881 he travelled in Spain and Tangiers with great profit to his art. His picture of 'Philommon finding Pelgrim in the desert' betrayed all the refinement of his later work, and in 'The Waters of Babylon' and 'A Vietis,' the sweetness of his colour began to show itself. Paris and Munich having honoured his work, Liverpool and Adelaide purchased it. Last year the Chantrey secured his 'Annunciation,' passing over his subtler if simpler 'Syrinx.' This year his 'Circe' and 'The Sleep of the Gods' are certainly within the first half dozen of the best pictures. He possesses a sense of colour of rare distinction, and a feeling for refinement of line almost unknown amongst English painters. He may go far



MR. GEORGE CHARLES HAITE.

MR. HAITE'S energy is Protean. Art is its object—pictorial, decorative, theoretical, practical. He writes on it, lectures on it, debates on it. At sixteen he faced the world armed with a pencil, his father, George Haite, a well known designer, having just died. For fourteen years he devoted himself to the improvement of wall papers, and his services are still at the disposal of a certain famous firm. As a pictorial artist he is familiar to us at the great exhibitions. His 'A Winter Bouquet,' was hung in Burlington House in 1883. Since then he has rarely been an absentee. His poetically named 'Winds From the Gates of the West,' belongs to 1892. He has cunning in frames. That is where the decorator comes in. Last year he went to Holland and every note in his crisp little studies of Dordrecht, with its red tiles, blue canals, bright costumes, and gay barges, was brought out by the heavy, black frames which environed them at the Japanese Gallery, Bond Street. He has lectured on arsenic in wall papers and on art criticism ceilings, and chrysanthemums. He is great on tendencies—art-tendencies, and wants to complete the Renaissance. He is a member of most things—the Linnean Society, the Japan Society, the Royal British Artists, the Australasian Society, and the Odd Volumes



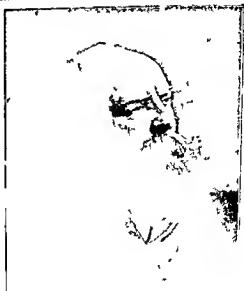


MR. FRED HALL.

THE Newlyn men are not, as a body, humourists. They take themselves very seriously. Mr. Fred Hall is the exception. When he lived at Watchet the sportsmen of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds appealed to his sense of the funny, and he caricatured them. Though he seems to have more imphibial work to do than to join the staff of *Punch*, his work has a saving grace of humour and pathos wanting to the whole of his school. Take for instance 'The Result of High Living,' the little dog, of last year, standing petitionary on its hind legs watching its master in the laboratory. Was droller work ever sent to the Royal Academy? and yet how beautifully it was painted, what a triumph of technical difficulties vanquished. Much the same may be said of the two pictures illustrative of Tennyson's 'Goose' and the 'Cinderella'—German version—picture with the wonderful painting of pigeons in the foreground, though perhaps, their colour was just a little cold. It was a relief therefore at the New last year to find this artist, who seemed possessed of every other attribute, warm and tender in colour in the processional composition which he called 'Twilight.' Mr. Hall has been ten years a Newlyn. He was a pupil of Verlat at Antwerp.

MR. GEORGE HAMILTON.

A PHILADELPHIAN who came to Paris to study art, and now lives in a beautiful house in Reims, and is surrounded by an ample margin of garden in which many of his subtlest effects of light and shade have been obtained. Nothing that is in different or *à la* it is associated with his name, let his works 'Le Rire,' 'Children and Poses' and his portraits of Manning, or Tynill, confirm it. Known best at the Salon, he has paid the Academy the compliment of exhibiting, and bestowed the encouragement of his work on the S.F.A.C. The lifelong desire to paint Mr. Galsworthy was gratified by the intervention of mutual friends. 'I never wished to have sittings, in the conventional sense, from Mr. Galsworthy even had he had leisure to record them,' says Mr. Hamilton. 'He was extremely busy when he received me, and all that I asked was that he should go on with his business as usual and be absolutely unconscious of my presence. He did his work, I did mine. And so we have a portrait of the Premier in his habit as he toils in his own study. We have more, a work of rarest spontaneity and beauty. M. André Michel wrote of it as the best portrait in the Salon of this year. The French Government were of his opinion. They bought it for the Luxembourg, thus crowning the artist's ambition.





MR. DUDLEY HARDY

THERE are illustrated publications to which Mr Dudley Hardy does not contribute but their number is rapidly decreasing. With valiant heart and splendid power he will attack "The Adoration of the Magi," or "The Moors in Spain," and produce a work Oriental in its opulence of colour, or he will scratch a penetrating caricature, *à la* Van Beers, of the divine Sarah on the back of his visiting card. Oils, water colours, pastels, black and white, canvases in the rood, pole or perch thumbnail sketches—small enough to be worn in a charm—it is all in the day's march. He has broad shoulders, and a broader humour. The exuberance of his volcanic youth is magnificent, but he has yet to attain to restraint, and his output is far too generous. From Paris came the first tidings of the success of his "Sans Asile," homeless sleepers in Trafalgar Square, and in 1890 his "Dock Strike," at the Royal Academy told us how he felt the grey misery of London. He was cradled in art, his father is Mr T B Hardy, the strong, fresh and breezy painter of sea, ship, and shore. He has studied in Dusseldorf, under Verlat in Antwerp, and in the fashion-able Paris *et cetera*. His career is as putty in his hands but some things are beyond him. He will never be able to make an enemy create jealousy by his successes.

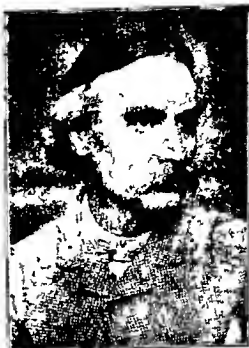
MR. EDWIN HAYES.

A FINE and breezy painter of the sea, a man who knows how to draw yachts and ships and boats and all things appertaining to the sea in a practical and seamanlike manner, and yet never allow the technical accuracy to make itself felt to the detriment of qualities more æsthetic. It was love of the sea that led him to become a sea painter. He is the son of a Bristol ship-owner, whose business taking him to Dublin afforded his son an opportunity of studying in the Kildare Street School of Art. But the boy turned from the painting of academic figures and still life to the chronicling of the many joyous things he noted when sailing as was his wont when leisure permitted, in a large open boat he was lucky enough to own. When Mr Joshua Lake, the representative of the Australian money part of the R.A.A.S., was here last Christmas he told us that of all British artists Mr Edwin Hayes was the best beloved by the people "down under." Indeed it would seem so. Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide have medalled him, and in oil and water he hangs eternally in the national galleries of those towns. He is a member of the Royal Hibernian Academy, of the R.I., and for considerably over a quarter of the century has, with two years' exceptions, been seen, and well seen, at Burlington House.



MR RALPH HEDLEY

His career runs a little off the well worn lines. It is, therefore, the more interesting. Journalism on the famous *Newcastle Chronicle* was his first venture. Whilst busy inventing or recording news, he devoted his spare time to art, attending the local schools, coming under the influence of a remarkable man, the recently deceased William Bell Scott architect, artist, poet, savage memoir maker and one of the seven pre-Raphaelite brothers, and Mr Correns Wray, a Devonshire artist. Mr Hedley's talents enabled him to sweep the prize board, and filled him with a desire to win his living at the point of the brush. But his parents were cautious folk. They apprenticed him to a wood engraver and three of the panels in the Tyn O Shunter series at Chip Chaise Castle are his work and of that period. His apprenticeship over, he moved warily, joining Mr Gerald Robinson, under whom Mr Seymour Lucas, A.R.A., had learnt the wood cutter's craft, but never neglecting to practice painting. At last he threw away his crutches—wooden crutches—and fortune attended him. The Hanging Committee accepting the first picture he submitted to them. Some of his titles—'Contraband', 'Union Jack', 'Go and God's Will be Done' and the 'Amateur Dentist'.



MR CHARLES NAPIER HENRY

A WONDERFUL painter of the sea, of the sheeny silvery light on the moving waters, and the translucent green depths seen under a vessel's stem. He lives at Plymouth and much of his work is done aboard his yacht, his sea going studio as he calls her. Born at Newcastle in 1841, his first master was the late W. Bell Scott but he gave up drawing to prepare for the priesthood. When 22 broken down, he abandoned study and relapsed into his old longing for art. Feeling as soon as he attempted to work, his want of knowledge he went to the Antwerp Academy and subsequently studied under Baron Leys—Mr Alma Tadema's master—whose influence was felt on his work of that period. Destined however, to be a sea painter before all things in 1875—7 he began to approach his appointed subject by way of the Thames, painting fine pictures of Blackwall Chelsea and Limehouse now in the possession of Colonel G. S. Sandeman. Too ill to paint this winter he is unrepresented at the Academy, but has two fine and characteristic drawings at the R.W.S. and a fine picture at the New. In the midst of fragrant orchards and facing the restless sea he has built himself a palace of art, and stored it with rare furniture. Being, in fact, such a place as one would expect to find in Melbury Road.

MR. THOMAS W. HEMY

THE mariner—if he will allow us so vile a phrase—artist the world ever saw, sea-born, sea-bred, sea-reared, sea-sustained! His father, the late H. L. Hemy, a well known musical composer, was a rover ever and a flight of his sons including the famous Napier, took after him. The Mr. Hemy of this note was in such haste to be begun with the great business of life that he got himself born aboard ship, off the coast of the Brazils. In the wash of events he was cast up at Newcastle on Tyne and straight studied art at the local school but soon the hereditary spell was upon him. The sea! the sea! he could not choose but go. For four long years he ploughed the main, absolutely exhausting the category of nautical experience, tasting mutiny, murder and famine, and characteristically concluding that particular "turn" by shipwreck off St. Bees. He'd one awful winter's night, when he saved his life by the skin of his teeth. After that he hauled ashore a while, and dried his hide by Verlat's stove at Antwerp. What wonder if to-day Mr. Thomas Hemy is our foremost printer of the tragedies of the deep if such thrilling pictures as 'Women and Children First' 'Every Soul was Saved' and 'The Wreck of the Birkenhead' now in the provinces or tour, are household works in a nautical land.



MR. HENRY S. HUDSON

MR. HUDSON shares with Mr. J. J. Shannon the Alexander Studio Alfred Place. It is an exceedingly fine one, and is divided by a partition, pierced by an archway having, been, before it was turned to æsthetic uses a Turkish Bath. The archway has now been boarded up, and two of the most successful lady printers of our day find themselves divided only by a little lath and plaster simultaneously immortalising the beauty of the closing years of our fashionable Victorian London. As both studios are entered by the same passage it will may be that many a Shannon sister has strayed—as beauty will stray—and found herself admiring the counterfeit presentments of her rivals in beauty by Mr. Hudson, and that a like fate has befallen some of the votaries of Mr. Hudson's brush. Mr. Hudson was born in 1862, left school to become an artist and after five years at South Kensington under Mr. Lyster went to Paris and exposed his art to the maturing influences of MM. Lefebvre and Boulanger. As no one can go to the present Academy without seeing his picture which bears the title 'Nexera Reading a Letter from Tibullus,' a lady in Roman dress seated in a circular golden seat, he is probably consoled for its being placed at so unwarranted an altitude.

MR G I JACOMB HOOD



MR AYERST INGRAM

MR AYERST INGRAM bestrides the wide world like a Colossus. One foot is on his native heath—he is of Scotch extraction—the other rests in the Antipodes. He is founder and President of the Royal Anglo-Australian Society of Artists. At the close of the Melbourne Exhibition it was felt in the Colonies that it would be well if an annual exhibition of British pictures could be held under the auspices of the R.A. But Sir Frederic regretted such a thing was impossible, *ultra vires*. The charter was precise on this point. It said no performance out of London, and it meant it. Mr Ingram was on his travels at that time. He foregathered with the Australian money backers, and showed he was prepared to supply the right pictures. So the Anglo-Australian Society of Artists was formed, and the Queen, with gracious alacrity, made it a royal body. At present English artists paint and export and Australian connoisseurs guarantee and purchase. But Colonial associates loom in the dim and distant courses of the future. Intended by his parents for commerce, and by nature for art, Mr Ingram at twenty-five obeyed the mighty mother. The wet foreshore in roring the fugitive clouds is his especial domain. He has exhibited a pictorial log book of a P and O voyage. It combined artistic charm with geographic information.

ONE of the most daring of the younger men. He is ambitious in his efforts, paints the nude, the idyllic and the symbolical. His sense of the beauty of line is delightful, his composition full of grace, and his colour fresh and delicate. A Travelling Scholarship, won under Mr Legros at the Slade Schools, took him to Madrid, where he spent two months with Velasquez. This and the beautiful enthusiasm of youth led him to support Mr Whistler in the days when brilliant farces were played as well as pictures displayed in Suffolk Street, and when the Little Master marched out, drums beating, banners flying, and with all the honours of war Mr Hood proudly kept pace by his side. The artist's first picture shown at the Academy, called "St Simon Stylites" was purchased by Baron Erlanger. His greatest work so far is his "Triumph of Spring," a fine processional composition shown at the Grosvenor and one of the few things not to be hereafter regretted purchased by the Australasian Colonies. Mr Jacomb Hood enjoys great popularity as a portrait painter, let Maculium Alhor in full robes of the Thistle, bear witness. He has been honoured at the Salon and once tarried a while in Lauren's studio.





MR ADRIAN JONES

A FREAK of art—a soldier turned sculptor. Born at Ludlow in 1845 he served for more than twenty years in the army in the veterinary department, which gave him an exhaustive knowledge of the horse alive and dead. Having seen active service in Abyssinia the Boer War, and the Nile Expedition, he retired from the 2nd Life Guards in 1891. Mr Jones was possessed from his earliest boyhood of a craving for art. Ten years ago he began to take lessons from Mr C B Birch A.R.A. and exhibited at the Royal Academy in that year and ever since. Last year his huge and spirited 'Duncan's Horses' dominated the sculpture room and a work equally large claims attention to-day. His 'Gone Away' won the first prize of the Goldsmiths Company. His 'Triumph' a quadriga recently at the Crystal is a sketch which he would like to see adapted for some great decorative purpose in the streets of London the top of an arch for choice. He paints portraits such as the owners love of celebrated racehorses. Last year an over-inquisitive agent of the Society for Psychological & Aesthetic Research alleged that his studio was haunted. The warrior artist is determined to let the public understand the untruth of the report, and will make a ghost of him that lets him.

MRS LOUISE JOPLING

HER career has been generous in our names. In private life to-day she is Mrs Rowe—we use the name under which she paints. She claims our attention—as hostess, "master," and painter. In the first capacity she stands unrivalled. Her house is situated on neutral territory between Bohemia and Society, and all that is best in both countries is welcomed by a lady, whose gracious tact would have honoured an Empire Salon, though her wit, knowledge and sympathies are all that there is that is of the hour. As "master" she was the first to introduce the system of the Paris atelier into England for girls. Her new studio is in the South Kensington district, and her class the largest in London. Her students draw from the model every day, and are taught to take art severely and not merely as a polite accomplishment. Mrs Jopling herself took to painting a little later than usual, spending her probation in the atelier of the late brilliant Franco-American painter, Chaplin. 'Cinderella' and 'Auld Robin Grey' are subject works from her brush, but as the portraitist of friends or well known people she is best known at the Academy, Miss Etta Williams, Miss Rose Norreys and Mrs Tree have led to her at the Grafton a pastel 'La Lencorosa' called attention to her talent.



MR GEORGE BRUCE JOY

THE west wall in Gallery IV at the Royal Academy is entirely dominated by his "Truth." The goddess clothed in her own loveliness is standing in her wall, reaching up to a little child who peers from the upper regions. The Academicians have not only given this young painter space on their walls, but space in their catalogue wherein it is set forth how a small child, going one day to fetch water, was surprised on looking down to see the sweet face of Truth's very self looking up at her, nor was her astonishment lessened when the beautiful stranger filled her little bucket with pure water, handed it to her and vanished. So much of the philosophy of clothes is taught at the Royal Academy to-day that the public seem as much surprised as the child at this apparition, and for several reasons seeing that last year Mr Joy was one of the lions, with a picture so different as that of his plucky little Georgian drummer boy smashing up his instrument with the defiant cry "The King's Drum shall never be beaten for Rebels." The artist comes of an old Ulster stock, but was born in Dublin. Educated at Harrow, he went to the R.A. schools for Art, and proceeded to Paris to acquire the fashionable æsthetic accent. Last year his "Danais" was medalled at the Salon, and the Town of Leeds has bought his "Lear and Cordelia."



MR T. B. KENNINGTON

MR T. B. KENNINGTON has not wrought in vain. He has had his admirers and his followers; how otherwise, should the expression Kenningtonian have obtained a recognisable value in the painting rooms of London? A driver of fat oxen need not himself be fat *pace* the proverb nor a painter of middle class subjects produce middle class art. Marching on the metropolis from Crent Armsby, at Liverpool, Mr Kennington found himself made speedily very much at home. Ever since 1883 he has not only exhibited at the Academy, but been found worthy of good positions for big pictures. The names of his Burlington House successes speak for themselves: "Waifs," "Orphans," "Widowed," and "Fatherless," "The Inch of Poverty," "Homeless," "The Toy Shop." A member of the Society of Portrait Painters he showed sterling work in the Royal Institute galleries last summer, and at the Royal Academy was commandingly hung with a portrait of "Miss Clara Palmer," a blonde beauty, well known at London functions, robed in white satin seated at a harp and treated with amplitude. To day his huge and sable clad "Queen of Love," seated on a lion skin rug, dominates the Central Gallery.



MR HAYNES KING

AT such private views as he attends—and they are not many—there is no one who rouses so much curiosity as Mr Haynes King. The towering form, capped by the Homeric head and hair, invariably prompts the cry, "Who is he?" If he is not an artist he ought to be." Mr King is what he ought to be, an artist—and a delightful one. But the big man paints little pictures—little in the sense of superficial *très bien entendu*, light hearted, "miniature Treeds," we have heard them called, crisp, bright and glad in tone *genre* subjects of anything from six inches to a foot square. Fisher lads peasant girls, cottage scenes, admirably drawn buxom comely figures full of happy life, nicely balanced, and painted with a smooth, finished technique which does not militate against their dash and sparkling vivacity. Mr King was born in 1831, in the island of Barbadoes. He came to England when he was twenty three and tried to enter the Academy Schools but like a great many greater and lesser men failed. He consoled himself at Leigh's Academy and concentrated his energies on working in his own studio from the living model. He is a member of the R.B.A., and for many years has been a very much honoured guest at Burlington House, the pick of place in the 'gem' room generally falling to him.



MR YEEND KING

He was born in unlovely Regent Street not forty years ago and when the spectral doors of extramural nature burst upon him his soul was filled with joy. Not all of our best landscape painters are born in sooty London or darker Birmingham—but many of them are. In his youth Mr King was a member of the Temple Church choir and one night was accidentally locked in. But he made himself comfortable with whit cushions he found adjacent and caught a serious cold which kept him in bed for three weeks. When he recovered a Benchet gave him a crown for not flinging his boot through the stoned windows as the Benchet confessed he himself should have done. Thus was the commercial value of respect for the beautiful inculcated. The late Walter Bromley's kindly interest saved the lad from commerce. Afterwards he studied under M. Bonnat and M. Cormon. He came back a figure painter, a student of tones who had lost his colour sense, and with whom the world went exceedingly ill. His first English landscape was 'Green to Gold' exhibited in the R.A. of 1879 and purchased by Liverpool. He is most at home on the Kennet Valley, and is a joyous exponent of Youth in Nature. His landscapes are before all things English. Nothing suffers at the R.A. to day from bad light more than his 'Lyndale'.



MR JOHN LAVERY



SIR FERNAND KHNOFF

A BELGIAN symbolist, a prince of child painters, a member of the mystic Society of the Rosy Cross of Paris leader of the Society of Twenty of Brussels so passionate an admirer of England the English and English art that the wits of Brussels have dubbed him 'Sir Fernand Khnopff Bart', he contemplates taking up his residence in our midst. The meaning of his painted allegories his sphinxes and angels is for the few, nor is he eager to explain it. When pressed he will ask if his works satisfy as line, composition light and shade and colour—*com me peinture enfin*. If the reply is 'yes' he answers 'Then I am content, the rest is my affair'. His fancy as a poet is subtle, strange and evasive. His genius as a painter as a possessor of the rarest and most distinctive colour and master of the most accomplished technique, boldly challenges the recognition of men. The gods of his creed are Botticelli and Donatello Rossetti Burne Jones Fleming, of the Flemings born thirty five years ago at the old castle of Grimbergen on the Scheldt pupil of the eccentric Xavier Mellery, he punts dreams children, and the landscapes of the Ardennes and models in black wax. He shows the portrait of a Rothschild youngster at the New

Now here is proof patent of the higher education of the gentlemen of the Royal Academy. From 1881 to 1887, it is Mr Lavery's boast, his works were persistently rejected at Burlington House. Meantime his name had become famous all over Europe. Paris and Munich had both done him special honour. Then a strange thing happened some unusual commotion in the art world sent a tidal ripple of outer news up the backwater off Licordilly and the Academicians who possess a fund of stolid humour all their own awoke to the drollery of the situation and hung Mr Lavery well. But funnier yet the story runs of Lavery painting officially. He is—all the world knows it—one of the leaders of the New Glasgow School having, been born in Belfast. When the Queen in 1888, paid a State visit to Glasgow, he was commissioned to immortalise the event. The one thing needful in such cases is to hand every subscriber for a place down to posterity just as he would have appeared in a daguerrotype and Mr Lavery's art is just the very last in the world to appeal to Royal or mayoral tastes. By using a plentiful supply of red cloth and keeping the figures small, he effected a clever compromise. From the Glasgow School of Art Mr Lavery passed to Heatherleys thence to Julien's.



MR W. LLEWELLYN

If these "Outsider" records do nothing else they will give the *démenti* to the heresy that no good thing can come out of South Kensington. "The Brompton Boilers" count for something in the life and art of Mr W. Llewellyn. Four years, just an eighth of his existence, for he is one of those who has arrived early, he toiled in their shadow, and even when his course was run, turned to teach, finally departing thence to Lambeth, where, for another year he coached the idea of the beautiful in others. Then the desire to be himself a doer came strong upon him and he fled to Paris, and dwelt in the studio of M. F. Cormon, who loves English artists. On returning to England he went to Cornwall, and some of his pastel drawings of the neighbourhood of Camelford remain in the mind as smiling memories. A harmony in green, a portrait of a modish young lady, attracted a good deal of attention at a Suffolk Street exhibition, and subsequently at the first display of the Society of Portrait Painters, a body Mr Llewellyn assisted into existence. Painterly qualities obviously did not blind Mr Llewellyn to the value of the term 'smartness'. When a beautiful woman dresses with Worth, she likes to find the distinction of her toilette transferred to canvas. Mr Llewellyn is to day one of London's fashionable portraitists.



MR W. E. LOCKHART, R.S.A.

FROM Dumfriesshire and a man of valour. At the age of seven he sketched the Battle of Waterloo for a school fellow. Bolder grown with years, at forty one he undertook to paint a Royal function for the Queen, no less a thing than the Jubilee Celebration at Westminster Abbey. With a skill never surpassed, he made the two ends—the claims of art and the exigencies of detailed portraiture in 22/ instances—almost meet. The result on the artist might have been foreseen. He settled in London and is now a fashionable portrait painter. A pupil of that marvellous teacher the late Robert Scott Lauder, Mr Lockhart's student days followed hard on those of Orchardson, Pettie and McTaggart. At fourteen he exhibited at the Royal Scottish Academy, and became an Associate at twenty four. The love of great Scottish artists, dead and living, for Spain, and the vivid influence of Spanish art on their work, are generally recognised. In quest of health, Mr Lockhart tarried long in Spain making Fortuny's acquaintance and, in colour, becoming splendidly Spanish. A consummate draughtsman and master of composition, in the pageantry of the past, in the scenes of chivalry his genius finds play. "Don Quixote," "Cardinal Beaton," and "The Cid" testify.

MR. WILLIAM DE WAIL.

There is no spot in Italy so characteristic as the Hall. In the centre of the great dome of St. Paul's, such like a room in a hotel, and nearer spaces a distance away from the roof and chimney, are a room in the middle of the hall is the railway bridge, with a train always on it, the line, of course, being chronically blocked into the station—the light play of the air and the white stream and pearls of polished brass, the tall towers, old and new, wall in the sides of the picture, and down to the foreground comes one of the world's busiest streets with cabs, and carts, and buses, scarlet, yellow, green, and blue, blazoned with flaming posters. Mr. Logsdail alone has realised all this, his only fault being that long residence in Venice thence him see the sort of London scene I have likened by these and other metropolitan successes he painted the great cockney festival of the year, the Lord Mayor's Show. The foreground was occupied by a gorgeous flunkey, the pomp of bloodless swords and maces, rich lurs, broad banners and broad faces, the eager crowd, the Chief Magistrate and his State Tumbril were mere accessories. The Aldermen and the Common Council men all saw the point but Mr. Logsdail saw none of their money. It was a case of the dislocation of humour.



MR. HENRY TOLMAN

CHILDREN possess a quality of rare delight which evades the vocabulary of grown man. Their mothers call it "old-fashionedness." It is this dear attribute that Mr. Loudan catches, ray monopolises, in his child pictures, painting faithfully, in low, rich tones, demure, quaint, lovable little mites whose kin we must go to the modern Dutchman to meet. Thirty-two, born in London, but with Ficks and Scors for ancestors, art runs in his veins, since his father is a wood engraver, very well known to "illustrated" editors. Winning the great prize at the R.A., he spent some of the two travelling years in the studios of MM. Bouguereau and Tony Fleury, and won prizes whilst there. A big picture from his easel, "A Cornish Fish Market," first shown in Liverpool, now hangs at Chicago. Asked to accept the Head mastership of the Westminster School of Art, he hesitated, diffidence and a dread of lost time withholding him; but accepted *quid mēre*, and now rejoices exceedingly, finding that the difficulties vanish on approach, and that the work is far from unhelpful to his own development. All is art that comes to his hands, he paints, landscapes, subject pictures, and portraits; he models in clay, and works in iron, and two frescoes for church decoration progress in his studio.



MR HARRINGTON MANN

MOST of the New Glisvegians were born anywhere but Glasgow. Some are Hibernians, others hail from Hull or thereabouts, and a few are Edinburgh men. But Mr Mann is a Glasgow Glaswegian, born there less than thirty years ago. At sixteen he began to look upon art seriously and entered the Slade School, where he worked for six years. The first Travelling Scholarship open to all Slade students fell to him and for two happy years he roamed and rummaged in beautiful Italy, having passed six previous months in Paris under Boulanger's guidance, gaining one of the *concours*. He is before all things a lover of the decorative, and distinctly of his school, though he avoids the caricature of its tenets. Perhaps his finest quality is the glow of sunlight which warms his work. It is lusty and joyous to look upon. He can temper the wind a little to the shorn lamb. At the Academy he blows less northerly than at the Grafton. Burlington House in 1885 hung his largest picture, "The Attack of the Macdonalds at Killycrankie" and it was a good deal less like a fine piece of tapestry than the "Youth of Paris" he sent to Mr Prangé the other day, and a good deal more anecdotal than his charming study of white wall, blue night, and red fire at the present exhibition of the RBA in Suffolk Street.

MR GEORGE L. MOIRA

ONE of the Royal Academy's most promising sons Scottish, is the poetry of his name implies, by descent, but Londoner by accident of birth, son of Mr L. Moira, the miniature painter, he learnt much from his father before he passed into the schools of the Royal Academy in 1888, and the British Museum. During his studentship the RA prizes came clattering about his ears, the Armitage and the Landseer amongst others. For the Gold Medal of 1891 he ran second to Mr Perceck, but there were those who would have reversed the position. If the winner showed the more adherence to Academic teaching and the greater finish in painting, it was also observed that he was much nearer the end of his tether than Mr Moira, whose touch was freer and treatment of the theme, "Victory," broader and more dramatically poetic. The Fine Art Society in Bond Street paid him a compliment unprecedented to so young an artist and made him the subject of one of their "one man shows", and a series of fresh and vigorous heads in watercolour, suggested, no doubt, by his father's art, were sprung upon us as a delightful surprise. He has been painting a set of three *Mus Docs* for Magdalen College Oxford, to which the portrait of Sir John Stainer, now at the RA, belongs.



MR FRED MORGAN



MR ALBERT MOORE.

BROTHER to the greatest marine painter of our day—at least so many of us think—his long exclusion from the numbers of the Associates furnishes the opponents of the Academy with one of their most formidable arguments, and ranks with their treatment of John Linnell and Alfred Stevens. Mr. Moore, it is said, uses no oil of urbanity or insidious compliment to lubricate his way into Burlington House, and so lesser men, to the wonderment of Continental Europe, again and again pass over his head intended for an architect and to some extent trained for that profession he took to art, and developed a style like that of no painter, living or dead. His pictures in oil and water tell no story need no name. They weary the unhappy possessors with no eternally uncompleted act on no monotonous repetition of commonplace incident. The artist seeks in far women and diaphanous draperies the motive for classic and decorative design for works which are things of beauty, joys for ever. His models do not sit to him they walk before him. He arranges no set folds of diaphery but immortalises the fortuitous flutter of some felicitous movement. Master of colour scheme and pattern exclusively his own his art moves parallel to a reality it never attempts to approach.

HERE is a reversal of the usual order Mr. Fred Morgan having established himself as a portrait painter in lucrative practice, has valourously chosen to go back to subject pictures, in which his talent can allow itself freer play. Would there were more artists constructed on his lines! He is in art as in Nature the son of his father, Mr. John Morgan a member of the Royal Society of British Artists. In the paternal studio at Aylesbury he learnt all that has been taught him of art. At the age of seventeen he was accepted at the Royal Academy, and for many years worked at nothing but portraits. It is his most enviable gift to be most successful in painting the brighter scenes of out-of-door life, especially of child life. He is never so happy as when depicting the vagaries of some sturdy, ruddy, thoroughly healthy youngster. His "Don't be Frightened," an elder sister standing knee deep in the sea, holding a little naked golden haired child in both her arms, the fair, delicate flesh in strong relief against her dark bathing gown, exhibited at last year's Academy, enjoyed a wholly legitimate success. When the Institute of Painters in Oils was formed in the galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours Mr. Morgan joined it, and remains in it.



MR. J. T. NETTLESHIP

It is given to Mr Nettleship to see *la belle pour la vie* in its most melodramatic aspects. He loves to dwell on the great sorrow, ravaging and destroying that they may live. A passionate student of beasts, never happy out of the Zoological Gardens, a fine draughtsman, of dauntless audacity in choice of subject, he is wont to think much of local truth in painting the coats of his beasts, little of the general tonality of his composition. The air of hettering breeds artists. Mr East, Mr Gatch and Mr Nettleship were born there, the last named fifty two years ago. A student at the Slade Schools, under Mr Poynter, circumstances intervened and cut his curriculum at the point of probationership. In 1880 he went out to India and painted the Gackwar of Baroda on horseback, and subsequently executed for the same Prince a fine picture of antelope hunting with cheetahs. The Academy, the New, and the deceased Grosvenor have for years displayed the terrors of his imagination in such pictures as "Blind" a lion struck by lightning, mobbed by hyenas, and "Refuge," beasts of all sorts huddled together on a spot of land, ringed by a burning forest, whilst a picture of a rhinoceros charging and forty fathoms of python wound round a brace of tigers are this year's Indian commissions.



MR. J. WATSON NICOL

MR NICOL has produced two little pictures which have brought him greater fame and are likely to keep his name greener than much classic work might have done. They have the saving grace of humour: they play on the subject of the comic war between the sexes. We refer to the pictures 'When a Man's Single he Lives at his Ease,' and 'When a Man's Married his Trouble Begins.' No barrister crossed in love who lives in the misogynous recesses of the Inner Temple, but hangs one of these prints upon his desolate walls. Nor have works of art ever roused bitterer feeling in gentle breasts for reasons purely artistic. Mr Nicol lives moves and has his being in a world of pure artistry. His father is Mr Erskine Nicol A.R.A. his wife is the daughter of the late C. W. Cope, R.A., he teaches art at a brilliantly successful School of Painting established by himself in Felham Street, Kensington where seventy odd pupils sit at his feet his colleague being Mr A. S. Cope, the R.A.'s son. He was born in Edinburgh in 1856, commenced his career at Carey's School in Bloomsbury exhibited at the Royal Scottish Academy in 1877, and at the R.A. in 1875. "Dolce Fur Niente," 'When Fortune Smiles,' 'When Fortune Frowns,' and 'Immediate Settlement Will Oblige' are all by him.





MISS HENRIETTA RAE—MRS. NORMAND

THE well known painter of the nude, or rather perhaps, should we say of the unclad since the absence of habiliments is apt to make itself felt in women's work. At thirteen Miss Rae entered the Queen's Square School of Art, and was admitted to the Royal Academy Schools in 1879. But an odd thing happened. The authorities had passed in by inadvertence one more student than they were by charter able to retain. Someone must go and R being so late a letter, it was Miss Rae. We wonder the dapper little lady did not instantly hit on the expedient of becoming Mrs. Normand and find safety in N. She consoled herself at Heatherleys, and painted portraits at from £2 to £3 a head until 1881, when the Academy hung her, which gave greater commercial value to her work. "The Maid," "Eurydice," "Zephyr and Flora" and "La Cygale" shown last year—her most graceful work—are her most important paintings. Paris has given her a medal and Liverpool a long prize. In 1884 she married a fellow art student and though charged with household and maternal cares has had an unbroken record of large canvases at the Royal Academy. This year her health has let and hindered her brush, but 1894 should see her *magnum opus*—"Psyche at the Court of Venus."

MR ERNEST LARTON

We claim Mr. Larton as an English artist. His father was a Birmingham man; the lad came to England as soon as he was master of his fate, he settled in England, he married an English lady, he resides in the very English art colony of St. John's Wood; he paints exclusively English landscapes, he exhibits in English exhibitions. In 1879, his charming picture "The Waning of the Year," was purchased with Sir Francis Chintreys money for the English nation, and he is a member of our Institute of Painters in Oils. At the same time the American commissioners submit that he was born at Hudson, and that his mother was a daughter of the States. But their demands are disallowed. The birch, the lady of the wood the slender, tremulous, silver barked, sensitive birch is Mr. Larton's favourite sitter. Full well he paints her in all her moods, and many a mood has she. He loves her pensive, almost still, in the sybian hush of autumn, when her dry leaves drop in sauntering zig zag to the surface of the blue grey pool, where they ride high like cockleshell boats, he loves her when she pulsates along all her fragile filigree with the quickening of spring. At home in oil or water, his execution is swift and facile. What he can do in two hours at the Langham Sketching Club, no man, not having seen, would believe.





MR. EDWARD PATRY

MR. PATRY furnishes an excellent example of one of South Kensington's successes from the casual point of view its failure from its own. The Government Schools are founded to teach design, to produce decorators, and to improve the national wall papers, textiles and fabrics. We are constantly hearing that the facilities for obtaining a painter's education are inadequate at South Kensington, and the outcry is bitter and shrill. But they are intentionally inadequate. Every man who wins from South Kensington such instruction as enables him to become a pictorial artist, represents to the establishment a much fruitless expenditure of energy. He is an *excess*. In other ways he may do good to his fellow men, but as far as the country that assisted to educate him is concerned the expenses of his training are so much dead loss. This should be clearly understood, it would make many things seem simple. Mr Patry was at South Kensington from 1879 to 1887. For three months he worked in the studio of Herr Frisch at Darmstadt. He exhibited at the Academy in 1883 and has since then rarely missed. "Going to School," "Sweet Lavender," "I'm Good Now," and "Leading" are amongst his pictures. The beautiful, wistful, poetic model who sat to him last year is now again very welcome in a new guise.

MR. RALPH LEACOCK

ONLY every two years the Academy holds a great function. The Travelling Scholar ship, tenable for two years, and the gold medal come up for competition. The doors of the Burlington House creak open, and for a few hours in the dim light of mid-December the public are permitted to see hanging in a saloon of bare rooms, boarded off from the rest of the galleries, the result of the teaching in the Academy Schools for the year. This part of the business is of annual occurrence, but it is only biennially that Sir Frederic Leigh on distributes the awards in state, and the illustrious and favoured are invited at night to come and hear that most accomplished President deliver, in the presence of the assembled students a magnificent address on some special phase of art which is only remotely connected with the Schools, and which it has taken him two years to cast in a formal and poetic English. Mr Leacock took the Blue Ribbon of English art in 1897, the subject for the composition being "Victory" which was exhibited at the following summer's exhibition. That is where he comes in this sketch. During his studentship he won many prizes and is altogether a young man of promise. But his life history must write itself before the scribe can copy it.



MR J. L. PICKERING

AN out of door landscape painter in a very full sense of the word, a Yorkshireman with a good deal of Yorkshire in his nature and his art. Originally a civil engineer, and attached to the staff of the Brasseys he was sent out to the Maremma and South America, and whilst turning Nature's resource to utilitarian purposes, became enamoured of her beauties. Once back in England he took the vows of art, and served his novitiate with Mr Frank Walton, being summoned to take the 'line' at the Academy after a year's study, a fine landscape, "The Month of March, receiving especial commendation. Visits to France and Corsica followed, and in 1888 he came home to join the Institute of Painters in Oils and also wrote R.B.A. after his name, exhibiting in Piccadilly, Suffolk Street and many of the northern towns with unceasing success since that date. "A March Morning," "The Breath of Autumn," and "Eskdale" are latter day deeds. Constable and the Barbizonians have been finger posts to the strong but poetic expression of his own temperament. He accepts a hint with gratitude but works out the problem in his own way. He is the painter of a large picture of Cape Town in the Imperial Institute African Council Room, and meditates the æsthetic seige of the Africander.



MR JOHN R. REID

ONE of the many Scotchmen eminent in art who fly south. At sixteen he first handled the brush, a big brush, and made the sides of houses in Edinburgh shine fresh and sanitary to the sun. But he was for daintier work, and groped at night at Government art schools to feel the way to fulfil his destiny. Patient years of study gave him mastery of his own artistic energy, but even now he has not wholly determined on his choice of expression. A year or so ago, before the cuckoo club at the Grosvenor ousted its art parent from the nest, Mr Reid startled us with a romantic and dashing picture in rich reds, browns, and yellows with a luminous white centre "Cornish Smugglers, Sixty Years Ago," which, amongst its many admirable attributes, certainly did not number that of realism. Then again, a large canvas of a young English squire gaitered and gunned, who has drawn unwished for blood in a turp field was sternly not to say angularly, realistic and the agricultural connoisseur was able at a glance to say whether the root crop were Carter's seeds or Sutton's. Last year "The Mate of the Mermaid's Wedding" showed him a student of the *mœurs* of rough sea folk, a *plain air* painter for all he was worth.

MR JOHN S SARGENT

AMERICA takes æsthetic toll of her absent sons. Living in Chelsea, Mr Sargent is working for Boston, for the great Library there, an institution unique in the world supported by a State tax, and endeavouring to become a centre not only of literary but artistic culture. Mr Whistler in Paris and Mr Abbey in Gloucestershire are similarly employed. A supreme master of technique, and of the short hand of the language of beauty, Mr Sargent appeals to the esoteric in art and astounds the exoteric. To those who understand him—the words are his own, since all great American artists seem to possess an amazing gift of compressed and definite criticism—he conveys his meaning with “a swiftness that makes us forget for the time that there has been a medium.” His Carmencita—a dancing girl in all yellow, superb in the insolence of her pose, tense and alert, waiting for the signal note, set the people of London and Paris talking and the artists admiring. The Chantrey terminated the peregrinations of his Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose, when it appeared on the Academy walls. At the N.E.A.C. this year with three strokes of his brush, and to the undying envy of one of his young colleagues, he told us how Mr Jefferson the actor, once appeared to him. His “Mrs Hammersley dominates the New



MR J J SHANNON

* SWEET Auburn loveliest village of the plain gave him birth—not Goldsmith's deserted village but a town in Albany, a place Mr Shannon protests, might once have justified poor Noll's description. Alas for the patriotic fiction which makes the reigning portraitist of our reigning belles Canadian, Albany is in New York State and Mr Shannon is no subject of the Queen's. Let us console ourselves that his training was wholly English though when his friends the leading young men of the hour, returned from their Paris curriculum it is true that he borrowed their square brushes taught himself something better than their style and unlearning all that South Kensington had so patiently taught him made himself what he is the dexterous master of a swift technique the charming colourist, the vivid portraitist of beautiful Englishwomen who go beautifully as beauty should. Few subject pictures come from his hand but his Mrs. & maiden with more than a suspicion of Romney about her, standing by the brookside made us regretful of his absorbing popularity. He has touched the maximum with eight portraits at the Academy but this year was content to send three. The tide of fashion sweeps him to the road inhabited solely by artists Melbury Road where he builds a lordly mansion.



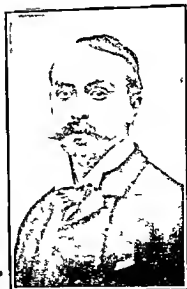
MR F MARKHAM SKIPWORTH



MR HERBERT SCHMALTZ

LEST misapprehension should arise Mr Herbert Schmalitz has been at pains to define himself. He is, he has assured us, "A Painter Who Happens to be a Christian," and this accident of Christianity has served him famously. He inherited the elements of a felicitous artistic career. His mother was the daughter of the late J W Carmichael, the marine painter; his father a German who came over to Newcastle, and came to stay. At an early age Mr Schmalitz determined to be a successful painter—South Kensington, Royal Academy Schools, and Antwerp followed but with shrewd judgment, he stopped short of Munich. He is married to one of the beautiful Dene Sisters, so famous in studio-land, and lives in the fashionable Holland Park neighbourhood. He is acceptable to the Forty, and admired by the public. People stand *en queue* to see his pictures, which are always to be found on the line. His "Christiane and Leones," and his "Zenobias Last Look on Palmyra," are they not roseate and vivid in our memories and engraved on our walls? In the reverently dramatic picture, "The Return from Calvary," painted in Palestine he was quite at his best. Her Majesty, attracted by the painter's name, commanded it to Windsor, and was gracious in praise.

ONE of the many good men hailing from Lincolnshire who first studied art under that fine master, Mr E R Tayler, born at Caistor in 1854, the son of a farmer, and bearing a name in those days famous for a reason athletic rather than æsthetic, being the nephew of the famous steeplechase rider, Captain Skipworth. He dabbled as an amateur in art as soon as he could hold a brush, but in 1879 came to South Kensington, and for three diligent years devoted himself to the mastery of its details, going on to Juliers for six months 'to finish,' with result that his art was revolutionised, and began again with a better technique. In 1883 he arrived at the Royal Academy and has been there ever since. His colour scheme is soft and charming; he is fond of faint fawns and pale pinks, painting pretty women prettily. Sometimes he has dealt with sterner matters. In 1890 he sent "A Roman Holiday" to the Academy, but he concerned himself, it is only fair to add, with the audience, not the butchery, with two young ladies one pitiful, one pitiless. All this was set forth both on canvas and in verse in the catalogue with amplitude. Mr Skipworth is fond of giving slightly idealised portrait studies, subject titles—such as "He Cometh Not She Said."



MR ADRIAN STOKES



MR SOLOMON J SOLOMON

"HE who can dominate a London dinner table can dominate the whole world" says Mr Oscar Wilde in his new play and this same London dinner table with a red shaded lamp shining over fair women and famous men, the beauty and the chivalry of London a portrait group of people of light and leading Mr Solomon had painted for this year's Academy. It comes as a boon and a blessing to the visitor hanging in the last room cheering the æsthetic by its fine qualities, the merely human by its popular portraiture. Young in years ancient in race, ambitious in aim classic in subject—let such big pictures as Cassandra, Samson 'Niobe' The Judgment of Paris 'Hippolyta and Orpheus bear witness—bold in draughtsmanship academic in technique, Leighton-esque up to the point complimentary in colour no man can better afford to paint portraits and wait his inevitable day of honour. He and Mr Arthur Hacker are inseparable friends. One year both being hangers at a certain gallery, they discovered that there were two little spaces that refused to be filled and so they the pictures never so wisely. The next day six square inches of portrait of Mr Hacker by Mr Solomon and six square inches of portrait of Mr Solomon by Mr Hacker closed the gaps and made the critics linger

A NEWLYN, and one of those most fortunate artists who have found wives to double their honour, and yet, owing to their difference of style, never enter into competitive rivalry. Mr Stokes married in 1884, he then being just arrived at the age when a man may, according to St Paul, be made a bishop, Fraulein Freundsbergen, an Austrian lady painter. Mrs Stokes brace of scarlet winged angelkins appearing to a Virgin in Royal blue is one of the quaintest and most attractive pictures in Piccadilly today, and she does nothing that can be passed unnoticed. But this note is on her husband. He was born in 1854 in Southport Lancashire entered the Royal Academy Schools in 1871, and went to Paris in the usual course to obtain the necessary French polish. When Newlyn grew imitative, and an exhibition at Messrs Doudeswell's Galleries in Bond Street roused the ire of the critics, Mr and Mrs Stokes betook themselves to Italy. His art instantly caught the warmer southern flush and the delicious serenity of his 'Roman Campagna, Early Spring,' shown at the New Gallery last year, charmed us, though there were other works at the Academy especially, which showed him as the unaccommodated traveller in Italy. In 1888 the Chantrey showed good taste—they acquired a Stokes.



MR THORNE WAITE.

BEFORE all things, a painter of English field life—of the patient team breaking up the torpid soil whilst the spell of winter gives repose to the exhausted land, of the sunlight dancing amongst the turnips, which clothe the country with a living green not all the vines of France can rival, and of the rhythm and sweep of the mowers levelling the lush grass, and the laughter of the children tossing the sweet smelling swathes, of the warm gold of harvest, and the sturdy reapers toiling in the blaze of the August sun. Born in Cheltenham just half a century ago, he came to London to train for an art master. But the routine irked a creative artist, and his relations with the authorities at Kensington becoming strained on the matter of obligatory architectural studies, he broke with them and fled to Bettws-y-Coed to study nature in congenial society. On the strength of "Culling the Cattle Home," a drawing now in Bethnal Green Museum, he was elected to the Old Water Colour Society. As a water-colourist Mr Thorne Waite is an austere purist. He attacks the white paper direct, with swift washes, clean touches and very little re-working. Body colour is unknown to him. An intimate friend has dared to nickname him Dewinty Waite. Of late, at Mr J W North's suggestion, he has exhibited in oils at the New



MR S E WALLER

WE almost feel inclined to dub Mr. Waller "the People's Painter." He has probably had more pictures reproduced in the now moribund line etching and photo gravure than any living Englishman. And, odd as it may seem he is not one of those against whom superior persons continually do rail. For some reason unexplained he is permitted to give perfectly comprehensive and legitimate delight to thousands of his fellow countrymen quite unabused. His art is, of course, largely anecdotal. He chooses his subject with a fine instinct for its popularity, tells its story unmistakably, and produces more or less eighteenth century pictures admirably drawn, balanced and lighted alive with acrimony, and very often touched with humour or pathos. "The Empty Saddle," "The Day of Reckoning," "Ruined Sanctuary," "Peril," "The Challenge," "The Lunatic Match" — where shall we find titles more familiar? He was born in Gloucester in 1850, educated at Cheltenham College, intended by his father for the Engineers or Artillery, but by him self for picture making. Divergence of views caused delay, but in 1869 he found himself an R.A. student, not a Woolwich cadet. In his second year at the Schools he exhibited at the Academy, and keeps up the habit to this day.



MR. J. R. WEGUELIN

BLACK AND-WHITE has of late absorbed the energies of this most dainty colourist. But *on revient toujours à son premier amour* and we rejoice to see that he is coming back to the branch of art in which he first won distinction, delicate little pictures, full of poetry and classic grace of feeling studies in light and shade, studies of the nude in the open air. Mr Weguelin was born in 1849 at Southstoke near Arundel of which place his father was rector. He received his general education under Cardinal Manning at Edgbaston and his art training under Mr Lyster R.A., and Prof Legros at the Slade Schools. In 1877 he was first accepted at the Royal Academy and has never failed to exhibit there ever since sending of course also to the late Grosvenor, and the New. It was at the last named gallery that one of his most successful pictures was shown last year—a woman semi-nude prone on the sunny mead looking up at a statue of Ian with his mute pipe at his stone lips, and bearing the legend "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter, which oddly enough is the text this year for Mrs. Stanley's (Miss Dorothy Tennant's) picture in the same gallery. Mr Weguelin's studies touches those of artists so different from himself as Mr Arthur Melville and Mr Frank Brangwyn.

WAITING in a certain quaint little room for one's hostess, one becomes conscious of something uncanny in the conservatory outside. Curiosity prompts investigation it is a tiny figure, skull-capped and dressed in white and the discovery made a bull terrier barks either welcome or defiance through the glass. Both dummy and dog seem familiar. They appeared in "Bon Jour Pierrot," a large picture in the last room in the last Academy, full of charm and freshness, quality and perception the work of Miss Fidel Wright, a young lady who up till then had exhibited only once, but last May became suddenly recognised by all those who interest themselves in art. A dabbler in paint, an occasional copyist in the National Gallery, and a rather casual pupil of Mr Seymour Lucas, in 1888 Miss Wright was persuaded by Mr Solomon J Solomon to whose perpetual insistence on her possession of talent she owes whatever career she may enjoy, to go to Paris, and at Julien's studio learnt what going in for painting really meant. She moves in a little world of art, and many a distinguished young painter watches her progress with more interest than his own. This year Miss Wright has given us flesh and portraiture, but she is devoted to Pierrot, and hopes to return to him next year.

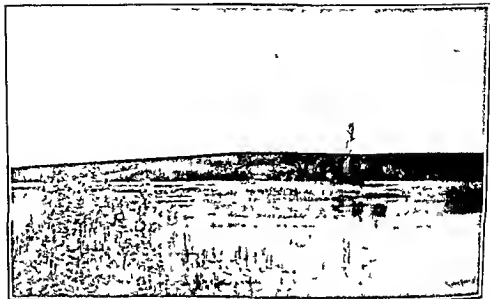


ROYAL ACADEMY



HIT

SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON, R.A.



A HILLSIDE, PICARDY
ERNEST PARTON



HAMPSHIRE
DAVID MURRAY, A.R.A.



CATHIA FAIR RE-ENT OF THE NIGHT
P. J. MORRIARA



A BIG DRINK
JOHN T. NETTLESHIP



A III ILAND STORM

Loud roars the wild neems an' blas.

J MAC HIRTER A.R.A.



MARY OF MAGDALA

She suppo ng him o be he garden sad an o him Sur if hou hast borne him
 h n'e tne where ou has lnd him and I wil ke him away —S / An xx, 5



WAITING FOR HER PARTNER
G. A. STORY, A.R.A.



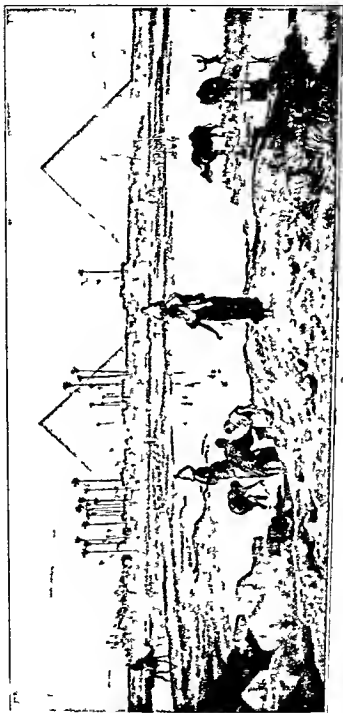
MRS. J. HORATIO LOVE
SEVMOUR LUCAS, A.R.A.



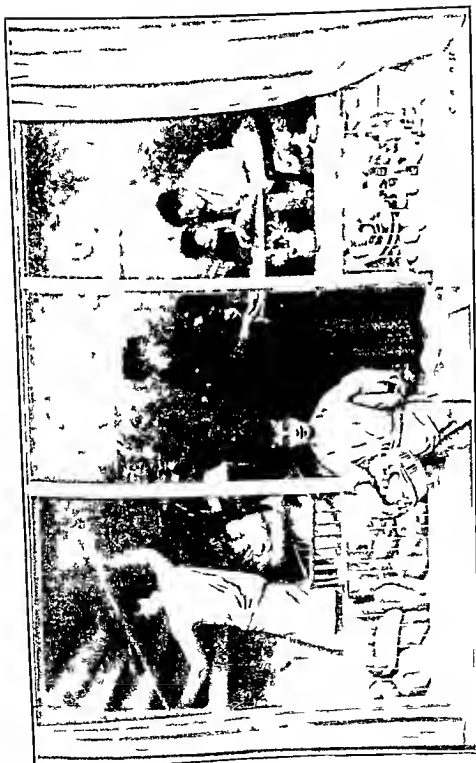
G. E. WILLAND, ESQ.
TUNE PIPES, R.A.



MR. ALDERMAN TRELOAR
J. C. HORSTY, R.A.



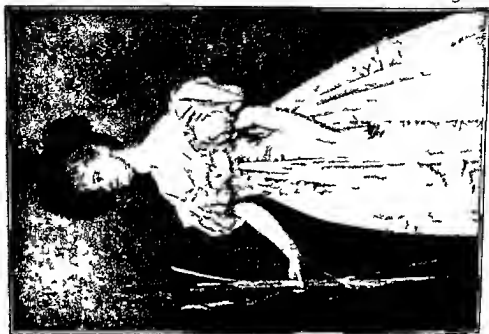
THE WATER OF THE NULL
V. COODALL, R.A.



OUR DAILY BREAD

ONE OF A SERIES OF PAINTINGS BY THE LORDS RAYN

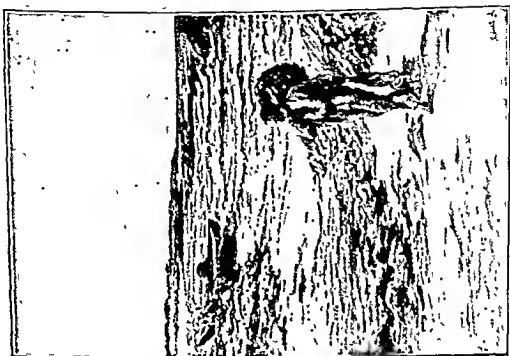
HORACE VAN RUIT



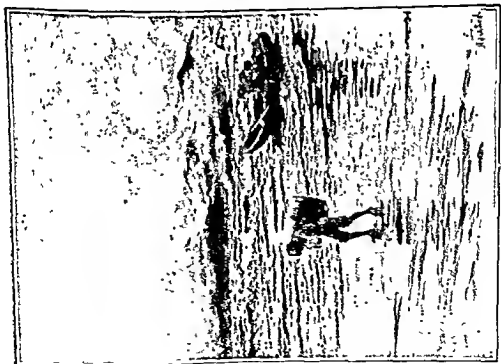
MRS MEGAN KENNARD
T. C. GOTTCH



MRS HERBERT ECHMALZ
HERBERT S. MAUL



LOBSTER FISHERS
COLIN HUNTER, A.R.A.



IRELAND
COLIN HUNTER, A.R.A.



RIZPA I

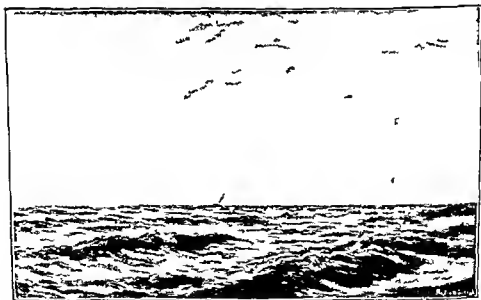
R FR FR F TO PRA.



A GLASS OF WINE WITH CAESAR BORGIA
HON. JOHN COLLIER



REFLECTIONS
COLIN UNTE A.R.A.



SUMMER AT SEA
HENRY MOORE A.R.A.



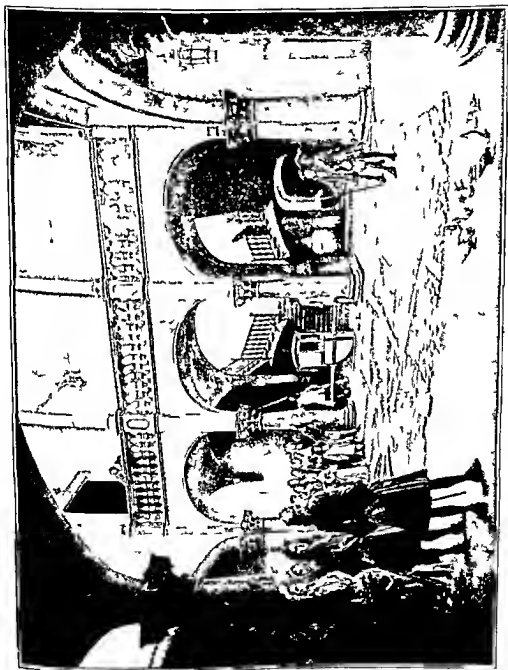
A PEARLY SUMMER
JOHN BRETT R.A.



HOVE TO FOR A PILOT
HENRY DOORE, R.A.



THE OLD HIRO
J. P. BURGESS, R.A.



COURT AND COURTIERS—PIETRO CASA VIVOT PALMA MALLORCA
W F YEANES R A



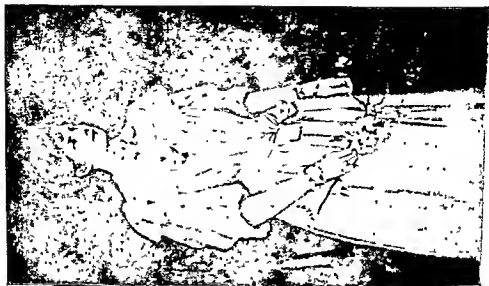
THE LOCK IS FAST THE RICHES WAY DESERTED IS THE
WATER WAY

GEORGE HAITE



MEADOW SWIFTS

D. MURRAY A.S.A.

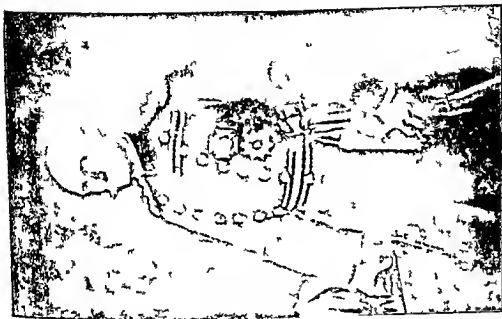


LADY ADA OSBORNE, DAUGHTER OF THE
DUKE AND DUCHESS OF LEEDS



FC110

"The flower that was a life, the life that is a flower."—LIFE OF HANNAH
KATH. WRIGHT



GENERAL SIR GEORGE WHITE, G.C.B.

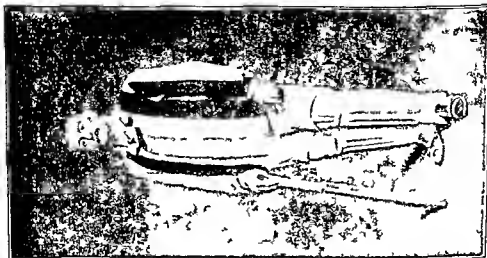
CO MANDER "C" EF "INDIA

W LIEWYLLYN



OTT AND HER DAUGHTER KATE

FRED S BEAUMONT



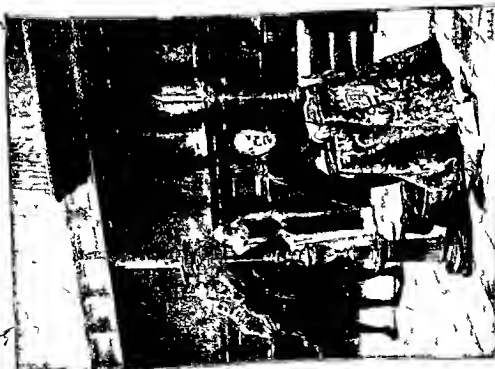
A N HORNBY, 150
CAPTAIN OF THE LANCAS HE LK IN
HON JOHN OTTER



A MOSIPN DOCTRINAIRI
PI AR ARHITA E 11



HOW FLICKED AND CAST ASIDE
HERRING TAIL (HAS A NOT HAND)



THE NEWS OF THE SPANISH ARMADA

It off ed 11 so and le at h m e f up 1 e 1 and
o o e da to spe k o h m - f p u t e g
SEE FOUR LUCAS A.E.A.

ROYAL ACADEMY



TILKETO TI HENT I RO HIR, KK UP TI RO'
NIGHT TIL WRI AIDE "

LEA E M RA



THOMAS WRIGHT ESQ EX MAYOR OF LEICESTER

THE LATE JOHN PETTIF R.A.



C. HOWLEY PALMER FSC
H.E. 1915 IN 1915 RA



MRS FERRILLESS
O E S R A



RACHAEL AND HER FLOCK.

F. GOODALL, R.A.



THE NOONDAY DRINK.

T. S. COOPER, R.A.



RICH SPOIL
J. T. NEITLESHP



AFTER FIFTY YEARS
T. FRA ILEY



J HOWARD GWYTHER, ESQ.
A. S. COFF



WILLIAM NEWBURN ESQ., J.P.
A.S. COLE



TROUBLE

J. R. BURGESS R.A.



THE LIGHTHOUSE

STANHOFF A. FORDE. A.R.A.

(The property of the Corporation of Manchester)

C



THE TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC
FRED. ROY



1793
T. BLAKE WIRCHMAN



TO GRETN GREEN
A BREAKFAST



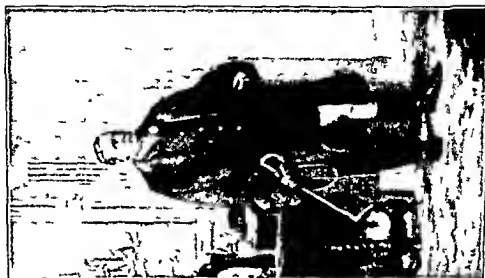
THE INTERVAL
JOHN H. BACON



PORTRAIT OF A LADY
SEYMOUR LUCAS A.R.A.



DR. E. KEMP GRAY, LL.D.
F.R.S.



ALBERT BRANTY, 1902
L. A. GUINNESS A.R.A.



LORD ARCHIBALD CAMPELL

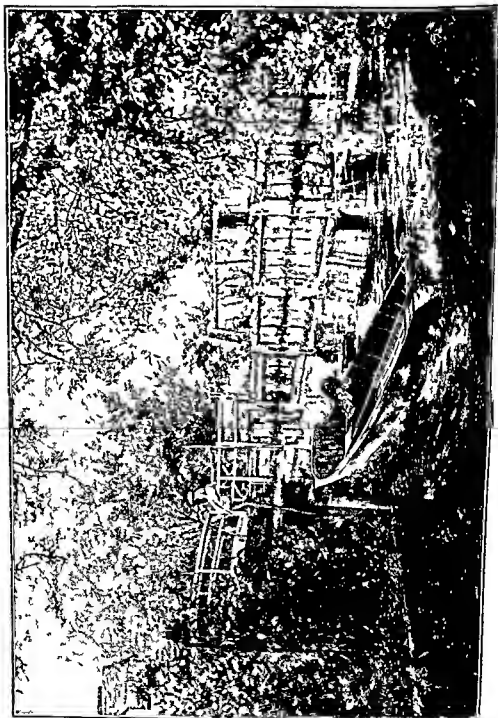
PRESIDENT OF THE LONDON SOCIETY OF LONDON
LOCHART 1901



UNDER THE LILACS
F I MORRIS A R A



MILVA DAUGHTER OF MR AND MRS D C FILTRILS
ETHEL WRIGHT





ELIZABETH WOODVILLE, WIDOW OF EDWARD IV., PARTING WITH HER YOUNGER SON THE DUKE OF YORK



FAITH

FLORA M. REID



ATTENTIVE LISTENERS

HORACE VAN RUGH



IN THE FOLDWICK MEADOWS EAST KENT
T. MENY OPER. R.A.



MOOTLAND PRINCESSES
MRS STANHOPE A. FORBES



PROMISES

C F WATTS R.A.



ROSES AND THORNS
FRED ORGAN



THE SLEEP OF THE GODS

E-oh-i-shi! Loo-hei-ah! Pan's dead — Mas E. B. Deo N'ag

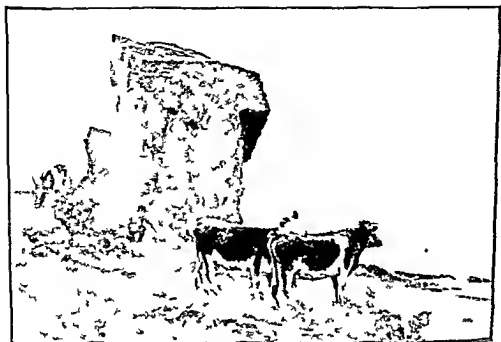
ARTHUR HALKER



A MAY MORNING
L. C. NIGHTINGALE

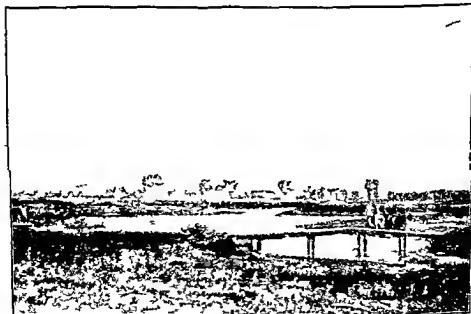


THE VISION AT THE MARTYR WELL
GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.



ON A CORNISH CLIFF

ADRIAN STOKES



KUNNWEDE

J. BLYTON KNIGHT



MORNING ON THE COMMON

DAVID FARQUHARSON



"POOR ARE THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR"

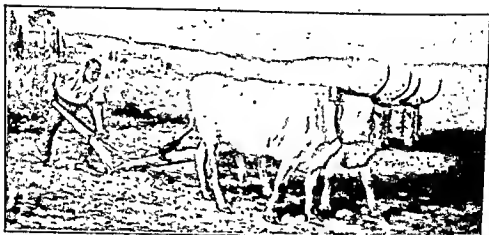
JOHN E. REID



THE MIRROR
J.M.W. TURNER R.A.



PORTRAIT OF A LADY
AIES SANT RA



IN TUSCANY

"The heavy timbers of the crooked plough."—VIRGIL

RALPH PEACOCK



THE ANNOUNCEMENT

JOHN H. BACON



DAMASCUS FROM SALAHIEH
HERBERT SCHMAZ



III FIRST VOYAGE
RALPH EDLEY



JOHN HART, ESQ.

SIR J. E. MULLAY, BART, R.A.

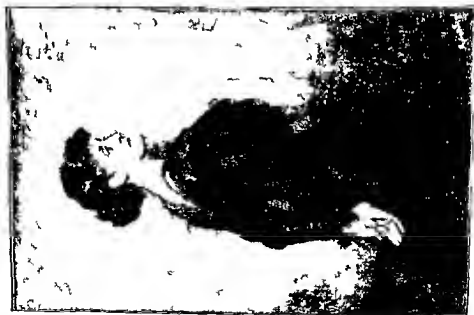


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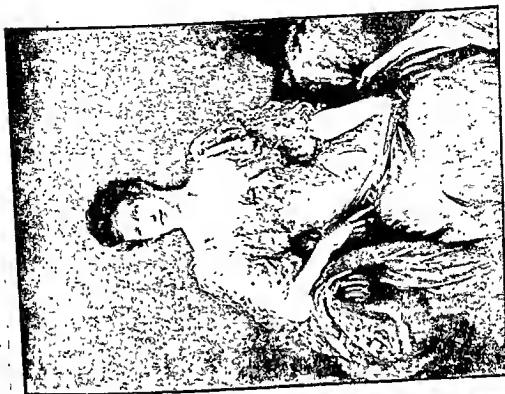
A. S. COFF



MRS J F CORBETT
FINEST & APPEALING



MRS V V V
FINEST & APPEALING



MRS. ELLIOTT ELLIS



LADY DOROTHY NEVILL



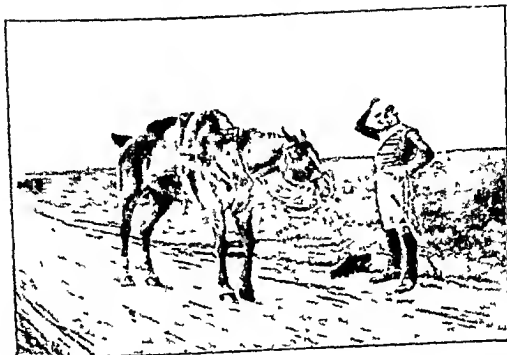
SUMMER FLOWERS

FANNIE W. WALL



SLAVE MARKET

FRANK BRANGWYN



DONT
W. R. MOLEN



NOVEMBER IN THE GLEN
NIELS M. ILAND



MISS AGNES CROCKETT
ALFRED HITCHINS



SIR FORREST FULTON Q C
COMMON SERJEANT OF LONDON
LANCE CALKIN

ROYAL ACADEMY



E. ONSLOW FORD, ESQ., A.R.A.



THE QUEEN OF LOVE

T. B. KENNINGTON



NEWBY BRIDGE, WINDERMERE



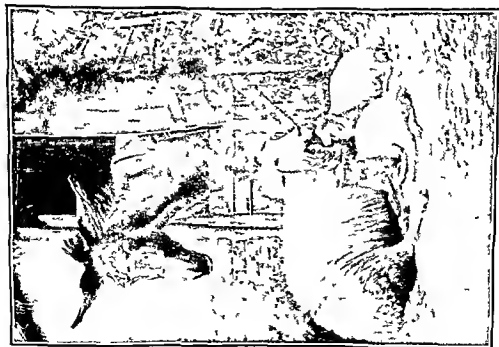
MULTIPLICATION IS VIVATION
MUD PORTER



STULLA
AS ALICE G. CHINLING



EXPECTANCY
LANNIL MOODY



BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE, THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME,
"A" COOPER, M.A.



EDWARD HERON ALLEN F.R.S.
R. X. F. F. S. A. S.

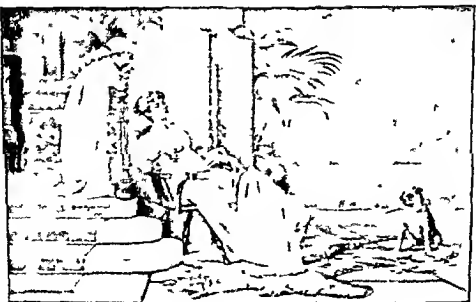


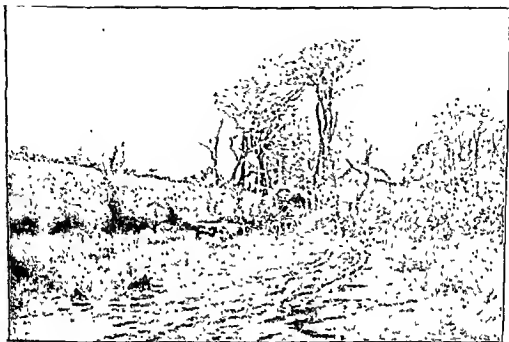
MRS MARY HENRIETTE TODD

NELS A. LUND



THE ORPHAN OF AMSTERDAM
ABRIE NIC LEI





EVENING
C. GREVILLE MORRIS



THE GOLDEN VALLEY
ALFRED EAST, R.I



THE PATH THRU LICH THE WOOD
NEAR KIN



GUESS

AUDE GOODS AN



A LETTER

J SANT RA



MRS WOLF
MARY L. WALLER



BARBARA

G. D. LESLIE

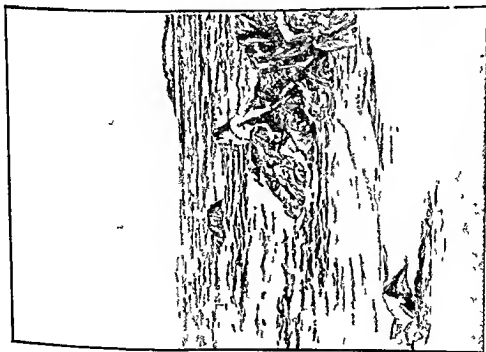


NEHRA READING A LETTER FROM TIBULLUS

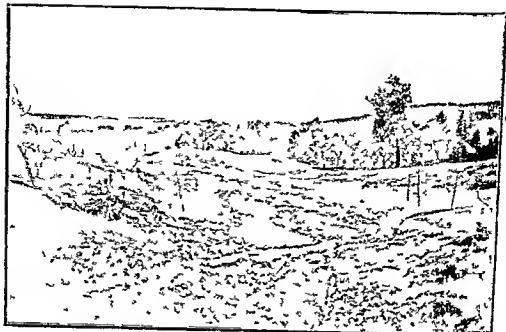
HENRY HUDSON



AFTER MANY DAYS
HENRY F. DFINOLD



WAITING FOR LOW TIDE
COLIN HUNTER, A.R.A.



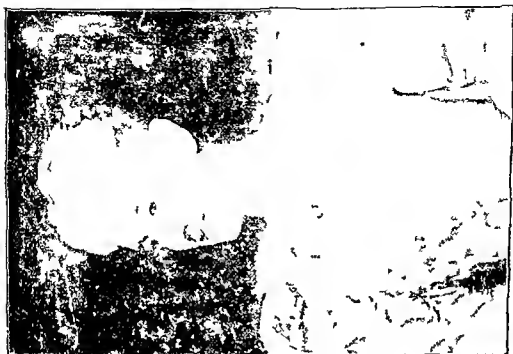
FIR FAGGOTS

DAVID MURRAY A.R.A.



SWEET OF LIFE

J. M. W. TURNER



MRS FRANCIS ROBINSON
HENRY J HUDON



PORTRAIT OF A LADY
J. M. W. TURNER



NURSE THE FIRE
LAVINE KIN



LADIEU DE MARIE STUART

Adieu, charman pays de France
 Que je do tan héri
 Bercerau de mon heu ense enfance
 Adieu! te qu'et cest mourr —BRANGER

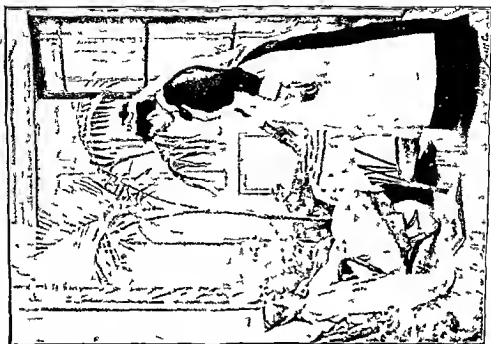
W F FRITH R.A.



G. H. PEMBER ESQ
W. W. GUILLS, R.A.



THE COUNTESS FITZWILLIAM
MRS. MARY L. WALLER



CONVULSANT
THE LATE CLAUDE CALLIOP



THE HOSTAGE
J. WATSON NICOL



"MANY WATERS CANNOT QUENCH LOVE"

WALTER WEST



CAME TO THE LAST

LASLETT J. 1911



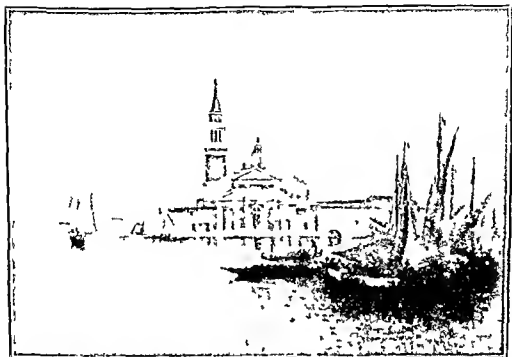
THE CHILD HANDEL

MAR ABET A PP



A SUMMER DINNER PARTY

A. CHEVALIER TAYLER



SAN GIORGIO VENICE
CLARA MONTALBA



PEAS OF LIMAWADDY

"Presently a maid enters with the liquor half a pint of ale frothing in a beaker"

THACKERAY'S 'PEAS OF LIMAWADDY'

EVRE CROWE, A.R.A.



J GILBERT BAKER, ESQ F.R.S

JAS. V. FORSTER



A GOLDEN DREAM

T. C. GOICH

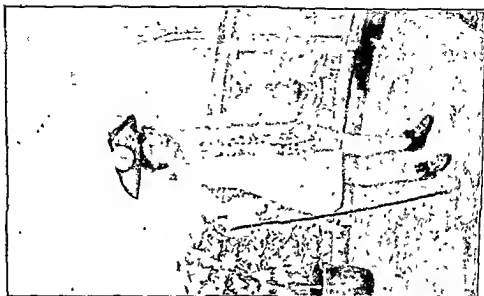


THE MISSING BOAT IN SIGHT

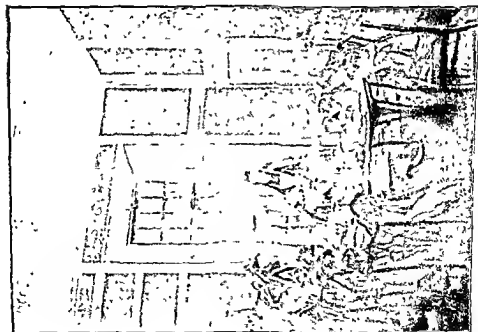
EDWARD S. HARPER



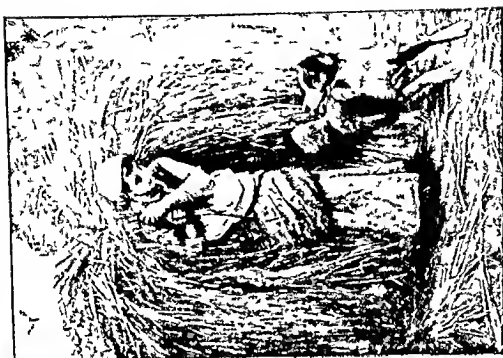
LOVE AND FATE
W. REYNOLDS STEPHENS.



PORTRAIT OF A BOY



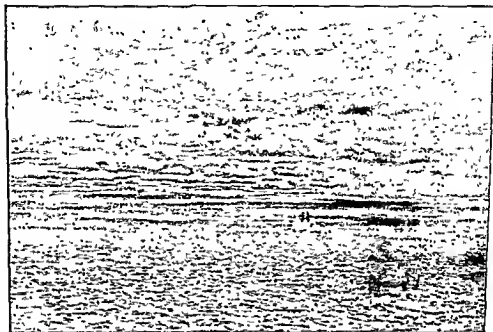
EVENING—CHILDREN SAVING GR



FOR THE FOLD
WILLIAM B. PORTESQUE



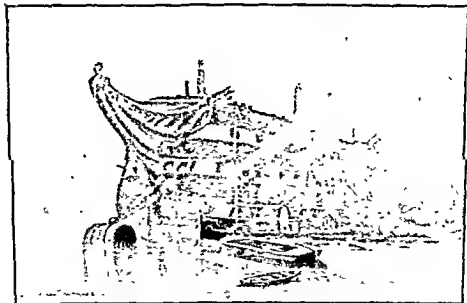
BETWEEN "YLS" AND "NO"
EDWIN HARRIS



THE SICILIAN SEA, FROM THE TAORMINA CLIFFS

JOHN BRETT, A.R.A.

(By permission of Geo. Martinson, Esq., Gornhall)



"SAVED"—NELSON'S "FOUDROYANT"

1 NELSON PRUMMOND



ROMANIES
LEGHE SUTHERS



THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN
RALPH TODD



INNOCENT AND GUILTY
CHARLES VICTOR



MUSIC

"Soft sadness and the night become the touches of sweet harmony

S. MELTON FISHER



SORROW AND SONG

E. FLAIR LEIGHTON

(By permission of Messrs Frost and Reed 8 Clare Street Bristol, by whom an engraving will be published)



CAVALIERS IN HIDING

THE LATE CLAUDE CALTHROP



COMPARISONS. T. ALMA TADEMA, R.A.
(By permission of Mr. Stephen T. Goode, 57, Pall Mall)



"THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL." MARGARET, FELLA AND
MARY, DAUGHTERS OF J. MACKINNON, ESQ.
MADAME EUGÉNIE STANK CASSIANI



PORTRAIT OF A LADY
J A FORD



LADY JO OTHA AND MARJORIE
DAUGHTERS OF GUSTAVE C
JERBERT A FOR THE



DAY DREAMS
"Le temps le mieux employé est celui qu'on perd"
CHARLES F. CLEVERLEY



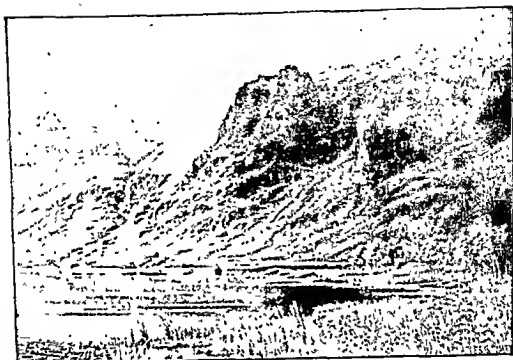
"ERIEU, MAN IS CREATED EXTREMELY IMPATIENT: WHEN ANGER
MOTIVETH HIM HE IS FULL OF COMPLAINT."—Aesop
RALPH PEACOCK



CIRCE
ARTHUR HACKER



A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK
PERCY R. CRAFT



A SILENT SOLITUDE.
CHARLES STUART



ADVICE GRATIS



MRS. ROLLET WILLIAMSON

MARY L. LEISMIT



IN A STUDIO

IDA VERNER



CIRCE
ARTHUR HACKER

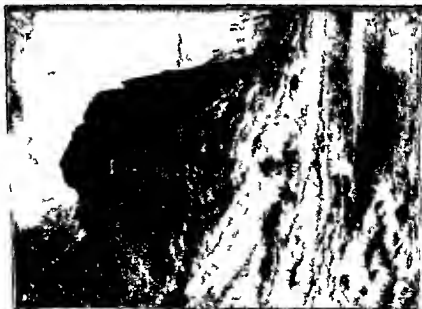


A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK

PERCY R. CRAFT



WILLIAM IVERTSON ESQ
TOWARD PATRY



Each jump a sk, each fl n y H, a W a b a ed in floods of h, ng 6
f u not a set ng b am ood J blow W h n e ark 18 net below

CLAUDE STUART



MRS. ROBERT WILLIAMSON
MARY L. LILSUIT



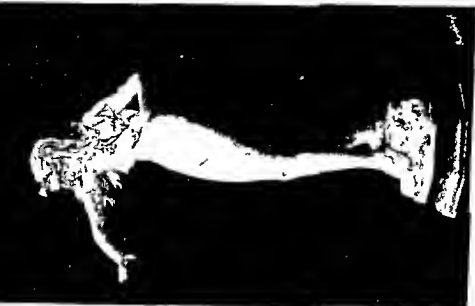
IN A STUDIO
IDA VERNER



SUMMER
JAMES THORNCROFT R.A.



THE CHILDREN OF THE WOLF
(BRONZE STATUE)
GEORGE FRAMPTON



OBLIVION

"What a past and what a to come is strewn with hulk
And formless in a of old vision"

ANDREA C. LUCCHESI



VANITY

CHARLOTTE HUTTON



SIDE VIEW



FRONT VIEW

APPLAUSE

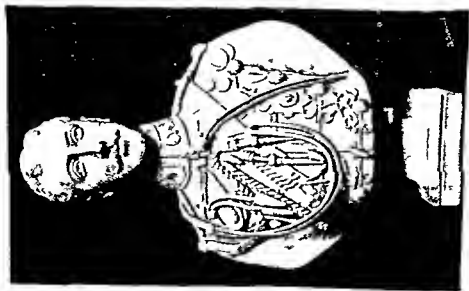
"Come then, be there song and music, before thy face,
I at least of thee care all that thou art upon happiness,

Until the coming of the day of departure, in which one day we have
To the land of living silence — *The Song of the Harpist of Ithaca*

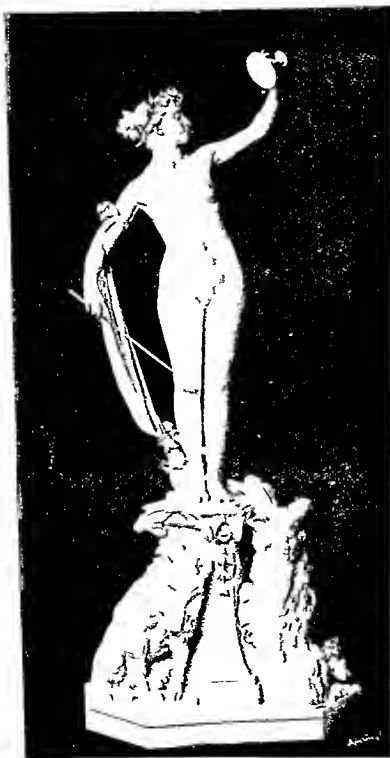
E. ONSLOW FORD, A.R.A.



RT HON LORD COLLIDOL
LORD C R JUSTICE OF EN LAND



HON THE LAF DUAL OF CLARINCL AND AIONDILL
FRANCIS J WILLIA ISON



CIRCE
ALFRED DRURY

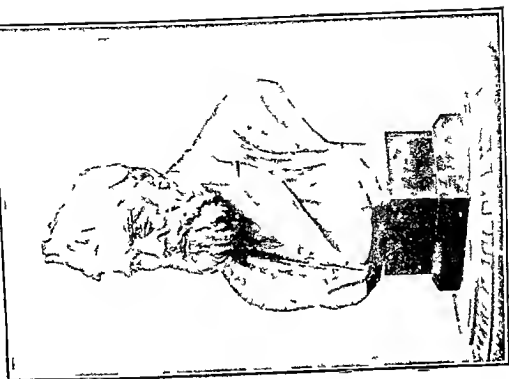


Gallier & Son

Adrian Jones

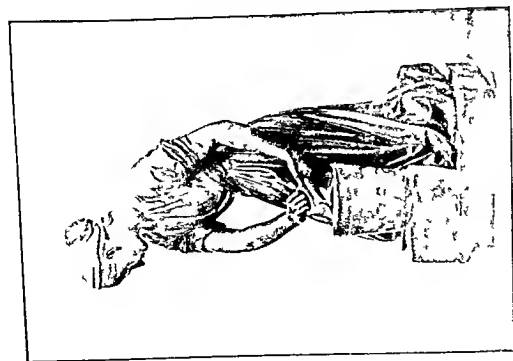
MATERNAL CARE

ADRIAN JONES



THE LATE DUKE OF CLEVELAND

A. BOYD SAUNDERS

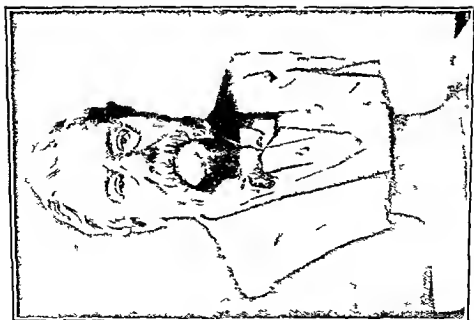


THE HOUSEMAID

THE LATE T WOOLNER, R.A.



MYSTICARCH
GEORGE FRAMPTON



THOMAS D. WINNER TSQ
PAUL NEWMAN



TRUST OR A LADY

CHARLES D. BIRCH, A.E.A.



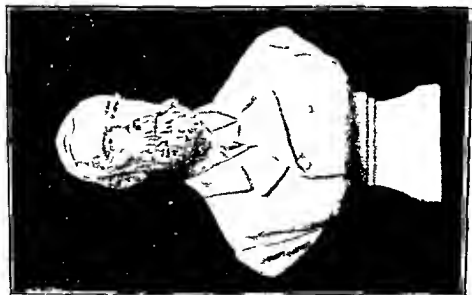
MISS K. S. DEATH

WILBERT HAMPTON



HIS HIGHNESS PRINCE HENRY OF BATTERBERG

DAUGHTER OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTERBERG
FRANCIS J. WILLIAMSON



RT HON LORD KLAY, G.C.S.L.

BY RICHARD PINKER

NEW GALLERY



MR GLADSTONE READING THE LESSONS IN PARN CHURCH

SYDNEY T. FALL



A SUSSEX HAYFIELD

J. AUMONIER

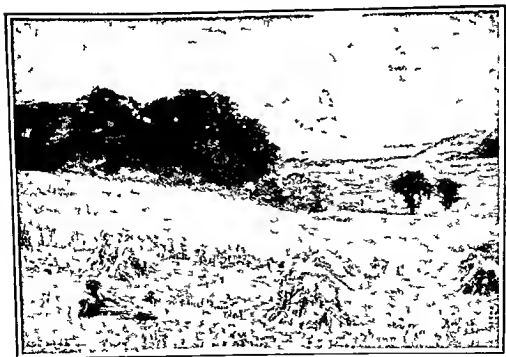


THE LONG WALK, WITH WINDSOR AND ETON

J. W. BUNTON KNIGHT



RABBIT SHOOTING
DOUGLAS ADAMS



A FARTLY FIELD
ANDERSON HAGUE



THE REV CANON MASON D.D.

H. HARRIS PROV. V.



UNDER THE BRIDGE

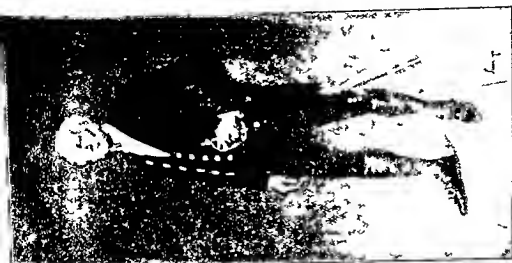
C W WILLIE



HELEN, DAUGHTER OF S M FOX, ESQ
C F JACOMB HOOD



A NEW SONG
MRS STANHOPE A. JONES



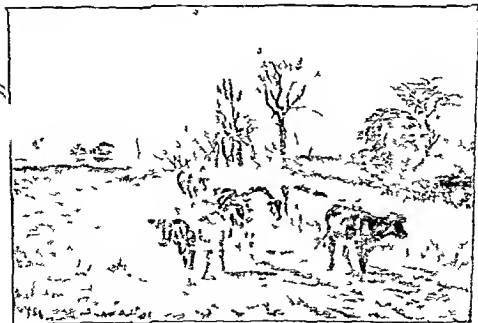
PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN IN COURT DRESS
W. LLEWELLYN



THROUGH THE WOODS
BLANCHE JENKINS



ON THE DOWNS ABOVE LEWIS
R. TIORNE 1878



DOWNS THE HILL
MARR 1878



A BATTLE ROYAL



THE SPIRIT OF LIFE
ARCHIE MACGREGOR



AFTER THE RAIN
ERNEST PARTOV



PETS
MRS. NORVAND (HENRIETTA RAE)



A GLEANER
FRANK W. W. TOTHAM



MISS MINNIE PALMER
F MARKHAM SKIP ORTH

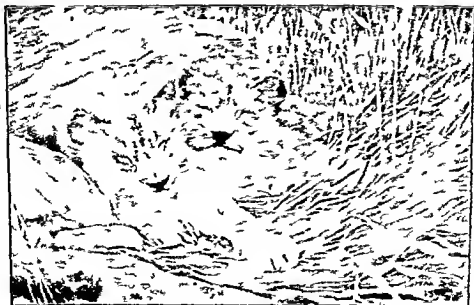


LA JEUNESSE
ERNEST NORMAND



APRIL

EDVARD STOTT



YOUNG AFRICANS

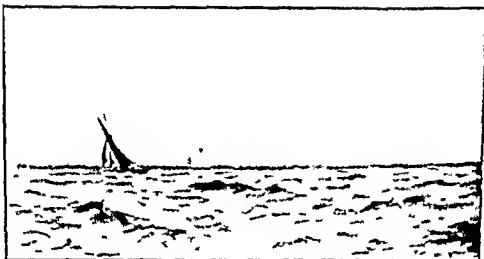
HARRY EIXON



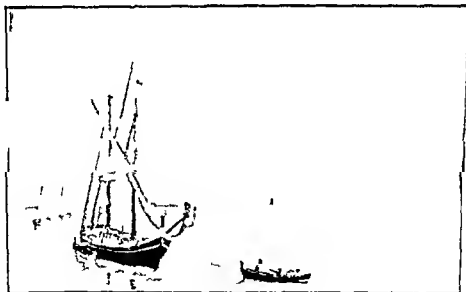
WATER CARTER SAN RENO
W. J. HENLEY



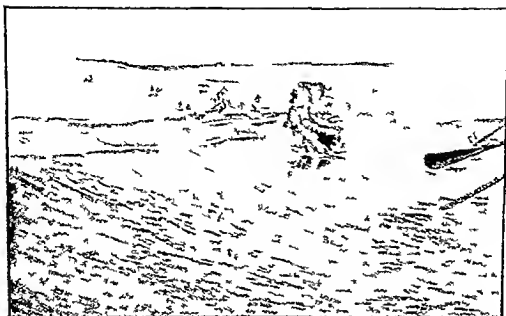
THE LADY IN THE IRON LAD
PHILIP BURTON



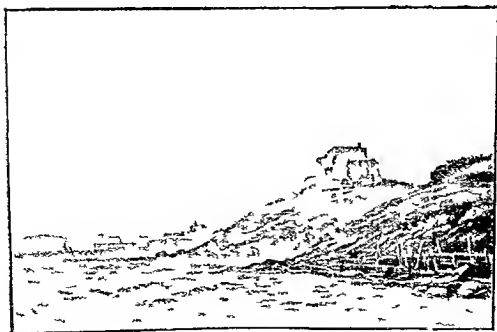
A SUMMER DAY IN THE CHANNEL
WATER IS FINE



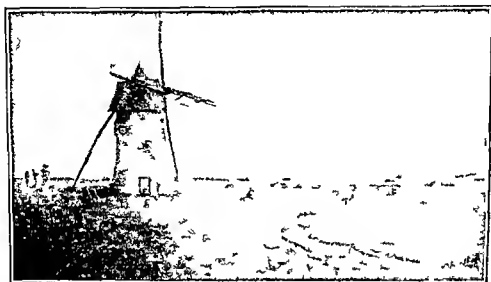
AN EARLY START—PALERMO BAY
THE STRAM FLIES



IN THE CLASP OF THE SEA WOLF
E A F ALE



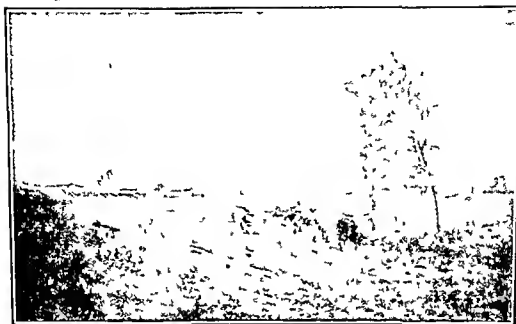
HOLY ISLAND CASTLE (WATER-COLOUR)
JA ES ORROCK



THE OLD MILL
LLANGLADY

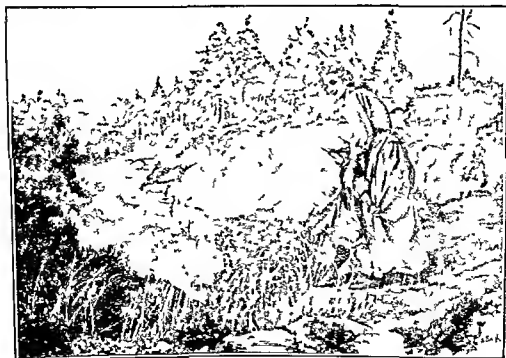


SILVER MIST
FRED I A L



EVENING

WILLIAM LAIDLAW



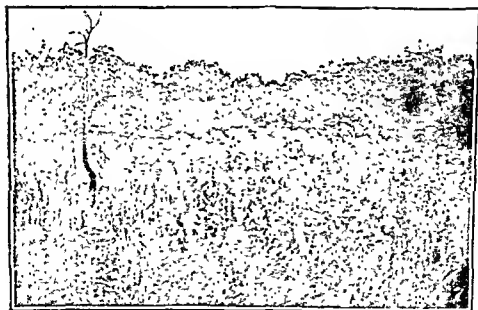
A SURREY SAND PIT

FRANK W W TOPHAM



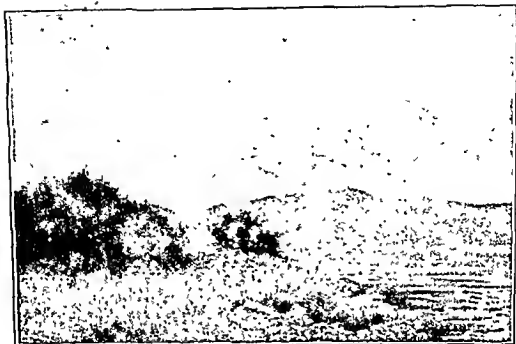
CHRISTCHURCH (WATER-COLOUR)

ARTHUR R. EVIE



THE MILLTOWN

HOMERVILLE HACKETT



MOVING MISTS
ARTHUR RYIE



IN THE MEADOWS, RINGWOOD
ARNOLD HELCÆ



A SCATHIMAN
E. ROSCOE MULLINS



ORPHEUS

The n. Mungreth both the r nests eat] & tenth and sung with greater melody than all other birds



INNOCENCE

ALFRED DRURY

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